

# Chatelaine

JUNE, 1943 • • TEN CENTS



ROMANCE - FASHION - BEAUTY

... for the Smart Young Woman



**"Why don't you confess it, Jean— what you really want is a husband!"**



"Sure you're tops in your decorating career. But wouldn't you rather be planning your own trousseau than somebody else's boudoir. Wake up, Jean. Tender gums and a dingy smile are no invitation to romance. Do something about that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist right away."



"Young lady, sparkling smiles largely depend upon firm, healthy gums. Our soft foods do rob gums of exercise—so that they often become tender. I suggest you massage your gums every time you brush your teeth". (Note: Recent survey shows dentists prefer Ipana for personal use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.)



"Betty was a real friend —making me see my dentist. I know now that my gums, too, need regular care. And it's Ipana and massage for me from now on. I like Ipana's clean, fresh taste. That stimulating tingle when I massage my gums tells me they're improving, getting firmer. My teeth are brighter already!"

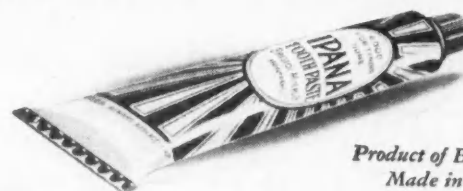


(Secret Thoughts of a Bride-to-be.) "What a thrill to be planning my own home at last! And how close I came to missing out on this happiness, because of a dingy smile. I enjoy smiling now, my teeth are so much brighter. And believe me, I'm keeping them that way with the daily use of Ipana and massage!"

**Never take chances with "pink tooth brush"—heed its warning!**

**W**HEN YOU see "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist! He may simply tell you that eating soft, creamy foods has denied your gums the exercise they need for health. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed, not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help make your gums firmer. So each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Let Ipana and massage help you to firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier smile!



Product of Bristol-Myers  
Made in Canada

**Start Today—with Ipana and Massage**



**Mother!**  
Only Quaker's Delicious  
**WHEAT SHOT  
FROM GUNS**  
gives your family Whole-Grain  
Nourishment in this Exciting Form!

*This Morning Millions Enjoyed the "Staff of Life" in this Irresistible Form. Choice Grains of Wheat Exploded to 8 Times Normal Size! Crisp and Nut-sweet! Ali Ready to Eat!*

**It's Fun To Eat "Wheat Shot From Guns"**

**WARTIME MOTHERS!** Notice how your family is burning up steam, helping to win the war? They need lots of good energy food, like this nourishing "Wheat Shot From Guns".

**REMEMBER!** Only Quaker Puffed Wheat "Sparkies" gives whole-grain nourishment in such exciting form! Yes, deliciously different "Sparkies" are made from the whole of the wheat!

**THIS WAY'S FUN!** Make your wartime breakfasts tasty as well as nutritious. It's easy serving these luscious grains of wheat exploded into crisp morsels, eight times normal size. Gay, lively grains with the flavour children love.

**ORDER** Quaker Puffed Wheat "Sparkies" from your grocer right away.



**QUAKER**  
PUFFED  
**WHEAT "SPARKIES"**

BRING YOUR FAMILY  
WHOLE-GRAIN NOURISHMENT  
AS RECOMMENDED  
BY NUTRITIONISTS

# SHARE YOUR HOME and Like It

By DOROTHY McMASTER



I had advertised and followed up every advertisement. I began to wonder whether I should follow up the Death Notices in the morning papers.

**T**HE DAY had been like so many others, beginning on a note of optimism and ending on a note of gloom. I had walked—as I had walked every other day of the month—all over the city with a newspaper in my hand and growing despair in my heart. It seemed literally impossible to find any sort of house, flat or apartment in which Jim, Sheila and I could live, and now, after another day of vain and monotonous searching, I had to confess that I was beaten. As far as I knew I had done everything one possibly could do; I had advertised and followed up every advertisement, tackled tradesmen and postmen, interviewed every shoulder-shrugging real estate man in town, pestered my friends for rumors of departures, and finally had even begun to wonder whether I should follow up the Death Notices in the morning papers. Still we lived—or rather existed—in one bedroom in a hotel far beyond our means, and which had nothing but two beds and a shower to offer us in lieu of a home.

I had been optimistic that morning because someone, knowing our plight, had telephoned to say that friends of hers had been transferred elsewhere, and that I might get their apartment if I hurried. Sheila and I had rushed to the address at the crack of dawn, and everything seemed wonderful until I found that the landlord refused to take children. Then I had followed up two other fairly promising advertisements in the paper, but both apartments had been let by the time I arrived. A third address, also given me by a well-meaning friend, had turned out to be a twelve-roomed house with three bathrooms, enormous servants' quarters, and a monthly rental just a little under Jim's total salary. By that time I felt thoroughly delated, and my mood was crystallized when I met one of our friends en route for the station. She was expecting a baby, and although her husband was going overseas very shortly, she had to leave him in the city and go back home for sheer lack of accommodation.

Sheila, too, was cross and fretful as I put her to bed in the overheated bedroom. I knew that the life we were leading was unfair to her, yet couldn't bear the thought of leaving Jim on his own. No six-year-old child can stand living in a hotel for long, or eating in restaurants at unusual hours in order to avoid the tremendous rush at regular mealtimes. Unless something happened quickly, I knew that she and I would have to go home as my friend had done, if only for financial reasons. I have yet to find the hotel which will sacrifice a little of its profits for Service people, and after the despondent month we had just lived through I was beginning to wonder whether Canada's civilian population cared at all about the men in the forces, or had any conception of the sacrifices they and their families were making. Even Sheila had pointed to a large, comfortable-looking house that

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Can three uprooted families find happiness in a form of communal living? They can — when they work it out this way, in an overseas house with space for everybody—both adults and children.



disposed of, two bathrooms, and one kitchen. The rest was up to the initiative and enthusiasm of the unknowns who would join us.

We came to the conclusion that the scheme would be more successful if we shared the remainder of the house with strangers who appealed to us, rather than with people we already knew. (We knew that we were in a position either to make new friendships or break old ones!) We also felt that we should share our home with people who had children, for they would be more appreciative of the garden and the school, and more seriously up against it in their search for a house. Whatever happened, we wanted our two families to be either Service people or war-workers in one way or another—people who had been compelled to leave their own firesides, and who had been through something of what we had been through as a result of their wartime occupations. This not only seemed just and fair, but it would also mean that whoever came to join us would be easy-going and



We have only to see our children playing in the garden together to realize what we have gained by pooling our living.

adaptable, well aware that life couldn't be perfect for any of us.

AFTER A week on our own in the big old house—and what a happy week it was!—I put an advertisement in the paper and sat back to wait for the

crowds which I was certain would surge up the drive. Oddly enough we didn't have anything like the number of enquiries we had expected. Despite three years of war, people still seemed to be conventional-minded about sharing, particularly when they heard I had a little girl. But just as I was beginning to picture the three of us in jail for having taken on responsibilities we couldn't meet, we found exactly the people

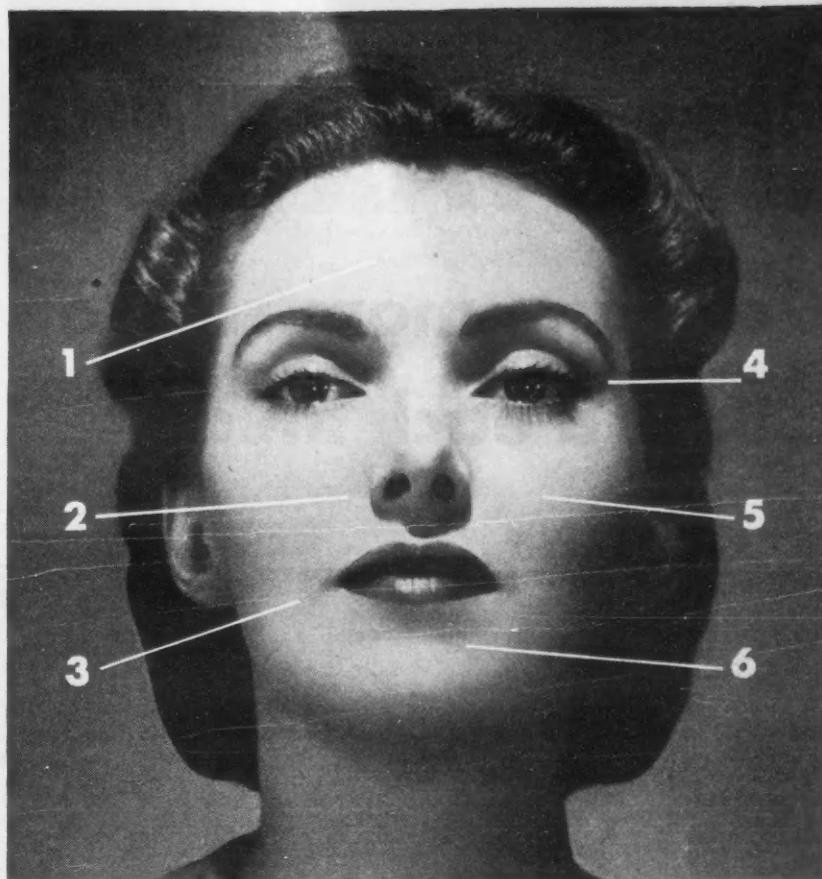
we wanted—a naval couple with a small boy and a little furniture. They told us that since their arrival in the city they had felt like the members of a down-at-heel travelling theatrical company, and after a brief look at the house they decided at once that they wanted to live with us. Moreover they were ready to divide the expenses by two until we found a suitable third party for our top floor.

No sooner had they left, however, than an Army officer telephoned, telling me he had just returned from overseas and was looking for a place where his wife and children could join him. His seemed to be the most deserving case of all, and we had no hesitation in offering him our top floor. I explained the lack of a proper kitchen, but when he saw that one of the smaller bedrooms had hot and cold water, he was confident his wife could manage quite easily.

Families I and II moved in on the same day, and until the hammering had died down, and the children had become used to each other, life was pretty hectic. I began to feel that I was living in Grand Central Station, there was so much coming and going, telephoning and delivering, noise and confusion. But gradually the noise died away, and we fell back into a normal routine, getting accustomed to one another, and losing the feeling that affable remarks were necessary every time we met on the staircase or in the hall.

OUR FIRST snag was the discovery that the house was only wired for one full range cooking stove, but on investigation this did not seem as serious as it sounded, although the solution is largely due to the good sportsmanship of the other two wives. Mrs. Army had a small two-ring stove, an electric kettle, coffee-maker and toaster, and there were fortunately plenty of electric wall plugs in the house. Emulating her, Mrs. Navy hired a miniature stove of the plug-in type, and I believe that she is so pleased with it that she has bought it outright. Her stove has two rings and an oven for grilling, and there also is a convenient array of plugs in her service pantry. For heavier meals, my oven—since I have a full-range stove—

Continued on page 24



## Who else wants to say "Goodbye" to these Six Face Powder Troubles?

Women say this new-texture powder makes their skin look years younger!

THERE'S a thrilling new-texture powder that helps end all 6 "face powder troubles" listed in the panel at left.

It's Lady Esther Face Powder—and it's different because it's made differently! It isn't just mixed in the usual way—it's blown by TWIN HURRICANES.

Yes, Lady Esther Face Powder is blended with the speed and force of hurricanes—until its texture is much smoother and finer, much more flattering, than the texture of ordinary powder. The shades of Lady Esther Powder are so much richer and more lively, too—because the color is blown in.

Just Try Lady Esther Face Powder!

Seeing's believing! Try Lady Esther Face Powder, and see how it hides little lines and blemishes—how it gives instant new freshness to your skin. When you see how much smoother and younger your skin looks, you'll know why more lovely women now use Lady Esther Face Powder than any other kind!

- 1 Does the face powder you use fail to give a smooth, even finish?
- 2 Does the face powder you are now using fail to stay on?
- 3 Does the face powder you use fail to stay fresh and fragrant?
- 4 Does the face powder you use fail to hide little tired lines?
- 5 Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny freckles?
- 6 Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny blemishes?



Lady Esther  
FACE POWDER





### ...and in a little while she'll be sitting there—ALONE

IT'S the same old story . . . men ask to meet her, then wish they hadn't. One dance, one close-up, and her glamour begins to fade. She knows it too, but she doesn't know why.

The world is full of women like that . . . women who might be more popular, happily married, but for one thing\* which unfortunately they may not suspect.

\*Halitosis (bad breath) is the offense unforgivable. If you ever came face to face with this condition, you can readily understand why it might be the death warrant for Romance.

Since you, yourself, can offend without realizing it, and since your best friends won't tell you, you should take the easy, delightful precaution that so many really nice people insist on. Sim-

ply use Listerine Antiseptic every night and every morning, and between times before social or business engagements. This wonderful antiseptic immediately makes your breath sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

While sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis (bad breath), according to some authorities, are caused by the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles on tooth, gum, and mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors fermentation produces.

If you want others to like you, if you want to be welcome at parties, never, never omit Listerine. It's a most important part of your toilette.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co. (Canada) Ltd.

## LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for oral hygiene

MADE IN CANADA



THE **GREEN HORNET** See your local newspaper for time and station

A roof over one's head is still a problem of prime importance in every Canadian city. Here's the step-by-step record of a venturesome, and successful, solution by three Service families.

Continued from inside front cover.

morning and said, "Look, Mummy, there must be some room in that one for us."

IT WAS while I was putting away her clothes and thinking over that little remark that the Great Idea came to me. I call it the Great Idea because it has since proved itself, and we owe our present happiness entirely to it. I sat down suddenly on the bed—there was nowhere else to sit anyway—overwhelmed with the force of it, and angry with myself for not having hit on anything so obvious before.

"You've got a house," Jim said, walking in at that moment and seeing my face.

"I haven't. Or perhaps I have. I mean I haven't a house, but I've got an idea . . ."

I was so excited that Jim had to sit down and wait patiently while I struggled for coherency.

"I've seen a house with twelve rooms and three bathrooms," I said. "The rent and heat come to nearly three hundred a month, and . . ."

"Darling," interrupted Jim, "you'd better forget it."

"But wait a minute. We're going to take it, divide it into three, find two other families, and share the bills! It's so obvious—it's the only thing to do!"

Jim was sceptical, although by bedtime he was prepared to let me investigate. His main objection was that while three men could live in the same house for a considerable period, he was certain that it was quite impossible for three women to do so for more than twenty-four hours without absolutely disastrous results.

BUT WHEN I saw the house again in the morning I felt more confident than ever, and brushed Jim's forebodings aside. It was charming, lending itself very easily to my scheme, and there was a large and lovely garden for Sheila to play in, with a good school only two blocks away. If it was just what we wanted, I felt certain it must also be what other people wanted too. There was a big, well-equipped kitchen and adjoining it a service pantry with another sink, a dresser and an icebox, which gave us a second kitchen. There were five large bedrooms and two bathrooms on the second floor; on the third floor what had been the servants' quarters would make an almost self-contained apartment with its own staircase, bathroom, and four large rooms. I rushed round the house with a breathless agent at my heels, and saw that each family could have four rooms—two large bedrooms, two living rooms and a bathroom each. The only parts of the house which would call for feminine tact



and co-operation were the kitchens (for so far I had only two) and the hall and staircases in mutual use. (There were back and front staircases, incidentally; I was beginning to think the house had been designed for me!)

"Well, I'll take it," I told the agent. "The lease doesn't allow you to convert," he warned me.

"I know. And I don't want to convert the house. If I have to do any converting, it's going to be a mental process. The Russians have been living four people to one room for years, and now a few Canadians are going to try living four rooms to one family."

WE MOVED in within a week, and with something of the gambler's desperation, paid the cheque for the first month's rent. I put my stove and refrigerator in the main kitchen, feeling justified in taking first choice because of the risk and responsibility we had undertaken compared to the more or less carefree existence which those who came to live with us would enjoy. Jim



There are advantages: someone is always going up to town and able to undertake shopping errands for the others.

and I chose a large and attractive bedroom with an adjoining bathroom, and Sheila had a pretty nursery next door to us. Downstairs we had a lovely living room opening into the garden, and a small room which we used as a dining room. That left eight rooms to be

# Circle To Home

By LEAH TURETS

Susan forgot something  
she had learned long ago:  
that when people are lost  
they just walk in a circle.



Irritation darted through her like a thousand sharp little thorns,  
as the twins tugged at her, begging her to stay home.

SUSAN motioned the twins to be quiet. She frowned into the telephone and said, "Yes, of course, Richard, the children will be all right. I've told you mother's here and my sister, Kate, will be over later. Heavens, can't I get out for an afternoon walk without—"

There was a reassuring murmur in the phone and the warm color crept to the roots of Susan's pale yellow hair. She hadn't told him she was walking with Stacey. She hadn't said, "The day has been a slowly ebbing length of hours until I see him, until . . ."

"I'll wait dinner for you, Richard. I'm sorry you have to work that late."

She needn't hurry back from Stacey's studio. She needn't run home like a child when the curfew struck.

The click of the telephone cleared a picture for her. The hours with Stacey were something apart. They excluded all else—even the children. The thought stopped her as she tilted a tiny scallop of feathers over the top sweep of her curls. She turned then toward two pairs of round eyes, like blue and amber editions of the same bright stars, shining their adoration from her doorway.

Little Tuck shook his dark curls with masculine approval. "You look pretty, Mommy."

"Prettier than anything." Bun, like a sun ray beaming a golden warmth, improved the sentiment.

Oh, it was silly, utterly silly for her to feel like this—ready to sacrifice her own pleasure at a sign from the children. Richard, of course, would smile on this maternal softness. But then Richard's whole philosophy was made up of just such picture card sentiments. Wife and Little Ones at Home.

What, she thought bitterly, could you label the gay little after-dinner scene that took place each evening around their fireside? Richard, cupping his ear to the radio lest he miss one blatant word that shrilled against the competition of the twins' raucous play? Later, when the twins were tucked into bed, there would follow a quiet, peaceful hour with the radio crooning softly—and Richard elbow deep in blue papers covered with fine white ink lines.

"How romantic to be married to a civil engineer," a giggling school chum had once told her. Well, that was a proper label for the sort of thing that drew the taut lines she had noticed near her mouth and the brittle sharp tone that sometimes surprised her in her voice. It was the sort of thing that made the hours at the studio gay sparkling oases in the arid dullness of her days.

Now Stacey would be waiting. And Stacey hated waiting.

"Until tomorrow." His whisper, like the soft early spring breeze coming through the French window, had held a delicious promise.

CERTAINLY, a couple of healthy youngsters like the twins could amuse themselves while she found her own amusement. But Susan rejected the word. There was nothing of its cheap suggestion in her friendship with Stacey. He answered a need Richard would never understand even if she could define it for him. How could you put into words the quick, shared delight that came to her and Stacey when they listened to music, when they turned a corner and found unexpected beauty?

That first time Stacey kissed her. The sunset had burst upon them with riotous brilliance as they made the peak of the hill. After, Stacey had held her a long moment before he said, "I had to. I just had to. And I'm not sorry. Could you be sorry about the sunset?"

The twins advanced together now toward Susan, brown head close to yellow. Susan held out her arms, bent to nuzzle the light and dark curls. The warm essence of them melted the edges of her decision. They wriggled against her, measuring their advantage with the astonishing wisdom of babes.

Bun reached up a chubby hand to tug at the hem of her suit jacket. "Don't go out again, Mommy."

"And leave us." Tuck completed the plea. His sticky little paw found her sleeve. He yanked it. His brown eyes, so like Richard's, held Susan's. "Stay home," he demanded, with a grownup swagger and a hard yank.

That did it. "Behave, Tuck. And let go!" Irritation darted through her like a thousand sharp little thorns. Tuck drew back as though he felt them. "You mustn't tell Mother what to do. I'm going now. Be good children." She glanced at the clock. Twenty to three. It was a fifteen-minute walk to Stacey's. She took a moment to right things. "Be good, darlings. A hug, please . . . That's better. You have your lovely toys, and Grandma's in the living room." Susan gathered her purse and gloves.

The doorbell was ringing. Her mother's friends liked to drop in, have Susan join the tea and gossip. But she'd just call her hellos to them now. There wasn't time for the ancient ones and their pretty memories today.

"Susan. Su-san!" Her mother's voice, clear,



# IN WARTIME

eat one more slice of  
Bread each meal!

## PEACETIME ENERGY QUOTA

At least 2 slices  
of bread a meal

## WARTIME ENERGY QUOTA

At least 3 slices  
of bread a meal

IT'S a long step between clerking and arc welding. Your peacetime "desk" job took energy—yes—and two slices of bread a meal were enough.

Your wartime job—or even your old job plus "wartime overtime"—burns up a lot more energy. Two slices of bread a meal are *not* enough for you today.

**You are using up more energy—you need more energy-food. And extra baker's bread is your best and cheapest way to get it.**

The delicious, full-flavored baker's loaf that costs so little is packed with energy. No trouble to prepare . . . no waste in peeling, scraping, cutting away . . . no residue for the body to dispose of.

And unlike other carbohydrates—bread provides the *lasting* kind of energy that really "stands" by you.

A loaf of bread is a loaf of energy. Cut it to fit your job!

Make your wartime energy quota at least one more slice of bread at each meal.

**1/4 OF CANADA'S FOOD ENERGY COMES FROM BREAD**

## BUY WARTIME ENERGY FROM YOUR BAKER

*The bread your local baker supplies takes on a new importance in wartime. It is your richest and cheapest source of food-energy. And made with milk, or eaten with milk, it is an important source of protein for building and repairing muscle.*

*Prepared by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast as a contribution to the advancement of Canadian National Health*

How long was it since her sister Kitty and she had played the last game of whist or casino or fan-tan with their parents there? Once, after their father had won the whole round of casino, he had tucked the well-thumbed deck of cards into the music cabinet and turned to his wife.

"Ella," he announced with subdued excitement, "there's a magician at the nickelodeon tonight." Papa loved magic. When company came he sometimes did a flag or rope trick for them, looking as handsome as any stage magician with his flashing black eyes and serious dignity.

But Mama shook her head. She had one of her terrible headaches, she said. "You go, Harry," she told Papa. "Take one of the girls. Take Kitty."

Kitty was the younger. She was almost ten. Her brows grew heavy like her father's. She was dark the way he was, too.

"You're all dressed up tonight, Mama. Why don't you go?" Kitty levelled her dark eyes at her mother.

Mama had on the swishy black skirt. Her starched dimity shirtwaist had a lace jabot, her best lace jabot, pinned with a pink cameo below her high whaleboned collar.

"I told you I have a headache, Kitty," she said. Her blush betrayed the deeper dab of rouge on her cheek. She brushed her hand against her yellow hair, rolled smoothly around in a crown like a huge golden doughnut.

No one went to the nickelodeon. Later, when Uncle Brigg surprised them by calling, Mama's headache seemed better. She served a chocolate cake which appeared to be waiting in the cupboard. They all had fun, too. Papa said he was glad he hadn't gone to the nickelodeon.

Uncle Brigg could tell wonderful stories in all kinds of dialects. He kept them all laughing. "Your friend, Nellie Burns, told me a funny one today, Ella," Uncle Brigg said. "I ran into her downtown. I guess I told you on the phone this afternoon."

Susan remembered the way Papa looked at Mama then.

But it was a jolly evening. She and her sister were allowed to stay up later than usual. Still, she couldn't sleep when she did finally climb into the large brass-columned bed beside Kitty. She heard the angry voices in the bedroom next to theirs.

KITTY WAS three years younger than Susan, but she led where Susan hesitantly followed in the shaming echo of "Fraidie Cat."

Kitty never held her breath the way the others did when they passed the cemetery. She was on good terms with Todgie, the gravedigger. She brought home tales of old bones scraped by his rusty shovel. Susan never forgot the April night Kitty had dared her to walk through the cemetery.

"Just the Turner Street end, Scardie," she had taunted. "Over by Aunt Hallie's grave. I'll race you." She was gone, and Susan chased her own terror as she followed her over the shadows of tombstones, starkly patterned in the bright moonlight.

She welcomed the sight of a man and a woman sitting on the stone bench at Aunt Hallie's grave. They sat close together. When the weather got warm, fellows and girls often sat there. Spooning, sometimes, under the weeping willows that Aunt Hallie had said in her will must grow there.

Aunt Hallie had been an old maid. "She never knew love—man's love, when she lived," Papa would say to Mama. "She hears all about it now, though." Then Papa would laugh. He thought that was very funny. But Mama didn't. She never laughed at it.

Susan slowed down when she saw the figures under the willow. Maybe, if she walked real slow, she'd hear what they said. She and her friend, Sarah Allbright, often talked for hours about what the fellows and girls said on Aunt Hallie's bench. Kitty was standing there gawking now.

But when she caught up with Kitty, Kitty clutched her arm and then started to run, run for all she was worth.

"Kitty, Kitty!" She tried to catch her. "Kitty! Wait!" That was Mama's voice. She was calling, too. Under the gas lamp at the corner they stopped and waited for her.

"Nothing to be afraid of," Mama said when she caught up with them. "The dead can't hurt you. I often stop at Aunt Hallie's grave. I was real fond of her." She looked back at the tall man standing now by Aunt Hallie's bench. "Uncle Brigg was real fond of her," she said.

They walked along together, Mama's skirts going swish-swish and her high heels click-clack in the quiet. She kept her pink veil down. When she dropped her handkerchief Susan picked it up and it was damp.

They came to Bruchalder's drugstore. Mama stopped them under the green and red chemist's globes over the doorway.

"Would you girls like some horehound drops?" she asked them.

Kitty shook her head. "Don't have a cold," she said.

"Cinnamon, maybe?" Susan said.

"Why, of course." Mama bought a whole pound of cinnamon drops from Mr. Bruchalder. She didn't tell them "two apiece" either.

"Help yourself," she said, offering the big green bag. "Trot right off to bed when you get home. Then Papa won't say anything about its being late," she told them.

In bed Susan let Kitty put her cold feet on her back. "Make a spoon," said Kitty, and Susan arched her body so's Kitty could cuddle around it. She lay very still, too, "like a stove," but it was much later that Kitty said, "Aunt Hallie's been dead a long time, ain't she? Years, mostly."

The next day was when Papa said. "That's great news about Brigg and Nellie. They'll make a fine pair." Papa was in great spirits. "We'll give them a party, Ella. A hotel party," he said. "What do you say to that, Ella? A real send-off, eh?"

MAMA HAD a new dress made for the party. It was a red net dress—like flame. Susan could still see Mama moving slowly round on a wooden box while Carrie Beiterman, her mouth full of pins, measured and tacked and said, "Turn."

"Keep your arms down, Ella," Carrie kept saying. But Mama kept placing her hands on her slim waist, fluffing the ruching that outlined the low deep cut at her bosom, her bare shoulders startlingly cool and white above the fiery brilliance of the dress.

Susan remembered Carrie saying later she "like to have died" when Papa came into the room and stood there looking, just looking, saying nothing, his eyes like black fire beneath his heavy brows.

Finally Mama said, "I guess that's all for today, Carrie. I'm tired. You can finish the hem tomorrow." "Ella won't want you tomorrow, Carrie." Papa's voice was terribly quiet. "When she selects something more suitable, she'll call you."

"Tomorrow at two, Carrie." Mama's cheeks were almost like her dress as she looked back at Papa.

Susan remembered how she and Kitty had been saving the bright red scraps as they fell to the floor from Carrie's scissors. Now, as if by silent agreement, they rolled them quickly into a ball and Kitty hid the ball down her waist. She told Susan that night that it burned her stomach something awful. She cried and said she had cramps.

Carrie came all right the next day. Mama told her to "snip in the neckline a bit more." After that she said she was all fixed for the party—the hotel party she and Papa were giving for Brigg and Nellie.

The day of the party Carrie arrived to "put the finishing touches on the dress." She pressed the yards of net skirt and timidly suggested "a little of the same draped around the shoulders."

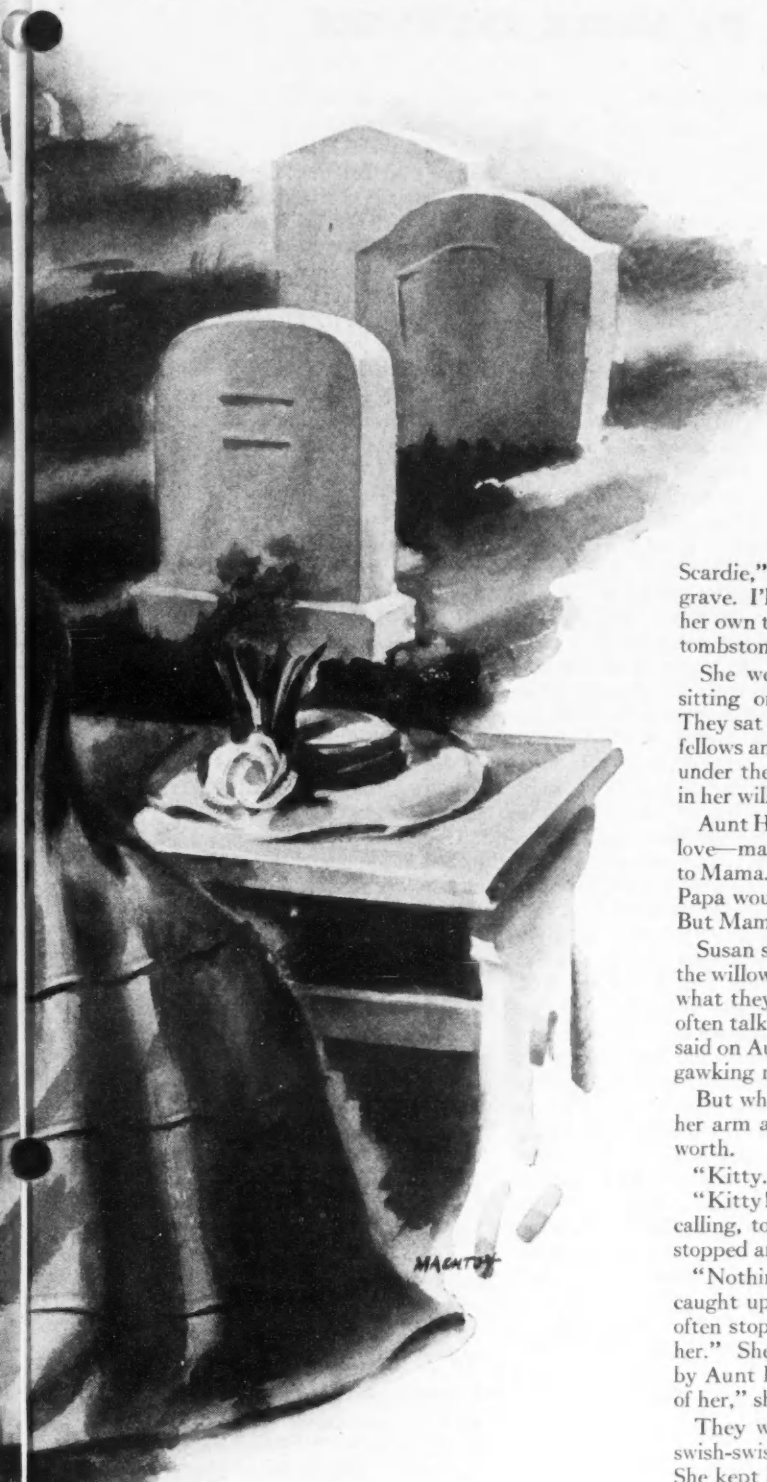
"It would be silly," Mama said. "You wear either décolletage or a high tight collar. I hate indecision." She folded the red net lightly and carefully over her arms and carried it to her room, where she spread it wide and full like flaming defiance upon the white spread of her bed.

Carrie gathered her scissors and tape then. She buttoned her little mink cape over her long coat, buttoned it up almost to meet the wide tight line of her mouth, and silently left by the back porch. Papa stood on the front one. He stood by the big pillar, his newspaper held in a tight scroll under his white knuckles, his unlit pipe on the porch rail before him. The early spring breeze tossed his heavy hair over his dark eyes and made him look fearful and angry. He had been standing there that way a long time—since he'd come from the office.

SUSAN GOT a tight knot of feeling in the pit of her stomach when she looked at the clock. It was pretty soon supertime. After that it would be time for Mama to get ready for the party. Mama would say now, just as if she was too busy herself, "Call your father for supper." Then Papa would say he wasn't hungry and they would sit down to supper without him.

You didn't feel hungry then either, and Mama's chatter just made you angry. Angry enough to wait to do something—spill gravy, drop a forkful of cherry cobbler on the cloth. Something.

Probably that's what happened to Kitty. She had sloshed the gravy, all right. ♦ Continued on page 18



Susan slowed down when she saw the figures under the willow by Aunt Hallie's grave. Maybe, if she walked real slow, she'd hear what they said.



insistent, reached and filled the room before the tall, queenly woman herself appeared at Susan's door. Susan's mother levelled the disapproval of her pale blue eyes a brief moment on her daughter before she spoke again. "Susan," she said, "Uncle Brigg has just come. Will you visit with him a few minutes before—before you go out?"

"Uncle Brigg?" A memory, vague, uneasy, floated down to Susan as she repeated the name. Come, Susan, say hello to Uncle Brigg. Curtsey to him, Susan. Play your piano piece for Uncle Brigg.

Susan felt like a little girl again as she followed her mother and went to greet her guest. It had been a long time since she'd seen him. But not that long. A year ago, in the park, the time she and Stacey were driving through . . . Why did she suddenly feel like that resentful child who used to make deliberate mistakes in her piano piece every time Mama wanted to show off for Uncle Brigg?

He wasn't their uncle, of course. It was the title her mother had told them to use for the tall ruddy man who was such an old friend of her's and Papa's. Well, Mama's, anyway. Papa had said her sister and she should call him "Mr. Brigg." He said Mama should be more proper. He and Mama had quarrelled about that. That, and other things.

Susan was extending her hand now as she entered the living room.

"It seems such a long time, Uncle Brigg."

"How are you, my dear?" He took her hand in both of his. The gesture was affectionate, of course, but she felt it also helped to steady him after the climb up their high terrace.

An old man, she kept thinking as he enquired after the children. An old man. It didn't seem possible. His thin stooped frame was almost lost in Richard's leather chair when he sank into it. He used to pick her up and the height made her so dizzy she couldn't tell him, "You can't have a curl because they are not pinned on."

"Can I get you something, Uncle Brigg—a drink?"

"Well, just hot tea, Susan."

"How's Nellie, Brigg?" her mother asked, settling herself into the depths of the chair opposite him.

"Poorly, Ella, poorly. I had the doctor—"

Susan went for tea for them both. She turned to look at them as she entered the kitchen. Her mother was listening, but yawning. She didn't seem like the Princess Ella Papa used to call her.

While she fixed the tea Susan could hear her mother giving Uncle Brigg the graphic details of her rheumatism. He seemed intensely interested as he matched symptom for symptom. Mama's left shoulder was the villain in her story. Uncle Brigg found that member pleasant enough. His best expletives went for joints.

"A thousand devils," he was saying as she placed the tea unobtrusively on a table before them. "Devils, night and day, body and soul. Never knew the like."

After a while, Susan thought, life became simple and rheumatic. She tiptoed to the open grate where she put a log on the fire and once more drew on her gloves.

"Just the same," Uncle Brigg was saying, "you're still a fine-looking woman."

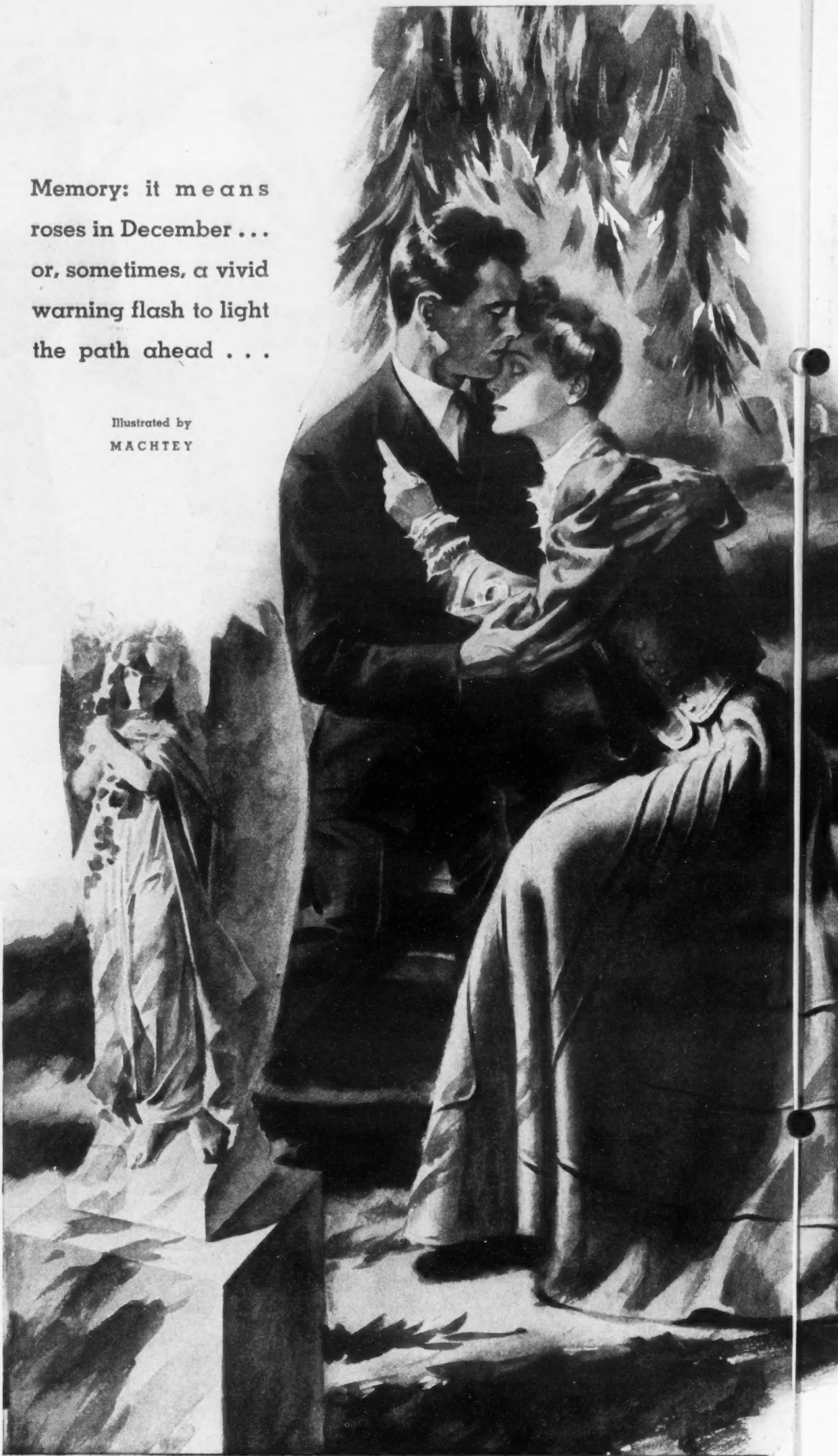
Susan turned to see a bright smile cross her mother's face. She gave a last glance at the fire as she opened the door and quietly slipped out of the house. After the fire dies out the embers still glow, she thought . . .

THE PATH ahead, Susan knew, led directly to Stacey's studio. A straight quick way to the tall apartment building whose modern tiers rose square and hulking, blocking the bright blue sky with their solid bulk. Stacey often told her that he watched from his north window while a bright quick little spot in the traffic moved more lightly, more excitedly, than the other spots and finally materialized into Susan as it approached the building and waved up at him.

Through the park across from her home was a quiet, winding gravel path. Like a narrow grey stream it tunneled through the thick green growth of the park. It came out just a block from Stacey's. She knew the path well, every step of it. They'd taken its secluded trail time and again. She'd walk there now, let her thoughts travel their own persistent pace, retreating back to a red plush parlor with starched curtains of Nottingham lace, crocheted doilies on the gleaming red, lion-pawed mahogany rockers and moss green portieres at the door.

Memory: it means  
roses in December . . .  
or, sometimes, a vivid  
warning flash to light  
the path ahead . . .

Illustrated by  
MACHTEY



# LIFE G UP ?

not only to unsanitary living conditions, but sometimes to moral depravity as well.

For example, one house near a factory has four families living together—eight adults and sixteen children. Two of the families are white and the other two are colored. The confusion of sixteen children plus the bickering, of wives all using the same kitchen, makes a grim mockery of family life.

In another house, a man, his wife and ten children are living in four rooms. The children sleep five in a bed. The bedrooms are without windows and not much larger than clothes closets. The father of the family is earning good wages and could well afford much better living quarters, if it were possible to find them.

Every day the Children's Aid receives appeals from mothers to care for their children until they can find a decent place to live. One small boy who spent Christmas in a Shelter explained his lack of presents by the fact that he had moved so often Santa had lost his address.

Teen-age girls are literally pushed out onto the streets, because their homes are overcrowded. They hang around hamburger stands, outside beverage rooms, and in the vicinity of military camps, hoping for a pick-up, so they'll have some place to spend the evening.

Young girls flock to the cities from farms and small towns, attracted by high wages paid to factory workers. If they're under sixteen, they'll still get jobs by the simple expedient of lying about their age. These girls find sleeping space—not rooms—in crowded rooming houses. After work they roam the streets looking for excitement. They are immature and overly excited by this new world—this new way of life—which is suddenly open to them. They have very little judgment and balance when it comes to deciding when fun ends and trouble begins.

YOU MAY think the evil of child labor was wiped out in the 19th Century—but here it is, raising its ugly head again, to menace the physical and mental development of our children. With the shortage of labor some industries will employ children against the law, rather than curtail their output. These young-

sters do part-time work, after school till late at night.

Although child labor is most prevalent in Ontario and Quebec, the superintendent of schools for Winnipeg, Dr. Pincock, says that over three thousand boys and girls in that city work after school under "medieval" conditions. For example, a ten-year-old boy works in a grocery store thirty-six hours a week and gets drinks and chocolate bars for pay. A pin-setter in a bowling alley works a forty-five-hour week, concentrated between school closing hour and midnight. A teen-age girl does housework fifty-four and a half hours a week—after school.

"Unregulated employment of young people out of school hours has resulted in abuses which will certainly undermine the health and retard the education of many of our children," Dr. Pincock says.

One pint-sized girl in a school in Toronto confessed to her teacher that she just couldn't keep awake in class because she worked in a fur factory, stitching pelts, from 4 p.m. till midnight.

In many cases these youngsters refuse to give the name of their employers, because that would be killing the goose that lays the golden egg!

THE OLD game of playing hookey from school gathers momentum when there's no supervision at home. With cash jingling in his pocket it's an awful temptation for a youngster to skip school and go to the movies. And he figures the chances are ten to one he'll get away with it.

Unfortunately, the chances are pretty good that he *will* get away with it, because there aren't enough teeth in the truancy law. Parents can be brought to court and fined if their children are absent from school without good reason. But what good is a fine if the parents themselves are never home to see that the truancy law is obeyed?

There's a growing feeling that each school should have the authority to deal with its own truants. To quote one principal, "School laws and regulations are, after all, the most important influence in a child's life, as regards his attitude toward society. If he starts out with a hearty respect for law and order, the chances are he'll retain it. But, lacking this, there's no restraining influence at all." + Continued on page 36

**Local hamburger: more fun than an overcrowded home.**







# Is HOME BREAKW

By ADELE SAUNDERS

**F**ADE! Here comes a cop!" The rest of the gang disappeared, leaving Jimmy halfway through the milk box, when the strong hand of the Law grabbed him firmly by the legs. The police were on the alert for a gang of petty thieves in the neighborhood, and Jimmy was the "fall guy."

Until he was nine years old, Jimmy had a normal family life. Then his father joined the Army and went overseas. His mother, to bolster the family budget and for patriotic reasons, took a job in munitions. She was away from home twelve hours at a stretch, on changing shifts. This left Jimmy pretty much on his own. He was lonely, ill-fed and dirty, too, as his mother was too tired to do the washing regularly. He slipped away behind in his school-work, and as there was no one at home to care, he frequently played hookey. He hung around street corners with a gang of older boys. In the spirit of bravado and to show he was a regular guy, he consented to meet them late at night, near a certain house, climb through the milk box and open the back door. After the first time he was ready to quit, but he was afraid of being called a welsker. So he continued to act as a stooge until the police nabbed him.

Or take the case of Norma, a bright girl of thirteen, who was getting on well in her class until her mother took a job and got permission for Norma to leave school to do the housework and look after the younger children. Norma hated being cooped up. She resented having to leave school. She grew bored and lazy. Her mother punished her by cutting off her spending money. Norma retaliated by running away and taking a job in a restaurant. Her mother traced her and brought her home. Norma watched her chance and ran away again, but this time she was smarter. She took a job under an assumed name. It was some weeks before she was found. In the interval she had been living with "friends" she'd picked up in a dance hall. For a girl of thirteen Norma learned quite a lot about life in that short time. Her mother took her to court as an incorrigible.

JUVENILE delinquency is no new problem, but since the war it has increased alarmingly — especially in Ontario and Quebec, the most highly

industrialized provinces. Delinquents, twelve years and under, have increased 100% in the past four years. This surely shows that children are the victims of the radical changes taking place in family life. War plants, with their urgent need for labor, have given the final push to women into industry, with the result that hundreds of children are left to fend for themselves from early morning till late night. For all practical purposes these youngsters are orphans.

"Let George do it" seems to be the growing feeling among parents as regards their responsibility toward their children. George may be anyone from the next-door neighbor who throws the kids a kind word and some decent food — or George may be the policeman on the beat who gets in touch with the Children's Aid when things go too far.

Cases of absolute desertion, cruelty, drunkenness and immorality on the part of parents, which used to be the exception, are now the daily experience in the life of a social worker. Admission to Children's Aid shelters has gone up 50% in the past two years, and the urgent need right now is for a big increase in foster homes.

One small child, four years old, was locked in a room when her mother went off to work at nine a.m., and left there until late in the afternoon, with only few crusts of bread to gnaw. A gas stove stood within easy reach of the youngster.

Two children, one a baby of nine months, were locked in the attic room of a boardinghouse at night while the mother stepped out with a newly acquired boy friend. A roomer on the second floor saw wisps of smoke floating down the stairs, broke open the door to the children's room and found the curtains on fire. Little Johnny, the elder boy, had been playing with matches to alleviate his boredom.

These are just a few sample cases taken from social service workers' files, and make no attempt to overemphasize or exaggerate the seriousness of child neglect in these times.

CROWDED LIVING conditions are another vital factor in the break-up of family life. In wartime, industrial centres can become festering spots, with undesirables and respectable folk intermingled because of lack of housing accommodation. Children are exposed,

**Street scene in any big town: waiting for a pick-up**

The rear seat looked like something out of a damp dark cellar. But Lola wouldn't have traded places with Cinderella in the golden coach. It was the first time a girl had ridden in the Cheese-box so far as she knew. Although, of course, this was really on an errand of mercy.

Bobby snuffed his sobs, and Supey patted him kindly and growled, "Aw, be your age, Big Boy!"

When they arrived at the Clarke cottage, Supey flung the bike on the grass and carried Bobby to the porch swing.

"Sound the alarm, Lola," he ordered. "I'm due places."

Would wonders never cease this unforgettable Thursday? At eight that evening, while Lola was playing three-handed bridge with her parents, Beanie Bailey telephoned to invite her to the club dance Saturday night.

"I knew the boys would realize before long how sweet you are," commented gentle Mrs. Biggs happily.

"That Bailey boy shows good sense," nodded Mr. Biggs, pleased as Punch.

"May I go into town with you tomorrow, daddy?" asked Lola with flushed cheeks and starry eyes. "You see—well, I promised old Mrs. Worthington that I would get her some more yarn for the sweaters she is knitting for the Red Cross. And—well as long as the dance is day after tomorrow, I thought—there are a few things I need to buy."

"Of course, Muffin," chuckled Mr. Biggs. "Here's a crisp new five-dollar bill with your name on it. See if you can spend it foolishly."

"Oh, daddy," cried Lola, throwing her thin young arms around his neck, "you and mother are so good to me!"

Friday morning Lola, with the letter from Lovelorn Editor, with twenty-two dollars saved from her allowance and ten dollars from Christmas, set off to do some shopping.

It was easy enough to find the red accessories, but the dress took time.

"I want a red evening gown," Lola told each salesgirl in each shop. "Something sophisticated, please," she added, looking very young and awfully timid.

She tried on red gowns which made her look like a stick of peppermint candy, a stuffed pin cushion, a firecracker, even a tropical snake. Just as she was beginning to despair, the red and white piqué was dropped over her head.

"Dearie," sighed the salesgirl, "this is the end of your journey. It does things for you."

SHE MIGHT have been cut from the fashion sheet. It made her look fragile instead of thin. The swirling skirt enhanced her tiny waist, the crisp ruffles cupped her wistful face.

That evening she modelled her purchases for her astonished parents, minus the lipstick, eye shadow and earrings, which were hidden in the toe of her bedroom slipper.

"It is becoming," conceded Mrs. Biggs doubtfully, "but somehow it doesn't seem like you. I don't know why—but it does appear rather daring."

"It isn't immodest," mused Mr. Biggs, poking the tobacco in his pipe with a thoughtful forefinger. "But there is something about it—"

"Maybe it's the color," brightened Mrs. Biggs. "Lola has never worn red."

"But don't you like it?" pleaded Lola. "Doesn't it do things for me?"

"Definitely," grinned Mr. Biggs. "It does too much for a sixteen-year-old baby."

"It's an All-Sales-Final," explained Lola.

"Then of course you'll have to keep it," agreed her mother reluctantly.

It was Fate again who manipulated an invitation for a dinner-bridge the following evening, so that Lola was able to dress for the dance without being censured by her somewhat Victorian parents. As she opened the door to Beanie's grim knock, she was quivering with the delicious daring of it all. She could hardly wait to see his face when he beheld the amazing change in her.

"Well, Lola," he said, looking her over with rude deliberation, "are you figuring on stopping traffic?"

Pooph went her breathless joy! It was so simple to stick a pin into her bright bubble.

When they reached the clubhouse the younger set flocked around. The girls squealed compliments on



"Don't you like it?" pleaded Lola. "Doesn't it do things for me?" Her father grinned. "Definitely, baby! But definitely!"

her costume, the boys cut in when she danced. But in her naive way, Lola sensed that something was terribly wrong. Little groups were whispering and giggling. The boys cut in mechanically and acted bored when they danced with her. She saw Supey watching her from the stag line. Once he joined the huddle between dances and spoke to her.

"I like your dress, Lola. It is very becoming."

But even that posy was robbed of its perfume when Sally giggled and exclaimed:

"She looks like Hedy Lamarr in that rig, doesn't she, Supey?"

The young people burst into unexplainable laughter until Supey silenced them with a savage glare and a cold, "No!"

It wasn't until she was in the powder room during the intermission, that the actual blow fell. She was half concealed back of a row of evening wraps, trying to find a vanity in her coat pocket, when a crowd of girls came in.

"The joke is terrific, Sally," laughed one of them. "Isn't Lovelorn Lola a wow. Fancy her actually falling for that whacky advice!"

IT SEEMED centuries that Lola crouched among the evening wraps, waiting for a chance to escape. How could they know about the advice from the editor of Lovelorn Letters! How could they? But it seems they did. She buried her hot face in her cold hands.

It was then Fate pulled her last playful punch. Marilyn sneezed. She headed for the handkerchief in her coat pocket, and bumped smack into shrinking Lola.

"Holy Cow!" she gasped.

Her startled cry brought the others to investigate. There was a horrified silence. Someone finally cried, "Jeepers!" Then the girls stampeded through the exit, and Lola was left alone. She felt very sick. Her body ached as if she had taken a physical beating.

Behind the screen was an open window. In ten minutes she could be home sobbing her heart out upon her cool white pillow. She looked at the small gold vanity resting in one palm. It was wet. Slowly she walked to the long mirror above the long dressing table. Little beads of perspiration stood out upon her forehead. With a shaking hand she wiped her brow and then put fresh red paint on her trembling lips.

"They feel worse about it than I do," she told herself. "It was just a joke. They are sorry. They didn't know how it would hurt me. It's up to me to assure them I understand."

Slowly, but resolutely, + Continued on page 22



"Dear Lola," dictated Sally, "do not despair. What if you aren't popular? What if you are tall, thin and timid—after all, it's personality that counts..."



# TALL THIN

# and TIMID



Down went the bunch of letters as Lola cuddled the slightly chewed Scottie in her comforting arms.

**F**ATE, IN her whimsical way, decided something should be done about Lola Biggs' kind heart. Lola would never have lost the letter had not two Great Danes jumped upon a cocky little Scottie just as she came through the path back of the tennis courts that bright July morning. Down went Lola's sweater and the bunch of letters. Fearlessly she grabbed a stick and went to the rescue of the underdog. "You big brutes," she panted, clubbing the air so as not to really hurt the Great Danes. "Shame on you picking on this baby!"

After the bullies had fled, while the whimpering and slightly chewed baby was being cuddled in Lola's comforting arms, Fate sent a playful breeze to blow the letter behind a thick rose bush. Later, as Lola plopped the fistful of assorted envelopes into the gaping mouth of the rustic mailbox, she was blissfully unaware that one letter was missing. Destiny was astir! At that moment, Sally Sawyer, Sherbrook Forest's No. 1 glamour girl, poking among the rose bushes for her tennis ball, was picking up a missive addressed to:

The Editor of Lovelorn Letters,  
Weekly Globe,  
Wyckham, Ont.

With a delighted squeak she scuttled to the tennis court, where members of the younger set were slumped under an enormous yellow and black umbrella.

"Hi Yi, gang," she gasped, "see what I found!"

Lola, very much alone as usual, walking aimlessly down toward the boathouse, was fortunately oblivious of the shrill explosions of mirth issuing from the yellow and black umbrella.

"Isn't it terrific!" laughed Sally. "Let's answer it! Beanie, you can strum a typewriter. On our way!"

SEVEN OF them piled into Beanie's roadster. They swarmed into the Baileys' den, and breathed heavily upon the back of Beanie's neck while they collaborated upon a letter addressed to:

Miss Lola Biggs,  
Sherbrook Forest, Ont.

"Dear Lola," dictated Sally, closing her beautiful violet eyes in deep concentration. "You must not despair. What if you are tall, thin and timid? What if you aren't popular with the boys—"

"Personality is what counts," but in Randy.

"Clothes play a big part in a woman's life," added sixteen-year-old Marilyn.

"The voice of experience," grinned Beanie, pecking at the typewriter.

"Have you ever thought of red, Lola?" continued Sally dreamily. "The next time a boy invites you to a dance, startle him with a red evening gown, red fingernails, red lipstick, red earrings, even red sandals. Red will flame your timid spirit. Red will color your drab personality!"

"You say you have nice eyes," continued Marilyn. "Talk with them. Then it won't matter if you lack chatter. Try eye shadow."

"Stop acting as if the Nazis were crouching back of the honeysuckle," volunteered Ozzie. "Stop shuffling along on fallen arches. Try Vitamin B1."

It was neat advice, they decided gleefully. They entrusted the letter to Beanie's dad to post when he went to town that afternoon.

Lola, unconscious of the amusement she was afford-

ing the summer colony, dangled from the boathouse porch railing, wistfully watching the white sails of "Supey" Whitney's *Swan*. It was true, she did have nice eyes—shadowed pools of amber brown with dreams lurking in their depths.

"If only I'll find out what to do to be popular," she prayed fervently, following each tack of Supey's *Swan*. It distressed her no end to think how much her unselfish parents had denied themselves in order to rent a cottage here this summer, just so she would have a gay time with the young people. She was afraid they would notice that she was left out of things.

Indeed Mr. and Mrs. Biggs suffered untold heartache as they watched their lonely child bravely pretending she was having a marvellous summer.

"I don't understand it," sputtered Mr. Biggs. "There never was a sweeter girl."

"They will soon find out about her," insisted Mrs. Biggs wistfully.

IT WAS gentle Mrs. Biggs' pretty theory that if a girl was sweet and kind, she would be popular. Lola was a great favorite with dogs, small boys, elderly ladies and unattractive girls her own age, whom life side-swiped. But she was so much sawdust as far as grade A girls went. Boys detoured around her.

The *Swan* was close now. Lola watched the sunshine tangled in Supey's golden hair. She studied his clean profile, pasted for a brief moment against the blue sky. The boat was a living thing under his loving hand.

"If he liked me," dreamed Lola, "I'd be the happiest girl in the world." Which was ridiculous, she knew. Eighteen-year-old "Superman" Whitney, with the lordly indifference of a king, was a misogynist. He had never been known to date a girl. He even treated the fascinating Sally like a last year's calendar.

It was all Lola could do to wait for the ten-thirty mail delivery next morning. Maybe there would be an answer from the Editor of Lovelorn Letters! Most of the younger set happened to be waiting at the post office too. To Lola's delight and embarrassment Sally Sawyer spoke to her.

"Expecting a letter, Lola?"

Everyone laughed, so Lola found herself stammering:

"Well, yes—sort of."

When the typewritten letter with the Wyckham

By MYRA HOSSACK

Illustrated by Mary Hyrczenuk

postmark was handed to her, it seemed as if her heart thumped like a tom-tom. She walked down the sun-baked road as in a daze, reading and rereading the startling and remarkable advice from the editor of Lovelorn Letters. So engrossed was she that Beanie Bailey's roadster filled with shrieking young people had to honk her to safety.

"Lovelorn Lola is sure swallowing it hook, line and sinker," shouted Ozzie to the ones in the rumble, as they tore up Bayview Avenue.

"Now, men," giggled Marilyn, "we might as well have the drawing. One of you must take Lovelorn Lola to the dance Saturday night."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Draw!" commanded Sally, smiling coyly as she held out four half-concealed sticks of chewing gum. "You first, Randy. The long one gets the prize."

"Nerts!"

"Please, Randy," coaxed Sally, knowing that he was helpless under a bombardment of violet eyes and deep dimples.

Fortunately Lola could not hear the howl which went up when Beanie discovered he held the longest stick of gum.

"Don't think for one minute that I'm going to drag that empty bamboo pole to the dance," he bellowed.

It took Sally seven minutes to convince him that he must be a good sport.

"It isn't as if you would be stuck with her," she explained sweetly. "Randy, Ozzie and Sufferin' will keep cutting in. Don't you see—this is the main part of the joke—to make Lovelorn Lola think by following our excellent advice she has become popular!"

LOLA, AFRAID to face her mother until she had more time to assimilate her glorious secret, was walking slowly up the shore road when she found nine-year-old Bobby Clarke in the ditch beside a badly bent bicycle. She had carried him up the bank, and was tying her handkerchief around his bleeding leg, when she heard the unmistakable chug-chug of Supey's Cheese-box.

"Ah, the Good Samaritan," murmured Supey, pulling up alongside.

It was the first time he had ever addressed her. Her knees felt like warm jelly. His cool grey eyes travelled over her hot cheeks, over her blood-smeared sharkskin dress and unsteady hands. Suddenly he smiled in a wonderful comradely way.

"Your heart is in the right place," he said kindly, "but your handkerchief isn't. Here I'll show you how to make a tourniquet."

His strong brown fingers touched hers. His golden hair brushed her shoulder.

"Stop yawling, Bobby," he commanded. His voice was marvellous—so deep and rich. "Put your arm around my neck while I dump you in the car."

After he had Bobby propped in the front seat of the Cheese-box, he smiled at her again.

"Hop in the back, Lola, and keep the bike from falling off the running board."

# to come home to...

**How's your long-distance charm? Do you study to hold that man, now 5,000 miles away? There's a message for every wife and fiancée whose favorite male is at the receiving end for letters, parcels and constant thoughts.**

**By LOTTA DEMPSEY**

## HOW'S YOUR global appeal?

Have you worked out the art of holding hands across continents, whispering sweet nothings over the seven seas, and making your personality felt in dugouts and foxholes and dreary camps and outposts and ships and airfields?

Perhaps even more important, can you keep your A-I priority rating with the man in your life when he's meeting up with attractive women thousands of miles away—women who find him lonely and homesick; women you've never met and never known, and don't know how to adjudge or cope with?

If your husband or your beau is in uniform and far from home, and you've never for a moment worried about any of these things, you can turn the pages over with a happy ho-hum and read about the handicrafts.

But gather round, sisters, if you do have odd waking moments—just even the fleetingest ones—when you worry about that certain person, even if he's a faithful husband and a good father, and has never, never, never... well, anyway, gather round.

THE NAVY, the Army and the Air Force may classify their men in all sorts of groups and ranks and jobs. But to the girls they leave behind them there are three types of men on active service. And it's from these angles that we aim to discuss them in this get-together here and now.

First, there are husbands. Nine times out of ten, we pride ourselves, there isn't any question of "holding" them. It's merely that we want to make our letters and parcels and thoughts hold tight to that magic partnership which is marriage, and to keep the months or years of separation as gaps in our togetherness rather than separate existences.

The next group of men in uniform, from the feminine angle, is composed of best beaux. The ones who have asked or hinted, "Will you, when I come back?" and you've said, "Uh-huh." And maybe they're the biggest worry of all, because engagements can be broken, and you haven't the background of years of being and doing and building up together, or the baby or the house or the old-established mutual friends to draw on. But you have a promise of things to come, and a knowledge of shared love, and you can make it as sweet as the breath of orange blossoms and as happy as a June day if you use the right words.

The third group are the casual acquaintances, or the men you know. And if you're wailing about the paucity of manpower in your local bailiwick, you may be passing up some wonderful bets in faraway fields. For all the rules about "nice girls don't phone" just go by the board when it comes to writing letters or sending parcels. And bright interesting letters and thoughtfully packed parcels are just the things any girl might send to any soldier. So you can go full out without falling under the slightest shadow of a doubt. And if the letters become warmer and warmer (with the man taking the lead, of course!) and the parcels more frequent, and the thoughts more endearing, you may find a long-distance courtship is pretty exciting. Ask your mother; she knows lots of girls who had romances by mail in the last war, and a lot of them walked right out of those ribbon-tied bundles of letters and down the aisle.

THERE ARE some general rules that go for all three groups. First, of course, is that important admonition: Be cheerful. But, for Pete's sake, don't be grim about it. There's a kind of earnest cheerfulness which says pretty plainly, "There are a lot of unpleasant things I could write about, but I'm going to keep them to myself." It has the same lifting effect as an undertaker's smile. If you feel low tonight—sure, pour it out on Joe. Write reams and reams. Read it over carefully, correct all the spelling and add two postscripts, then tear it into dozens of small shreds and burn it. You'll get the same sense of relief you would have if you'd sent it, and you'll be in a better mood tomorrow night to sit down and write a perfectly swell letter.

A top-notch business woman who had a marked capacity for getting on well with people said once, "I owe all my success to having written all my ill feelings out and throwing them in the waste paper basket." It works in love, too.

If you have any doubts about the importance of keeping off unpleasant topics, talk to any of the men back from overseas about it. One officer told me, "Our biggest moment in camp was always the day on which the mail was delivered. But we all got so we hated to see letters come for Bob and Ed. Bob's wife wrote him all the family woes, and the tales of bills and rationing and domestic problems that he couldn't possibly do anything about, and he was just a bad soldier for days afterward. Ed's girl, on the other hand, was determined that Ed should see she wasn't moping (at least, we thought that must be her object,

we couldn't think of any other). So she wrote him all about the wonderful times she was having with all the new men she was meeting. Ed was another dead pan until it wore off.

"On the other hand, we used to hang around Bert when we saw him with one of his wife's long, chatty letters. Because she always had a new funny story that we could all share."

WILL ANY good and loving wife deny that husbands are creatures of habit? It's too late now to do a remake job on the years you've spent together, but if they've been good years, you've got an unbeatable starting point. For remembering—and anticipating—are going to be his strength now. Your letters and parcels and thoughts will all be bent toward adding to his remembering, and dusting off the nicest parts of it, and molding it into the dreaming he's doing of the future. Of course, you're not going to sit down and do that consciously. But it would be a good thing to be thinking about when you read over your letters, or check your parcels.

As to actual parcels it's good to keep him supplied, as far as you can, with the little things he's accustomed to. Not just candy, or cigarettes, or a pipe, or a cake. But the candy you've bought together, the cigarettes he used to smoke, the kind of pipe he took out when he slumped in his favorite chair in the evening, the cake and cookies he liked best (if they're the sendable kind).

Keep the picture of your life together as much before him as you can, too, when you write. If you have to move, tell him, but try to make your activities and your things about you—furniture and so on—as much as possible as they were before, and tell him that too. Give him as many word pictures of yourself and the family as you possibly can. Tell him about David's new haircut and how it looks, and that you painted the picket fence yourself and he knows how you always get paint from head to foot, and how you just got the floors done when Rover came in with his feet all mud and you could have killed him but he sat up and looked so appealing. Silly little things—but they tie in with his old life.

Of course you will be doing all sorts of unconscious things that remind him of your old ways and habits, anyway. One officer told me that when his wife sent him a package of prunes and typed in neat instructions for stewing "with a few slices of lemon," he could just see her, bless her heart, never realizing that there wasn't a lemon to be had from Land's End to John o' Groat's. And the display of the recipe to fellow officers kept that wife in the picture for days on end.

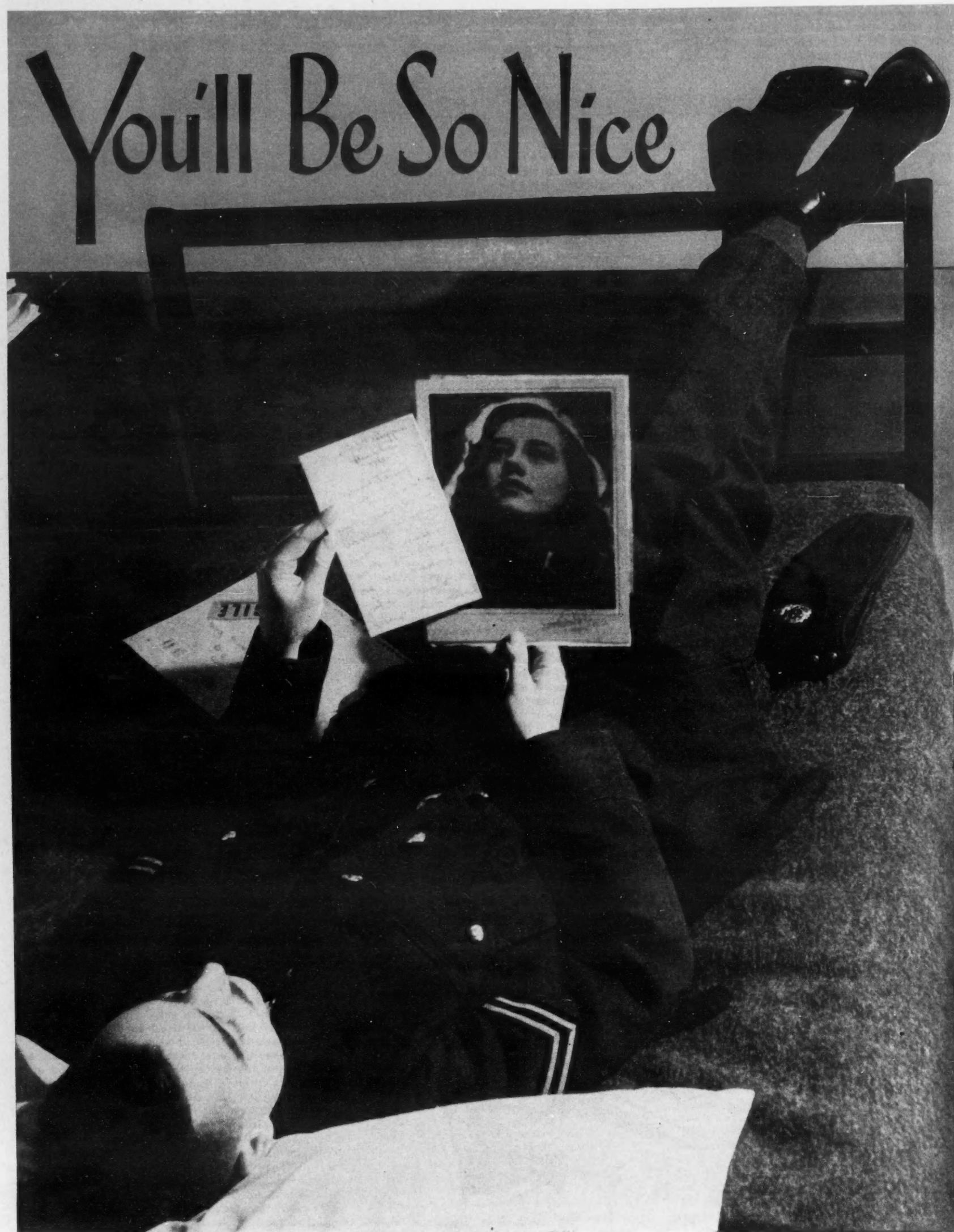
Continued on Inside Back Cover

**It's a bleak world of war and machines they live in. No softening amenities of home, no feminine touches, no feeling of permanence or possession. Do you wonder that mail-day, with its renewal of precious contacts, is the big moment in their present lives?**



—Canadian Army photo





—Photo by J. Fleetwood Morrow, courtesy R.C.A.F.



# By DOROTHEA MALM

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK KEAY

**T**ESS WAS his best assistant and his best listener; she laughed at his jokes (which generally deserved laughter, as it happened), and sympathized with his difficulties; she asked for his advice when he was in a mood to give it, and worked out her problems by herself when he wasn't; she was cheerful and eager and hard-working, and always at his service, but she wasn't getting anywhere with him. As often as not, when she came into the laboratory in the morning, it was to find him standing before the muffle furnace with Anne Bartlett at his elbow and a pair of platinum-tipped prongs in his hand, looking tall and nonchalantly attractive in his soiled tan lab coat, with the edge of a clean white collar showing above it.

"Hi," he would say, in a soft pleasant voice, glancing up at her, his blue eyes vague behind his glasses with the problem he was considering. And then Anne would look up, beautiful and earnest, and say, "Good morning, Tess," and then her smooth fair head would go down again and she would be gravely intent on the master's words once more. And then Tess would put on her own lab coat that was even dirtier than Ewan's, tuck her hair behind her ears, and get to work by herself. She didn't need fresh instructions every twenty minutes, but she would have liked more than an absent "Hi," in the morning and a casual "G'night," at night and maybe a half-hour of impersonal shop talk at noon while they ate their lunches on the lawn in front of the building. But she wasn't getting it.

TODAY, HOWEVER, Anne was working away all alone, and looking very prim and sweet at it, too. The sun slanted through the tall window on her head and made it gleam like gold, and she was wearing a clean lab coat, the third clean one of the week. It was white, too, and Tess had a good idea that it was white because white was more becoming than tan. Anne kept a big square mirror behind the door, with a comb and a lipstick and a box of powder beneath it; there was a bottle of hand lotion on the ledge over her sink. Anne, in short, was vain. And as usual Anne was doing one of yesterday's titrations over again to be quite sure that it was right, which meant that Tess would have to do some of the routine control tests for her, so as to keep things from getting utterly balled up.

Tess gave herself a rather amused glance in Anne's mirror as she thrust her arms into her lab coat. She looked as different from Anne as a person could look, not prim and beautiful but gay and slapdash. Her hair was a tangle of tawny curls, dull because the city water was so very hard that she could never get the soap thoroughly washed out; and her face was losing its vacation tan and beginning to look rather sallow. But why fuss about it? A bath once a day took care of the actual cleanliness, and the beautifying frills could be left to the girls who weren't doing research in the lab of an important defense plant. The job was the thing, and the brains behind the job.

Her half of the lab repeated the contrast: it was a confusion of reagent bottles and beakers and volumetric flasks, whereas Anne's was neat as a pin. But Anne wasted time keeping it so, and she wasted more time getting her analyses to come out exactly right. She couldn't seem to realize that a good chemist was one who knew when it was necessary to be accurate and when it was better to be only comparatively accurate; she could never get it into her lovely head that time was just as important, and sometimes more important, than getting everything to check within a hundredth of a per cent. And Tess had given up trying to get it into her head. "What I can't understand," she remarked instead, "is how you get your hair so shiny. What do you do—catch rain water for it?"

"Oh, no, I use a special shampoo, and then I rinse it in lemon juice, that's all. But it doesn't shine so very much," Anne said modestly.

"It certainly does," Tess said with impatience. Anne always seemed so eager for compliments, but it

was so terribly hard to make her accept them. "And you know it does, my child." She had poured solvent into the complicated glasswork of the extractor—one of Ewan's special inventions, it was—and now she turned on the electric plate.

Then Ewan himself dropped in to borrow some filter paper. "Or is yours lost somewhere in this confusion," he said, looking up and down the littered bench and laughing. "You honestly do keep this place like the aftermath of a tornado."

BUT SHE had got to the point where she didn't care how much he laughed at her as long as he was paying attention to her. From the moment he entered the



Tess glanced up curiously to see him gazing at Anne as though he had never seen anything so lovely in his life.

room there was a silly glow over everything, and she simply felt foolishly glad to be alive in the same world with him, even if nothing ever came of it. "It's here," she said, finding the box in one of the drawers without hesitation and handing it to him. Now he would go back to his own lab next door. She wished she could think of something to ask his advice about so he would stay a little longer. Unfortunately she had everything well in hand.

But he set the box down and sat down himself on the edge of her desk by the door, swinging his long legs; and then he picked up her cigarette case, and it gave her the usual funny pleasure to see him handling something that belonged to her. "Well, how's it going?" he said, finally taking a cigarette out and lighting it. The smoke filmed up around his handsome sturdy face.

"All right," she said. "Now so far I've tried four catalysts, and I've got a couple of ideas for the fifth. I was looking through some stuff in the library last night, and I found this article in the *Berichte* . . ." She had his interest now, certainly enough; he listened to her, his blue eyes fixed on her face and his quick mind following fluently after hers and before long taking the lead with other references and other possibilities; and half a loaf was better than none, she thought. It would have been nice to be talking over some personal matter with him, but this would do until that came along—if it ever did . . .

"Well, it sounds promising," he said at last. "And you've got soot on your nose, or something."

"Oh, heavens," she said, embarrassed. She scrubbed at it with her hand as she moved away to snap off the hot plate under the extractor; when she looked around again he was just returning his clean handkerchief to his pocket, and he, too, looked rather abashed. She wondered if he had been holding it out to her, and she wished she had seen it in time. But it was too late now. He stood up and dropped his cigarette in the porcelain evaporating dish that she used for an ashtray.

"Well, I guess I can leave you in your own safe hands," he remarked, and he wandered over to Anne's side of the lab, as if to be scrupulous about dividing his attention between them. All this while Anne had been working as quietly and delicately as a fairy, with only the faintest tinkle of glassware, but now she looked up and smiled. "Hey," he said, "you aren't doing that over again, are you? I told you yesterday you didn't have to—it wasn't necessary . . ."

"But I wanted to be sure," Anne said, flushing and stiffening.

"But this is a case where you were sure enough before," he said, and he stood for a moment watching her in silence. "It's a waste of time," he said, more quietly. "But you've almost finished . . ." Then there was another long silence, and Tess glanced up curiously at last to see him gazing at the smooth curve of Anne's cheek and the gleaming fold of fair hair above it as if he were fascinated by it, as if he had never seen anything so lovely in his life. Anne went on with her task, showing no awareness of him at all, looking even a little sullen because she had been reproved. Tess couldn't understand her. If he looked at me like that, she thought—the mere thought of it made her flush. And she felt gloomy and weary and discouraged; and when he turned away at last without a word and wandered out again, she felt as if the lab had grown dark. It had, as a matter of fact; the sky had clouded over; there was no sun on Anne's hair any more.

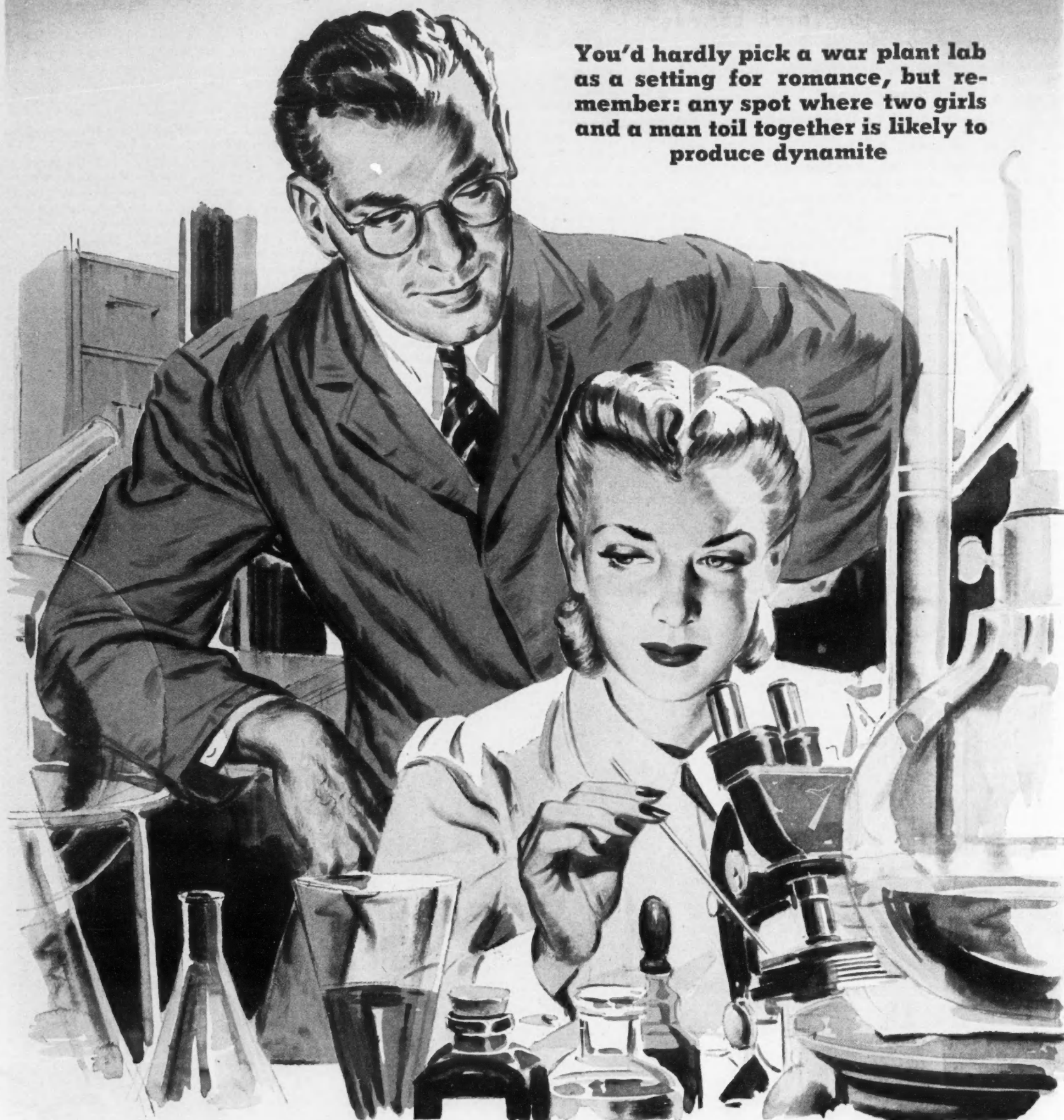
It began to rain later on in the morning; long lines of rain slashed against the tall windows and gurgled down the drainpipes. That meant no lunch on the lawn today. So at noon when Anne made coffee on the bunsen burner, Tess took her cup and her sandwiches up to the library on the third floor, where she settled herself with the first thick red volume of Gilman at a table in the farthest bay. She wasn't in a mood for company.

The rain splashed away outside, and the shadows of the raindrops trickled across the page of her book; she watched them more often than she read the black print behind them. No, she thought, he likes me, and if he can't fall in love with me, there's nothing I can do about it. They say, "Be yourself. Be a good listener. Take an interest in him." + Continued on page 37



# The Acid Test

**You'd hardly pick a war plant lab as a setting for romance, but remember: any spot where two girls and a man toil together is likely to produce dynamite**





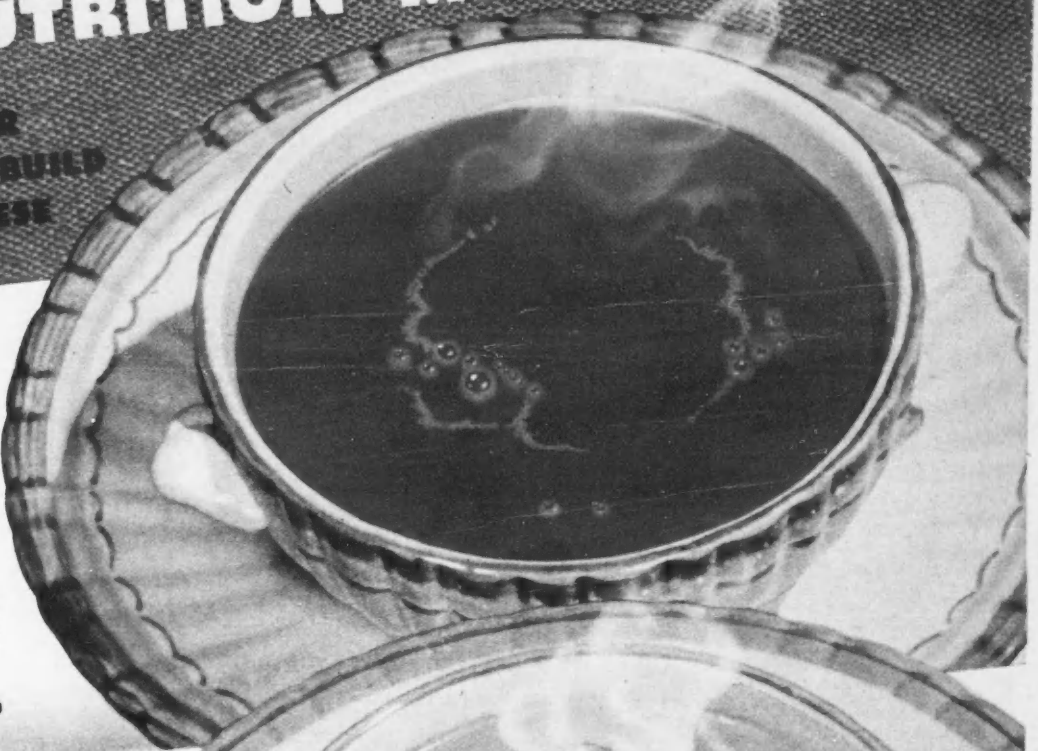
# Soup... and Your NUTRITION MEALS

GIVE THEM TEMPTING FLAVOUR  
AND SOUND NOURISHMENT... BUILD  
THEM AROUND SOUPS LIKE THESE

*This soup gives you*  
**THE IMPORTANT NUTRIMENT OF  
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Tomatoes rate high among the important health-protective foods. And fine tomatoes, red-ripe and plump and luscious, go into Campbell's Tomato Soup. Their rich, lively flavour makes this the soup everyone loves most. And now with tomatoes stressed for wartime nutrition — thousands of families are having their favourite soup more often.

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**THE HEARTY SUSTENANCE OF  
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You're busy? And hefty appetites are calling for a meal? Then answer them with the soup that folks say is "almost a meal in itself" — Campbell's Vegetable Soup. So hearty, so satisfying that those hungry appetites find real comfort in it. For its sturdy vegetable-and-beef nourishment makes the base of a well-balanced meal. When eager appetites are on hand, serve—

*Campbell's* **VEGETABLE SOUP**



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

MADE IN CAMPBELL'S MODERN CANADIAN KITCHENS



# If You MUST Wear 'em

By Carolyn Damon

**M**AYBE you're the kind of female who can take her slacks or leave them alone.

But if you're a reactionary on the whole subject of women in trousers, you're more in danger than ever before of finding that you're simply out of date. Nobody can estimate how many Canadian girls are going to fit themselves out in slacks, shorts, overalls, coveralls, culottes, lounging pyjamas or mandarin trousers this year. But with the women in the armed services going full out for 'em when they're off duty; with girls in munition plants slipping into them off-shift; with bicycling, hiking, gardening, tennis and sunning among our chief sports and activities, it would begin to look pretty much like one of those four-out-of-five averages.

If all the women who are going to trade skirts for trousers this summer were lined up, you'd probably find some pretty depressing misfits.

For a good many years now, you've been listening to the unkind sex on the matter of women in trousers. You'd think, to hear them, that they were definitely against the whole business. But if you'd made a collection of male criticisms, as we have, you'd realize that it's just a question of a little misjudgment on the part of some of us that has caused all the trouble. So herewith we attempt to present some of the less pleasant remarks and to answer them.

**"Women weren't made to wear trousers."** What they really mean is that trousers were originally designed for men. Ergo, nothing looks worse on most women (excluding only the ultra-boyish Marlene Dietrich figure) than designed-for-man pants. So the first rule in buying your slacks or overalls or whatever, is to get ones that are cut to fit your womanly figure. No one but you. They need fuller hiplines and wider legged trousers to be right. Rule number one is, therefore, never appear in a pair of hubby's pants. They're sure not to fit.

**"Those figured things look awful."** We really got off on the wrong foot, in the very beginning. Remember the beach pyjamas of years ago—the first try-out trousers women wore? They were of brightly figured chintzes and gingham and flowered fabrics, and looked pretty awful. Even today the Woman with Hips may sometimes get hold of a pair of striped or checkered riding breeches or slacks. Unless you're a Jean Arthur as to build—*don't*.

**"They pull (or drag) in the hind-quarters."** Chief difficulty of most women, when they take to slacks, is a bad fit around the hips. A specialist in women's sportswear in one of Canada's big shops told us that a lot of women, used to getting snugly fitted dresses and skirts, try to get the same effect

with slacks or shorts. Nothing could be a greater mistake. There must be plenty of "drape" in the hipline area, and the trouser legs must be full and free, or the effect is bad. On the other hand, some women have slender hips but a wide waistline. They can look just as bad, with a "droopy" line backstage.

The point is, says the expert, don't ever buy 'em without a fitting. Dresses and skirts fall in folds, and you can often get away with a little bad fitting here and there. But trousers bring your figure into the full glare of public appraisal. Be sure they fit!

**"They make you look big."** It isn't that, really. But they do present you more or less as you really are. That is, unless you use your head and your ingenuity. First of all, some women think when they go into slacks or shorts, they can just relax and forget all the figure-trimming they do in other clothes. There are very good panty-girdles made especially for wear under slacks, and a good brassiere is more important than ever. And while you don't want an elaborate hair-do or a night-club make-up, don't forget to be well-groomed when you wear sports clothes.

**"They're sloppy."** More than one man has made this criticism. Maybe one of the chief reasons is that women's slacks and shorts, just like men's trousers, look quite un-fetiching when they get baggy in the knees, or need a good sponging and pressing to save that rear view. If you keep your slacks pressed and neat, they'll look just as smart as a skirt. One special trick is to stitch down the front crease. Women's slacks or overalls or shorts should always have the crease down the front, rather than the sides. And a bit of stitching down the line keeps it 'in.'

**"They're out of place on the street."** The boys have you there, if you wear them shopping or out to tea. If you're in slacks where all the other women are in skirts and dresses, you're definitely out of place. Keep them in their proper environment—the beach, the summer camp, your own sun deck or back garden for lounging, the house after the office, or when your housework is done, or for hiking or walking at nights or week ends. Or again, when a man says they look "out of place," it may be because you're wearing the wrong things with them. Nothing looks worse with slacks or shorts than a pair of high-heeled shoes. Unless possibly a sheer or frilly blouse. All your accessories should be tailored—even though they may be gaily colored or in pastels, or very feminine. For instance, your blouse or shirtwaist should always have an open sports neck. Your shoes should be low-heeled sport shoes. Ankle socks are the perfect accompaniment.



Courtesy The Robert Simpson Company Limited

A modern classic—gray flannel slacks and shirt, red flannel jacket, red loafer shoes.

**"They make women look out of proportion."** This is the Bronx Cheer you'll get if you're a little out of line as to hip or bust, and neglect proper control measures. For instance, you need a Betty Grable chassis to get away with a pullover sweater with your slacks. That means that *both* parts of your figure will be in the spotlight. Can you take it?

The point is, if your hips are a little on the cumbersome side, wear dark slacks, such as navy blue, and a bright top, like a gaily colored sports shirt—scarlet or paddy green or yellow. If your hips are slim, but your bust is fullsome, better have a dark shirt and a gayer pair of slacks. If you wear a belt, don't chance one of a bright color unless your waistline can stand plenty of emphasis. If your proportions are highly "indivi-

dual" (shall we say) but you still want to wear slacks, get a one-color all-dark suit, such as black, navy or dark brown, and the gayest, brightest bandanna and big drawstring bag you can find. You can also let fly on those daring-colored sport shoes. All these things serve as eye-detractors from the main issue—the not-flawless figure.

**"Shorts are undignified."** Could be. The point is, there are two or three types of shorts. Don't be a scaredy cat, even if you're pushing thirty-five, if your legs from the thighs down are neither too thick nor too thin. But be sure you get those longer, more concealing shorts with pleats if you're over twenty. The tom-boy kind, enchanting on the youngsters, are too short and scanty for anyone old enough to walk, instead of run, to the nearest exit.

**"They don't fit all over."** Here's where the WPTB and its regulations about *no play suits* for the duration have done a good turn for those of us who run afoul of the standard measurements top or aft. Most shops have stopped worrying about not being able to stock two-piece slack suits by buying lots of tops and bottoms in two or three basic colors. That means that for practically the first time you can buy a size thirty-eight pair of slacks and a matching top in a thirty-six, if that happens to be your problem. Or vice versa. You can fit yourself neatly. Try the munitions workers department if the sport section can't fit you.

As a matter of fact, we can answer most of the male criticism by merely selecting slacks that fit—or fixing them so they do. We blush to mention that the manufacturers have taken the problem out of our hands when it comes to deciding at what size we should stop wearing them. They no longer make anything above size twenty. So you can take it or diet!



Kitty spread herself on the white expanse of Mama's bed. She picked up the cardboard square and proceeded to wend her scissors in and out of the paper party dresses. The tip of her tongue in the corner of her small mouth moved slowly with the careful winding of the scissors.

Susan undressed and went to bed long before Mama came to tell them good night. Papa was with her. His black hair and the satin lapels of his dress suit shone smooth and elegant. Susan thought he looked like a wonderful magician.

Mama said they were leaving for the party very soon and Susan and Kitty should be good girls and go right to sleep. Mama had on her long coat. It fell open when she bent to smooth the comforter around them.

"Happy dreams," she whispered softly.

"Happy dreams, Mama."

Susan was very sleepy. She would obey her mother. She watched now as Mama smiled up at Papa. She saw her touch the gleaming lapels of his coat. Then she took his arm.

"I'm ready when you are, Harry," she said.

Papa smiled, turned the light down low till the big cameo beneath Mama's high collar was a pink moon in the room.

Susan closed her eyes. She felt Kitty reaching for her. She turned and took Kitty's small hand in her own warm clasp. They were quiet and sleepy as they listened to the swish-swish of Mama's skirt as she and Papa went down the stairs together. Watersilk made such a lovely sound.

SUSAN FELT as though a curtain suddenly dropped on the past when a quick twist in the road left her facing a high brick wall. She turned then and saw the gravel path end a few steps ahead where the park met the street again.

Susan hurried. Suddenly she wanted to be out of the thickly treed park—out

in the clear wide street, the solid concrete beneath her feet, the automobile horns and policemen's whistles familiarly shrill in her ears, and the crowds of workaday folk heedlessly jostling her as they rushed by on their workaday errands.

She ran the short distance to the park exit, ran as though she saw a long-sought destination ahead of her. And then she stopped very abruptly when she reached the street. A familiar figure was walking just a little ahead of her, the slim shoulders hunched a bit, the big slow stride that of a man starting on a long journey.

A word started to her lips and then stopped in a hushed whisper there. "Stacey." She let him go, let him walk away, surprised that she felt no ache in his going, that the bright sparkle of spring remained without him.

But suddenly he turned his head and then she was laughing and calling, "Uncle Brigg. Uncle Brigg!"

Once before she had called Uncle Brigg like that—the time after Papa died when he had come to ask Mama to lend him some money for Nellie's operation. Mama had refused. "I have to think of my children," she said. "I have their education to consider."

I have to think of my children . . . "Uncle Brigg. Uncle Brigg!"

He turned around and she waved to him. She kept waving good-by even after his stooped form blended into the crowd.

Then she crossed the street to her destination—her home. Home with Richard and Bun and Tuck. Richard's laugh would be hearty when she told him how she'd walked in a circle in the park and come out here, where she'd started. He would tease her and say he'd take her by the hand and walk with her the next time.

She remembered something she'd learned as a very little girl: When people got lost they walked in a circle. That's what she had done. She'd simply made a circle in the park, a circle to home. ✦

## MISSING

By Lenore A. Pratt

Come home, brave heart! No peril of the sea,  
No sheathing film of ice shall stay your flight;  
Neither the lashing wind, nor pall of storm  
Shall threaten evermore the hours of night.

But pinnacles and crests of golden cloud,  
Valleys of crystal, silver lakes, and wide  
Reaches of hyacinth shall mark your course,  
A single star of morning be your guide.

Come home, brave heart! Swift, silently and free  
After the battle in an alien sky!  
Here flow deep rivers in the northern sun,  
And hushed with evergreens the forests lie.

Across pale realms immeasurably far,  
Dissolving, dazzling, lost beyond the sight  
Of mortal vision, come your steadfast way,  
Come home, brave heart, on shining wings of light.

**CRISP to the  
very last  
spoonful!**



Golden, crunchy, they're a joy to eat! Listen to them  
sing "snap! pop! crackle!" when you pour on cream!

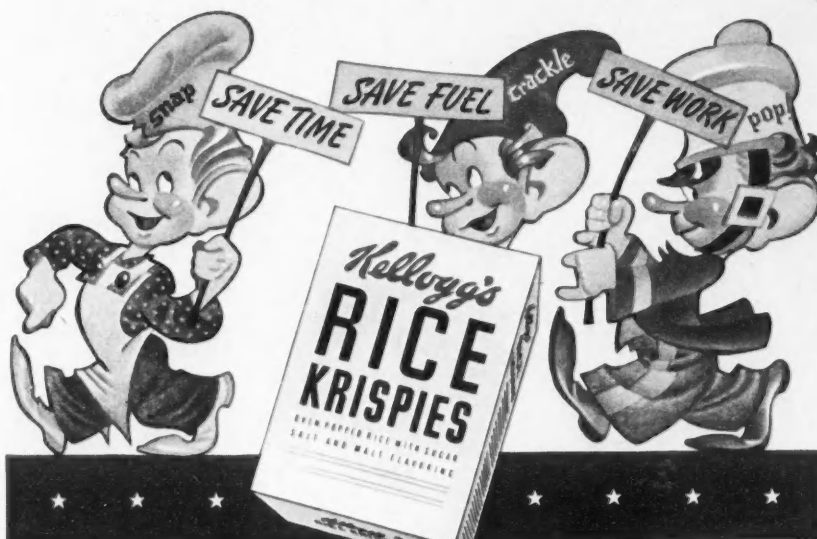
NEVER was a food so popular with everyone! Any time, at any meal, Rice Krispies' snap! crackle! pop! crispness makes folks glad to eat. They're so crisp they "sing" when you pour on cream. So crisp they stay crisp to the last spoonful no matter how much milk or cream you add.

That wonderful, heavenly-rich, mellow flavour? Why, that's the result of oven-popping, gentle toasting and an exclusive Kellogg recipe.

For extra deliciousness, serve them with fresh, ripe strawberries or big, juicy raspberries. See how wonderful they taste with sliced peaches and cream! Summer fruits are perfect when served with those crisp, golden bubbles.

Order a package of thrifty Rice Krispies today! The whole family will love them.

"Rice Krispies" is a registered trade-mark of Kellogg Company of Canada Limited, for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.





## Serve salads for good nutrition

### ... MIRACLE WHIP *for* *good flavor!*

Millions prefer its lively, "different" flavor, its creamy smoothness *you will, too!*



● Salads, with their vitamins and minerals, are important for good nutrition. So choose the dressing that makes the salad . . . famous *Miracle Whip*.

No other dressing has the lively, just-right flavor you get in *Miracle Whip*. For *Miracle Whip*, made the

exclusive Kraft way, combines the qualities of zesty boiled dressing and fine mayonnaise.

Deliciously "different", creamy-smooth, *Miracle Whip Salad Dressing* is Canada's big favorite. Ask for it today.

*Made by* **KRAFT**

## Grand spread for the children!



*...this famous cream cheese that's guaranteed fresh*

FOOD ENERGY,  
VITAMIN A  
FROM MILK  
AND CREAM



● For the school lunch boxes and those afternoon snacks, one of the most tempting and wholesome spreads you can use is Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese. Made from fine milk and rich cream, Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese helps supply food energy, Vitamin A and other milk nutrients. Look for this brand of cream cheese, made only by Kraft, and guaranteed fresh.

## Circle To Home :: Continued from page 7

Kept it up, even after Mama told her twice about it. Mama closed her hands tight, and it looked as though she would send Kitty from the table.

But then she laughed and said, "I'll take your plate, Kitty. Eat your cobbler."

"Don't want any," Kitty said. She left the table without saying "Excuse me," and Mama pretended not to notice.

Susan found her later with her cut-outs in their parents' room. She had the paper dolls and dresses spread on the bed, making a border around the red net.

"You be careful and don't mess up Mama's dress," Susan told Kitty. She lifted the net and watched it fall against the satin undershirt. "Look out with those scissors," she said.

Kitty pointed the sharp shears at the cardboard gown. "This here's her party dress," she said, nodding at her paper doll. "Pale blue with a little white ruffle around the neck. Look."

"Uh huh," Susan kept lifting the net, watching it fall. "Gee, she'd better be careful with this stuff. If it got caught on anything it'd be ruined."

Kitty looked up quickly from her cut-outs. Her eyes seemed to get darker, like Papa's.

"It's a horrible dress," she said. "I hate it. It looks like a devil — a red devil." She stuck out her tongue at the red net. "I hate you," she said between her teeth, and she flung the scissors across the bed.

Susan gasped. Her hand shook as she pushed back the point of the scissors before she lifted them. "Here," she said. "Watch out where you throw these. You could have ruined Mama's dress."

Kitty looked at Susan. Her venom seemed spent now. "Don't Mama have a pale blue—with a ruffle around the neck?" she asked. She pressed the paper tabs of the party dress over the camisole of her cut-out lady.

"She's got a dark blue," Susan said. "A dark blue watersilk." She walked to the window and looked across the street to Sarah Allbright's house. Tonight, three short whistles and one long. They had planned it carefully. Sarah could get away easy. Her grandmother slept sound. Susan wondered if she hadn't better tell Kitty. If she waited until her sister fell asleep it might be hours before she could slip out of bed, put her coat on over her night-dress and go down to the front porch to whistle softly for Sarah.

They meant to sit on the swing, behind the ivy vines, and eat licorice strips and the sour pickle they'd bought after school. Sarah would bring her grandmother's carriage robe. They would wrap it around their legs and then they would talk and eat and look at the sky over the carnival in the east end of town where the lights of the big wheel and the music of the calliope blinked and tinkled into the night. They'd watch the fellows and girls

coming home from the carnival, their arms around one another, the dresses and the laughter like the lights and the music in the sky. With Papa and Mama both away to the party, it was the chance of a lifetime. If she gave Kitty the big lace valentine with the ribbon—

BUT KITTY was gone when she turned. Only Mama stood there. She stood there holding the red net in her hands. Her mouth was a thin straight line and she was breathing hard.

Susan felt wordless fright. She felt it in her stomach again, felt the knot tighten till it hurt.

Her mother looked up. Her face wasn't pretty now. "Where is she? Where is—that child?"

Only then did Susan see the long jagged cut in the red net.

"O-oh, Mama! I told her not to cut out near the dress." A cardboard square, its pink and blue prints marked "Party Dresses," lay near by, with a scissors' cut that paralleled the one in the net.

Mama dropped the red dress to the bed and it billowed like mounting flame.

"Kitty!" Her voice rose and carried the awful threat of her anger. It filled the room now and Susan felt it hold her prisoner there while the knot in her stomach went tighter and tighter. "Kitty!"

The door opened and Kitty stood there. Susan thought she must have been there all the time.

Kitty just stood and looked at her mother. Her dark hair was in two braids that fell over her shoulders. The braids made wide arcs as she tossed her head and they flew back.

"Here I am," Kitty said. She said it and that was all.

"You naughty girl, you." Mama's voice wasn't steady. She clenched and unclenched her hands. "You wicked child." She glared at Kitty. "What have you done?"

Kitty returned her mother's look. Her own voice was level and quiet. It was an odd thing to come from a chubby child with a soft red mouth.

"Well," she said. "What have I done, Mama?"

THEIR EYES held. Susan watched and felt in the silent moment that followed that everything in the world happened. She felt she saw how and why it happened. The wisdom made her feel old and mean—and tired. She knew she didn't want to whistle for Sarah, to huddle in the dark corner on the swing behind the ivy and watch the fellows and girls come down the street together, their arms around one another.

Mama was the first to drop her eyes. "You were very careless," she said then. Her voice was whispery, and she didn't look up. "It's naughty to be careless," she added. She crushed the red dress in her arms and, her head bent over it, left the room.

## WOUNDED SAILOR

By NADINE BOOTH BRUMELL

I'll lie with my face in the grass  
By this tree, till the bullets pass:  
Till the wings have swooped on  
their way  
To seek out more difficult prey.  
It will seem very strange to die  
Now under this leaf-tossed sky—  
Who have spent my life in grey  
ships—  
Here, touching the earth with my  
lips.

# BLITZ on BUGS

By FRANCES C. STEINHOFF

**Y**OUR VICTORY garden must have more than initial enthusiasm to make it produce. Persistent weeding, hoeing, fertilizing and watering are necessary. Constant vigilance in the matter of pests is also essential, and in the following list you will find practical suggestions for combating the commonest insects or diseases. To diagnose the trouble, first examine the plants for fungous diseases on leaves or stems, or for insects on the underside of leaves or on roots.

**Beans:** Anthracnose—black oval sunken cankers on pods. Bacterial blight—brown blotches on leaves. Mosaic—foliage mottling. Powdery mildew. All can best be checked by destroying infected plants and by rotating crops. Cultivate rows only when dry.

**Cabbage:** Green cabbage worms and loopers attack both cabbage and cauliflower. Use rotenone dust as a repellent.

**Brussels Sprouts:** Harlequin cabbage bug, one-half inch, black with red spots, is frequently seen on sprouts and radish leaves. Hand pick, or spray with a mixture of soap and derris, or use rotenone.

**Turnip:** If lice appear, destroy by vigorous applications of nicotine or pyrethrum.

**Cucumbers and Melons:** Watch for beetles, one-quarter-inch long, dark yellow, with three black stripes. They make voracious assaults on young plants and cause the spread of bacterial wilt. Remove and destroy infected plants at once. Tobacco dust is a good repellent. Destroy all refuse to eradicate eggs. For the disease known as "leaf-spot," spray with a fungicide and follow manufacturer's directions.

**Tomatoes:** For flea beetle, spray seedlings with Bordeaux mixture (in the proportions of 2 lb. bluestone, 3 lb. chemical hydrated lime and 40 gals. of water) one week before transplanting. For hornworms, hand-pick; or spray early in July with 2 lb. lead arsenate in 40 gals. water, using 20 gals. for one-quarter acre. Repeat if necessary.

**Spinach:** For leaf miner and/or flea beetles, use rotenone dust. Plant pest-resistant strains.

**Onions:** Maggots—tiny white worms which bore into the roots and make them unfit for use. Destroy all affected parts as soon as discovered. Practice crop rotation to avoid recurrence. Thrips, indicated by grey spots on foliage, will sometimes destroy the whole crop. An application of a strong insecticide will check this trouble if found in time.

**Peas:** The pea aphid—a large green louse—can be a serious pest. Destroy all refuse. Spray plants with a nonpoisonous insecticide like rotenone to which a soap spreader has been added.

**Sweet Corn:** Systematic cleaning up and burning of all crop refuse after harvesting is important in the control of both the European corn-borer (flesh-colored with fine black dots) and the corn earworm (a grey caterpillar in ears). For detailed information on control of the corn-borer, write to the Division of Entomology, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

**Potatoes:** For blights, flea beetles, leaf hoppers, spray with Bordeaux mixture, in the proportions of 4 lb. bluestone to 5 lb. chemical hydrated lime and 40 gals. water. For the Colorado potato beetle, commonly known as "potato bugs," (black with yellow markings; egg clusters orange; larvae have reddish cast) destroy by hand-picking as soon as discovered in any of the three stages. This pest lives over winter in the soil. Foliage of other vegetables, such as eggplant, is likewise affected. The remedy is to spray with a stomach poison, such as lead arsenate prepared with a soap spreader. Apply to both sides of leaves. Lead arsenate with Bordeaux mixture makes a practical repellent for various potato pests.

## LI'L ABNER by AL CAPP



Capr. 1942. United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

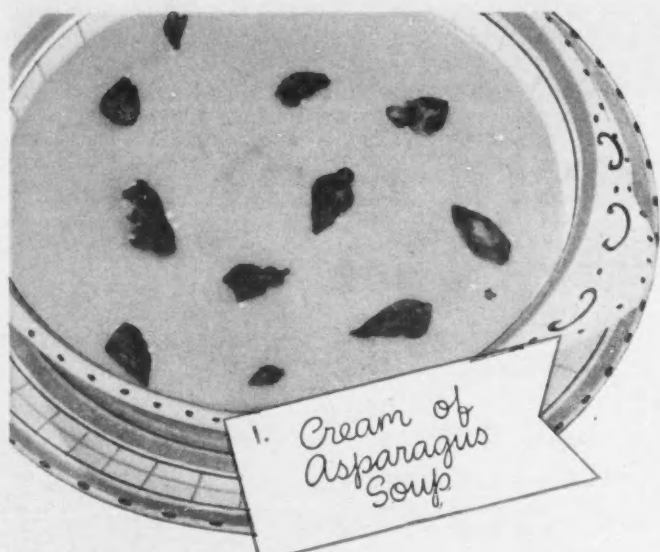
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For addition to or supplementing diets deficient in these elements





1. Cream of Asparagus Soup



2. Swift's Lunch loaf...Salami and Liver sausage

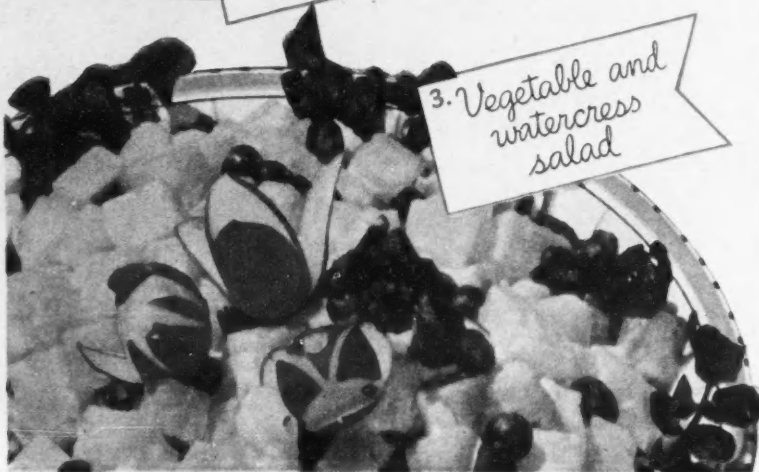
Planned by Martha Logan, Swift's famed home economist, this hot weather meal contains protective foods you need in summer just as much as in winter, without unduly straining your week's supply of rationed foods. It is published as another contribution to Canada's nutrition program.

*As tempting as it is nutritious, this hot weather meal is planned around*

## SWIFT'S PREMIUM TABLE READY MEATS



4 Canada approved bread and Cottage cheese



3. Vegetable and watercress salad

1. All the family appreciate a hot soup to start off a meal even in warm weather. And a cream soup made with whole milk supplies calcium, one of the minerals so apt to be lacking in the ordinary diet. 2. Your mouth waters at the very sight of these tempting slices of Swift's delicious Table Ready Meats. And the Liver Sausage, particularly, is a valuable source of minerals as well as the important B vitamins. In summer, just as much as in winter, we need the proteins meat supplies. 3. And here's an appetizing salad bowl to give us other important minerals and vitamins. Watercress is particularly rich in vitamins A and C, and peas and potatoes are also good sources. 4. Try cottage cheese with your Canada Approved bread or crusty

roll. It is an excellent spread and packed full of milk-minerals and other nutrients. 5. Berries, with milk or cream, help with the minerals and vitamins, too. When you have hot soup, you might like a cold beverage during the hot weather. A fruit punch or iced coffee or tea (if your ration allows) would be delicious and would round out a meal which takes care of a fine share of the day's food needs.

★ ★ ★

"Meat Complete" is Martha Logan's famous book on meat cookery, about which everyone is talking. Special features include charts to help you balance your meals . . . marketing tips . . . cooking time index . . . and lots of excellent recipes for leftovers! Send 10c with your name and address for your copy to Martha Logan, Dept. B-4, Swift Canadian Co. Limited, Toronto.

SWIFT CANADIAN CO. LIMITED, a Dominion-wide organization devoted to the conservation and efficient distribution of Canada's food resources.

### "EAT THESE FOODS EVERY DAY!"

says our Government's Nutrition Services

**MEAT, FISH, ETC.**—One serving a day of meat, fish, poultry, or alternates. Liver, heart or kidney once a week.

**EGGS**—At least three or four eggs weekly.

**FRUITS**—One serving of tomatoes daily, or a citrus fruit, or tomato or citrus fruit juices, and one serving of other fruits, fresh, canned or dried.

**VEGETABLES** (as well as one serving of potatoes)—Two servings daily of vegetables, preferably leafy green, or yellow, and frequently raw.

**BREAD AND CEREALS**—Four to six slices of Canada Approved bread, brown or white. One serving whole grain cereal.

**MILK**—Adults: ½ pint. Children: more than one pint. Some cheese, as available.

ADD ANY OTHER FOODS THAT YOU LIKE

5. Fresh ripe berries



# "CRASH ACTION" FOR THE CANADIAN ARTILLERY

ONE OF A SERIES OF "ACTION PICTURES" WITH  
CANADA'S MECHANIZED ARMY



**"ENEMY TANKS ON RIGHT FLANK!"** It's *Crash Action* for a Canadian gun crew. That means they've got to "draw quick" and shoot fast.

As the Field Artillery Tractor grinds to a two-wheel stop, the crew scrambles out and goes into action like the crack of a six-tongued whip. Down goes the platform. Gun and trailer swing into firing position. One man races to remove breech and muzzle covers, as another sets the dial sight and depresses the gun. At the same instant, Number Four heaves the hand spike in place and swings the trail into position. While the auxiliary Tractor thunders up with reserve ammunition trailers, Gunners Five and Six prepare shells for the hungry breech of the big field piece. Smoothly

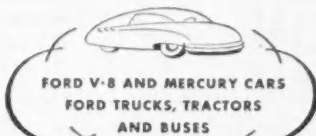
the muzzle comes to bear on the target. *Less than 60 seconds* after the Artillery Tractor's wheels skid to a stop, the gun is hurling 25-pound shells at enemy tanks. That's the kind of split-second timing and smooth teamwork which is winning world-wide respect for Canada's mechanized army.

Ford of Canada's 16,000 workers are proud to be represented on Canadian gun teams. The military vehicles which roll, by the thousand, from the Final Testing Grounds at Windsor, Ontario, are the finest, sturdiest products which modern craftsmanship can provide. The Field Artillery Tractor is one of more than forty types of battle vehicles produced by Ford of Canada.

*Rated by experts among the best-trained, best-equipped striking forces in all history—Canada can well be proud of the army representing her in the world-wide fight for freedom. Proud indeed is Ford of Canada that sturdy, Canadian-made vehicles carry these modern warriors into battle.*

*W. C. Campbell*  
PRESIDENT

## FORD MOTOR COMPANY



## OF CANADA, LIMITED

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## Who'd have thought Donald had rheumatic fever?

IT WAS SOMETHING of a shock to Donald's parents when the school physician advised them to have the boy examined by their family doctor for a suspected heart ailment.

They took him to the doctor at once, and, sure enough, the examination confirmed a slight impairment. "What *ever* could have caused it?" they wanted to know. Under the doctor's questioning, they learned the answer.

They recalled that, about a year before, Donald had been a little below par for a time. His appetite had been poor and he had failed to gain weight. He had complained of fleeting aches in the joints, and a slight fever. After a while in bed, he began to pick up, so they hadn't bothered the doctor. Since then, Donald had seemed perfectly well. Little did they suspect that he had suffered from active rheumatic fever, a disease which may affect the heart—especially if there are repeated attacks.

Fortunately, the damage to Donald's heart was slight. Now that he had had no fever in months, there was no reason for treating him differently from other children—except in one important respect: *Donald had shown himself susceptible to rheumatic fever, and everything possible should be done to prevent further attacks.* His general health and resistance should be built up and he should be guarded against sore throats and colds.

### What every parent should know

Rheumatic fever causes between 80 and 90 per cent of the heart disease in people under the age of 35. The first attack is most likely to occur between the ages of 5 and 14.

Sometimes, as in Donald's case, early signs of acute rheumatic fever

may be so indefinite that the disease is overlooked. Other cases may be accompanied by inflammation of the joints which become swollen, red and painful, and a fever as high as 103 degrees. Additional signs may be severe nose bleeds, and nodules, or lumps, under the skin. Even though the illness appears mild, a child should be kept in bed as long as any of these signs of infection persist.

In most cases, when a child has recovered from rheumatic fever and the disease has been inactive a sufficient time, he can and should engage in normal play and school activities. Parents should continue to be especially watchful to see that he gets sufficient rest, nutritious meals, and cultivates healthful living habits. Furthermore, sick or well, he should be taken to the doctor for periodic checkups.

For additional information about rheumatic fever and rheumatic heart disease, send for Metropolitan's new free leaflet, "About Rheumatic Fever."

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Please send me a copy of your leaflet, 6L43  
"About Rheumatic Fever."

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## Tall, Thin and Timid :: Continued from page 11

she passed the inviting window, and on through the doorway. The young folks were bunched by the telephones. They stopped their excited babbling as soon as they caught sight of her standing alone by the powder room door. Someone gave Beanie a shove in her direction, but he backed mulishly to the safety of the herd.

If only he would come for her! Lola felt the perspiration breaking out on her brow again. Her knees knocked together. Again Beanie was thrust toward her, but again he drew back.

"He's afraid," thought Lola. "Poor thing, he feels ashamed."

Her face was on fire, though she had to clamp her teeth to keep them from chattering. Her legs jerked as she began walking toward them. One step. Two steps. Three steps. It was like walking barefoot on dry ice. Four steps. Five steps. Her breath jerked too. She was so near that she heard Sally's whisper:

"If Beanie won't, you'll have to, Randy."

OUT FROM the sea of red embarrassed faces loomed Supey's face, white with anger. His steps weren't faltering. In long swift strides he reached her. His voice was tight and strong, like an officer giving orders under fire.

"The orchestra is just starting. May I have this dance, Lola?"

The music began, so it didn't matter if she couldn't reply. His hand was warm on her cold arm, as he piloted her firmly to the dance floor. He was so big that he towered above her, and she felt helpless and safe.

They were the first couple on the floor. She missed a step and tripped him. Everyone was watching them, and she stumbled again.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she whispered in agony.

His face was painfully flushed, but he smiled at her reassuringly.

"It isn't you," he insisted politely. "I'm a rotten dancer. Fact is, you're the only girl I've ever voluntarily asked for a dance. I used to hate dancing school."

They were lost in the crowd now. He held her close, and their long steps clicked a perfect rhythm.

"I used to hate dancing school too," she confessed. "I was taller than anyone in the class. Even taller than the boys. The teacher used to make them dance with me."

They laughed together over their secrets.

"You're a swell dancer now," said Supey. "You are so slim and graceful."

She looked up into his face and saw he meant it.

"You are awfully kind," she whis-

pered gratefully. "I don't know how I can ever thank you for coming to my rescue."

Her wistful face was so close, her eyes were so trusting and adoring, that it was Supey this time who fumbled the rhythm.

"Don't look at me that way," he grinned. "See what you do."

Again they laughed together. Never had Lola been so happy and so at ease. Why this was what she had always dreamed about—the tall, golden-haired man—the lovely gown—the haunting waltz. Suddenly she ceased to be Lola Biggs. She was the charming vivacious girl of her dreams.

It didn't surprise and confuse her at all when Ozzie cut in.

"No ruffled feathers?"

"Oh, no," she beamed.

"Gosh, you're a decent tire. It was a joke, but most girls would have foamed at the mouth."

"How did you know about it?"

"Sally found your letter. So we had ourselves some mirth answering it. Guess you—"

Before he could finish, Randy cut, soon followed by Sufferin'. Even Beanie cut in to apologize. Then Supey took over again, and all was heaven. The only flaw was Sally. She had ceased to be the centre of gaiety.

WHEN THE music stopped, Lola asked Supey if he would mind going with her to find Sally.

"Sally?" he questioned sharply.

"I'm afraid she feels ashamed," explained Lola. "I don't want her to be unhappy because of me."

Supey eyed her strangely. "Naturally. It would be just too bad if little Sally felt uncomfortable."

Lola brightened.

"That's what I mean."

"Yes," he agreed gravely. "That's what you mean."

They found Sally with the younger set sprawled on deck chairs in the corner of the porch. The gabble ceased as Lola and Supey approached. The boys leaped up to offer Lola their chairs. When she slipped into the seat next to Sally, startled, significant glances were exchanged.

Lola had hoped the babble of voices would lend her cover. But no one spoke. They waited, looking from Lola to Sally, and from Sally to Lola.

It was Sally who broke the silence.

"Well, Lola," she remarked in a mocking, cold little voice, "red sure worked wonders, didn't it?"

"Oh, yes," breathed Lola rapturously. "I've never been so happy in all my life. I wanted you to know so—so you

Continued on page 32



## What's coming is . . . PLENTY!

**M**AYBE not this year. Maybe not next. But *sometime* we're going to win this war — and what's going to happen then is *plenty*.

Plenty of coffee, tea, bananas, butter, lard. Yes, and plenty of Sanforized washable clothes. All the things we had before it started, and others we never had. Plenty of good cheap housing — thanks to new building methods. Plenty of light practical inexpensive cars, cradles and carriages — thanks to wartime expansion of aluminum production. Plenty of cheap fast air transportation — thanks to the rapid development of the aviation industry.

It's going to be a good world — a world of *plenty* — a world worth all the sacrifice that's being made. So if you can't get

some of the things you've learned to count on, don't fret about it. It's a small price to pay for what's coming.

*Right now many Sanforized fabrics are going to the Armed Forces because they more than anyone need the comfort of garments that really fit. Fortunately, however, there are still garments made of Sanforized fabrics available to civilians. When you do buy a shirt or overalls or a dress, try to get one that's Sanforized. It's just as important to avoid waste from shrinkage as to avoid hoarding.*

**•SANFORIZED•**

Reg. trade-mark

Checked standard of the trade-mark owner

The "Sanforized" trade-mark is used by manufacturers on "Compressive Pre-Shrunk" fabrics only when tests for residual shrinkage are regularly checked, through the service of the owners of the trade-mark, to insure maintenance of its established standard by licensed users of the mark.

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## "Who needs a maid—with quick-and-easy Bon Ami around!"

Doing your own work? You'll be delighted with the extra help you get from Bon Ami. For Bon Ami really does two jobs at the same time. It cleans quickly and thoroughly . . . and *polishes as it cleans!* You'll also discover that—unlike harsh, gritty cleansers—Bon Ami doesn't scratch porcelain . . . making it harder to keep clean. You can see why it's such a special favorite with women who do their own work!



*"It never roughens or reddens my hands!"*

No coarse grit or strong caustics in Bon Ami. It's soft and fine . . . really spares your hands. Yet you couldn't wish for a more thorough, more effective cleanser!



MADE IN CANADA

**Bon Ami**  
"hasn't scratched yet!"

## Danger—At Home!

By Adele White

**D**O YOU know that the number of fatal home accidents which happened last year equals the total number of traffic fatalities? Do you know that deaths from scarlet fever, diphtheria, whooping cough, all put together, are much fewer than deaths from home accidents?

We're at war and the world is calling all doctors. Home accidents which could have been prevented are one of the serious drains on the doctor's time and energy—to say nothing of pain, worry and the expense of a long illness in a household.

Check our questions below and see how you rate as a home guard. Give yourself ten marks for each question; if question has two parts, mark five for each. If you get as high as 160, go right up to the head of the class and get your efficiency medal pinned on your chest. If you get under 100—shame on you!

Answers on page 45.



### In Your Kitchen..

1. When pots are boiling on the stove, which way are the handles turned?
2. If you boast one of those modern, jeep-sized kitchens, how close to the stove are those frilly curtains which blow in the breeze?
3. Comes ironing day. The phone rings. Do you leave the iron heating while you answer it?
4. When you're in a hurry preparing dinner and you spill some grease on the floor, do you stop and mop at once?
5. At this moment, where is your tin of lye or caustic cleaning compound?



### In Your Cellar

8. Do you park mops, brooms, pails, cartons and the children's rubber boots on the cellar stairs?
9. When you're collecting newspapers, magazines and old clothes for the salvage committee, do you leave them in piles near the furnace?
10. Are any of your cellar stairs in need of repair, but you haven't called in a carpenter, because friend husband has promised to fix them when he gets a minute?



### In the Living Room

6. (a) Is your carpet fastened securely down at the edges? Or are you one of those jovial hostesses who cracks: "Did you enjoy your trip?" when some unfortunate guest catches his toe under the rug?
6. (b) Scatter rugs are fine and dandy, as long as they don't scatter you and your family. What precautions have you taken against this?
7. (a) When you've had friends in for a game of bridge in the evening, do you go round to make sure no cigarettes are still burning in ash trays?
7. (b) Do you put a screen in front of the fire, even if there are only a few smoldering embers left?

### In the Bathroom



11. Have you a first-aid kit on hand and plenty of ready-made bandages to apply at once when your children come home with cuts and scratches?
12. (a) Where do you put those bottles with the skull and crossbones on them?
12. (b) Do you know the antidote for all poisons you keep in your house?
13. Do you ever stand up in the tub and turn on lights or an electric heater?
14. When you're taking your bath, do you leave the cake of soap in the bottom of the tub?

### Miscellaneous

15. Do you smoke in bed?
16. If your child is at the toddling stage, how do you prevent him from falling down stairs?

## BEAUTY CULTURE

A Department of Style, Health and Personality

# GIRLS

## Who Wear Glasses

By ADELE WHITE, Beauty Editor

**D**OROTHY PARKER'S sad lament, "Men seldom take passes at girls who wear glasses," is as outmoded as high button boots and bustles.

If you're feeling all droopy-mouthed and dejected, if you think you're about to lose your girlish charm and you're getting set to produce a fine bouncing inferiority complex, just because the doctor says you've got myopia or an astigmatism or one of those eye ailments which sound like a potted plant, cheer up, my girl, because you're in for a happy surprise, that day you pay a visit to the optician with your prescription clutched in your hand.

Wonderful things have happened to eyeglasses since the time when grandma bought hers by mail order. These days, opticians not only fill prescriptions, but they take infinite pains in giving you a pair of specs which will *flatter* your face. Just because something new has been added to your get-up, you don't have to go round looking like an owl or a 19th Century schoolmarm. Your specs will be custom-made to merge and blend with the contours of your face.

You've heard of that old game of optical illusion, haven't you? Well, that's the magic these opticians use to make your glasses not only inconspicuous, but an actual beauty aid.

**What's the Trick?** In planning the shape of your specs, these clever fellows play up your assets and camouflage your liabilities. You've heard that one many times before, because beauty and fashion stylists have been using that system for years.

An oval face is the ideal—it's the type that's launched a thousand poems, so designers of glasses try to make your phiz appear as near that shape as possible.

If you have a long, narrow patrician face, they'll prescribe a straight upper edge of lens and a straight bridge across the nose. This will counteract a too-long look.

If your face is heart-shaped—that is round, youthful, with a pointed chin, your lenses will be made to appear slightly vertical, with a wide lower edge to minimize the sharp chin line.

The forthright face—or (let's be honest) the heavy-jawed type—should have a pointed curve at the bottom of the lens to slenderize the jaw, and a flattened curve at the top to give more width at the temples to balance the jaw.

The "pioneering" or square type can be softened and flattered by lenses which are narrow at the bottom and by an arched nose-bridge to give added length to your face.

**Style Details Are Practical.** Low temple bars are outdated. They're clumsy and old-fashioned and give you a droopy

*You can be a woman of vision--and glamour too!*

Photograph at right, courtesy Imperial Optical Co.  
Below, courtesy Warner Bros.



Courtesy Consolidated Optical Co.

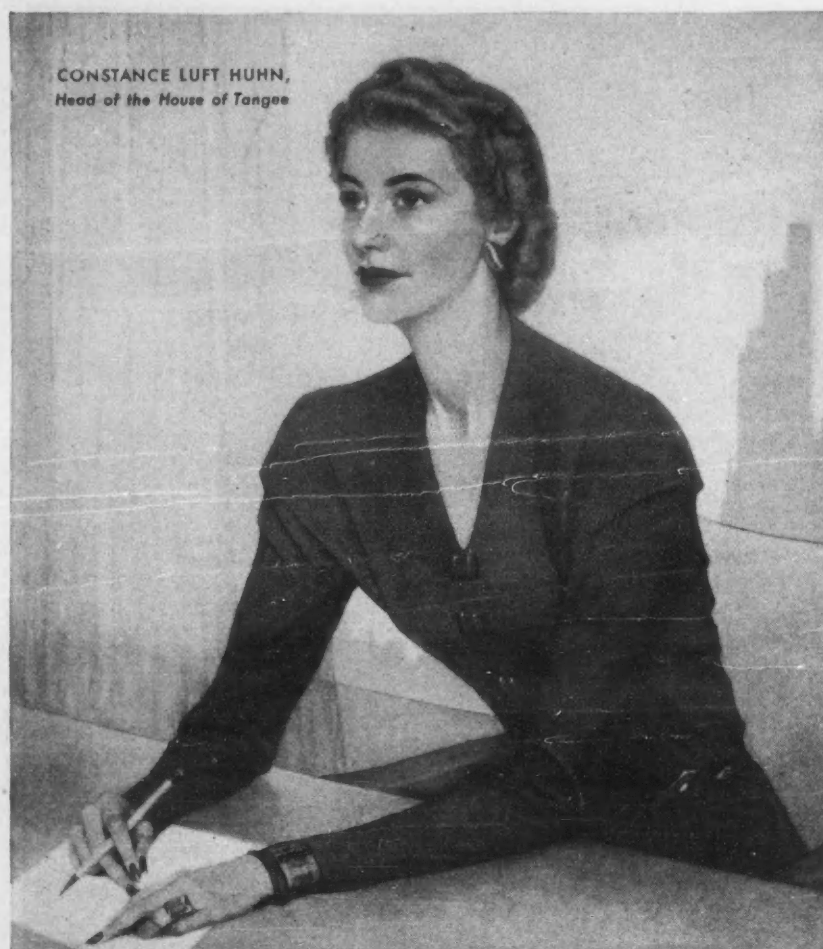


Here's your cinema favorite, Bette Davis, setting out for the studio in her Irish jogging cart. Mark those smart uptilted sun specs she's wearing!

Left: Flesh-colored shell rims add something to the alertness of a young face. Easy to wear, too.

Top of page: Glasses with this new-style mounting merge with the lines of the face. Almost invisible!





CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN,  
Head of the House of Tangee

Portrait by Maria de Kammerer

## GOING "all out" ALL DAY?

### You Should Use a Satin-Finish Lipstick!

*Says Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee*

Now that wartime duties are added to your day-to-day activities... now that you're on the go all day every day... many of you must often wish fervently for a lipstick that ONCE ON, STAYS ON! If that is *your* wish, I sincerely recommend that you use one of our new Tangee SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks.

Tangee's exclusive SATIN-FINISH makes each Tangee Lipstick so smooth it literally applies itself... creating a soft and glossy sheen, an exquisite and long-lasting grooming, which every woman hopes to achieve.

And remember: There is a matching rouge to every Tangee shade; a matching shade of Tangee's UN-powdery face powder for every complexion!

## TANGEE SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks

### NEW TANGEE MEDIUM-RED

...a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light... just right.

**TANGEE RED-RED**... "Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All," harmonizes perfectly with all fashion colors.

**TANGEE THEATRICAL RED**... "The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"... Is always most flattering.

**TANGEE NATURAL**... "Beauty for Duty"—conservative make-up for women in uniform. Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose.

**BEAUTY**—glory of woman...  
**LIBERTY**—glory of nations...  
Protect them both...

BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

## Beauty Brevities

AT LAST we've said good-by to the Hollywood bob. It was lovely while it lasted—if you could take time off at regular intervals for combing and fixing. Its swan song began when girls took to uniforms with strict military regulations about hair not touching the collar: and when girls took jobs in munitions plants where short hair was advisable to avoid being scalped by a machine.

The rest of us, seeing how attractive and practical a feather cut could be, at once followed suit. It's a definite break for white collars—they stay clean longer, and it's a break for dark dresses and suit coats. The shoulders aren't so apt to harbor stray, unattached hairs. The long bob was glamorous, but the new style is a neater and smarter arrangement all round.

☆☆

Do your dresses wear out under the arms? Better become a twice-weekly deodorant user. Perspiration ruins clothes, both in winter when houses are overheated, and in the hot summer months. These days when we're all wearing our clothes as long as they hang together, it's important to keep them from perspiration stains and odor.

☆☆

Here's the advice of one housewife who does her own work and has a Rosalind Russell shape. She says she exercises as she works—naturally—but she exercises those muscles which have nothing to do with pushing round a vacuum or a dust mop. While she goes about her housewifely duties she practices drawing in her tummy as tight as she can, holding it for ten counts, relaxing for five, and then starting all over again. It does wonders to flatten the silhouette. You can also practice it walking along the street, waiting for a car, or whenever you happen to think of it.

☆☆

Here's a tip to you wives, who want to see your husbands climb into higher income brackets. Stress the importance of regular use of deodorants. He may think this talk of good grooming is just panty-waist stuff—but you'd be surprised, and so would he, to know how many men who are awfully smart in the head miss the boat when it comes to promotion, because the boss is too embarrassed to mention that unpleasant phrase—perspiration odor—but he just can't take a chance on giving an important job to an employee who is careless about that sort of thing.

And, speaking of good grooming, why not have a fine supply of all kinds of toilet accessories to greet the master of the house when he comes home on leave? After his arduous life in camp, he'll want to relax and luxuriate a bit in his own home, forgetting all about reveille and early morning parades. If week-end leaves are now a thing of the past, remember his favorite shaving creams and soaps, after-shaving lotions, talcum powder and even face creams when you're packing overseas parcels. +

## Subtle Magic FOR SUMMER LOVELINESS



It is Still Possible to Get... and Give... CHANEL

Chanel Eau de Cologne

is a new experience in refreshing fragrance for warm weather: your lovely challenge to the sun, your glamour 'lift'. Your favourite stores have Chanel, to keep you exquisite and iceberg cool this summer.



**CHANEL**  
PERFUMES AND COLOGNES

Four discreet and lovely fragrances: No. 5, Gardenia, Cuir de Russie, No. 22, Colognes: 2 oz. \$2.00, 6 oz. \$4.00. Perfumes: ¼ oz. \$3.00, 1 oz. \$10.00.

# FASHION SHORTS FROM NEW YORK

by Kay Murphy

**Patchwork Fashions**—When I think of the wondrous patchwork quilts I have often admired—and slept under—in Canada, I marvel to think of the smart fashions you could make, if you put your mind to it. Naturally, many of our trimmings have gone to war. But you should see the way the designers are using patchwork to brighten up life for us down here. A bathing suit's bra and border in patchwork; patchwork sleeves on a nightie; Victory gardener's overalls with a patchwork blouse and pockets; dress with patchwork collar and bows—and of course dozens of patchwork short jackets, peasant skirts, head scarves, handbags and turbans. Don't despair over some of those things hanging unused in your wardrobe. Just haul 'em out and think: Where can I put this to patchwork?

## The "Right" Pattern—

Knowing how many more women are making their own clothes and those of their children, I said to myself: "Kay—why don't you make a dress for yourself?" Little did I know my own limitations. I am now a sadder, but a wiser, gal... I am now an authority on patterns! I found out that the first pattern was made in 1863—by a man, of course. That each paper pattern you order goes through 12 steps before it is ready for you. By the way, check your size for accuracy. Do this at least once a season, for in these active days women's sizes are rapidly changing. About my own venture... well, it was a nice piece of cloth and as I said above: *Patchwork* is very good this summer!

**A Sailor Playsuit**—The young things down here are wearing a feminine version of a sailor's uniform, for summer fun. Top it with a sailor's cap and you'll be ready to do a Sailor's Hornpipe with the best of 'em...

**War Fashions** are making clothes history. Some factories won't allow their women workers to wear sweaters—say the lint from them gets into delicate machinery. Again, short sleeves are declared safer than long—so off come the long sleeves. The new Women's Land Army in the U. S. will sport a snappy overall in light or dark blue denim, with WLA insignia in bright colors. The safety visor cap looks so cocky when set at the right angle that some gals are having them copied into fabrics for street wear. Jersey undies and slips, that require no ironing, are pets with the girls in the Services as well as factory workers. Bungalow aprons as factory uniforms are worn by about one third of the women workers

in the country. Shoulder strap bags leave the hands free to carry bundles, etc., so other women besides our Service gals are adopting the idea. The officer's greatcoat, when versioned for women, is a pet fashion. Lower-heeled shoes all the rage—because we are all working and walking more than ever. These are some of the overnight changes that war is bringing. Whether women will want to continue "sensible" fashions after the war, or go to the other extreme, is still a guess—will be until that happy "after the war" comes true. If I could give the right answer now... but no one can. That's what's driving our stylists



Courtesy Reid's Holiday Toga Ltd.  
You can go in the water or cut a fine figure on the dock in a smartly wearable number.

nuts. What will women want to wear "After"?

## Dimout White on Go-Out Black!

Down here, where the lights are really low, we are advised to wear, or carry, something white when out nights. The new sheer black dresses for mid-summer are often trimmed with white ruffles, lace or maybe a deep white belt. Short white piqué capes are also going to be a favorite for nighttime summer wanderings...

**This Summer, Look for...** long-sleeved dresses. Sounds silly, but that is what is being shown in the better-priced sheers. Many women, now spending summer in the city for the first time, like the dressy feeling long sleeves give... low necks going places. A deep

# Babies Don't Have BAD BREATH

But  
What About  
YOU?

**YOU** may have bad breath this minute—unknown to you, but only too well-known to your friends! So play safe! Use Colgate's Dental Cream—the toothpaste that cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth!



YES, SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE CONCLUSIVELY THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM INSTANTLY STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH

**HERE'S WHY:** Colgate's has an active *penetrating* foam that gets into the hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odours—remove the cause of much bad breath.

**BESIDES,** Colgate's has a soft, safe polishing agent that cleans enamel thoroughly, yet gently... makes teeth naturally bright, sparkling! No wonder people everywhere are quitting liquids, powders and other pastes for Colgate's Dental Cream!







## "I haven't time to waste on important things... like my complexion!"

Sounds wacky, but when you know how busy I am, you'll agree. You see, I've a family to look after, First Aid Classes, Red Cross sessions, meals for Jim's buddies in the Air Force. So, with all those really urgent things to do, I figured time spent on myself would have to be pretty sketchy.

For one thing—I had decided my complexion was out for the duration because I just hadn't time to waste hours on beauty care, as I used to do. Now, I've only time for precious minutes to spend wisely.

So, I simply take two minutes twice a day for quick, thorough soap-and-water cleansing... with new, improved Palmolive Soap. Just for cleanliness, I thought. Imagine my thrill when Jim sent me flowers with a note: "You're more beautiful every day".

**Why, just those 2 minutes twice a day with Palmolive helps my complexion stay radiant, flower-fresh!**

Now I'm finding out that *all I ever needed* to keep my complexion petal-smooth and soft... is my Palmolive Beauty Facial twice a day. That *extra 60-second Palmolive Lather Massage* certainly has improved my skin. And for fragrant daintiness all over—Palmolive in the bath, of course. Palmolive, made with Olive and Palm oils, two of Nature's finest beauty aids, *actually soothes* my skin as it thoroughly cleanses.

**NOW MORE THAN EVER**

**I TRUST *Palmolive***

**TO KEEP ME LOVELY—FOR HIM!**



profile—what's more, they obstruct your view, a little like the blinders on a horse. High streamlined temple bars are much more attractive and you'll be able to see the world from all angles.

The newest style glasses, most popular for young wear, are rimless, almost invisible and designed with a straight continuous bar across the top.

Shell-rimmed specs are best for sport. Wear them with your tweeds, sweaters and brogues—when you're playing golf or striding across country on a Sunday afternoon hike. There are some very smart shell rim glasses on the market, which slant upward toward the outside edge and give your face a piquant, rather impish look.

**Make-up for glasses.** You can use eye shadow and mascara more lavishly, without looking theatrical, than can your sisters who gaze out at the world without specs. The lenses shade your eyes and tone down the color of both your eyes and your lashes. Use blue shadow for grey or blue eyes and brown shadow for brown eyes. Your brows should always be kept neat and well shaped with the help of tweezers and eyebrow pencil. But don't, we beg of you, pluck them to an exaggerated outline.

There's a new style coming north from New York: rims to match your make-up. Yes, Ma'am! You can buy yourself specs which have rims in a delicate pink or a fire-engine red or other gay tone to blend in with your favorite lipstick and nail polish.

**Look after your eyes.** Eyes, like teeth, should be checked by an expert once a year. And it's well to bear this thought in mind; that eyes, unlike teeth, can't be replaced with a brand-new store set!

A diet that includes whole-wheat bread and cereal, carrots, green vegetables, eggs, butter and milk is valuable for the eyes as well as the rest of your body mechanism.

**What about exercise for the eyes?** Eyestrain is sometimes caused by tired muscles. Here are three exercises you can practice several times a day to strengthen eye muscles:

(1) Look way off into the horizon, then back at some object about eighteen inches from your face. Do this for one or two minutes at a time.

(2) Roll your eyes just as though you were Al Jolson singing to your mammy—you can sing too if it helps.

(3) When you're reading a book, pick out the individual letters of the words for a page or so. It's a bit bothersome, but good discipline for eye muscles.

However, before embarking on any eye exercise program, be sure to consult your eye doctor. There may be something wrong which only glasses can remedy.

**A bath for your orbs.** Boracic acid—about a quarter of a teaspoonful dissolved in a glass of warm boiled water—makes a good eye wash. Or you can buy eye lotion already prepared which comes complete with eye dropper. Eye droppers are more sanitary than eye cups. The latter are apt to collect germs and spread infection from one eye to the other.

**Place in the sun.** To arrive at the beach minus your bottle of oil and your sun glasses will make you as unique as a movie star with a missing front tooth.

But here's a word of warning about sun glasses. Don't economize and buy the very cheap ones which are just stamped out of glass. They may strain the muscles of your eyes by changing the position of things ever so slightly. For example, if you're walking toward a post wearing a pair of these stamped glasses, the post may seem a quarter of an inch out of position. Your own good judgment tells you where it should be, and so your eye muscles have to work overtime to counteract the effect of the glasses. If you multiply this post by all the objects you see each day, you can imagine what a strain it puts on your eyes.

Good sun glasses are made of tinted glass, ground to your own prescription if you already wear specs—or if you don't, and just want to be protected from the glare, these glasses should be very carefully ground (and polished) to no prescription. In other words, they should be completely neutral, but made to exclude the ultra-violet and the infra-red rays of the sun, which cause glare. There are some more expensive glasses which suppress these rays without changing the color of the scenery.

**A person of vision.** They say 80% of our knowledge comes to us through our eyes. You may be going through life with a huge handicap of defective sight. If you find yourself seeing double, or if your eyes are foggy and tire easily, it's time to take action.

Nowadays, we women haven't time to lie around the house harboring an attack of migraine. Doctors say that 50% of all headaches are caused by eyestrain. If you discover you have to wear specs, you'll find yourself in a sizeable company, for one out of every three people in Canada has defective sight. ♦

## YOUNGEST

By Pauline Havard

He was too young to follow his brothers as they mowed;  
He was too small to follow his father as he sowed;  
But he was not too tiny to gather with content  
The snail shell, coiled and shiny — the mottled snail that went  
Slow for the self-same reason; while each in slowness found  
His own well-noticed beauty across the blossoming ground!

He was too small to hurry; he could not ramble far,  
But where the beetles scurry between each crisp white star  
Of strawberry blooms in the hollow, beyond the new-turned mold —  
Where grown men would not follow — He gathered the day's gold!  
The magic hollow held him, and Childhood was well spent,  
Where thrust and sunlight spelled him the language of Content!



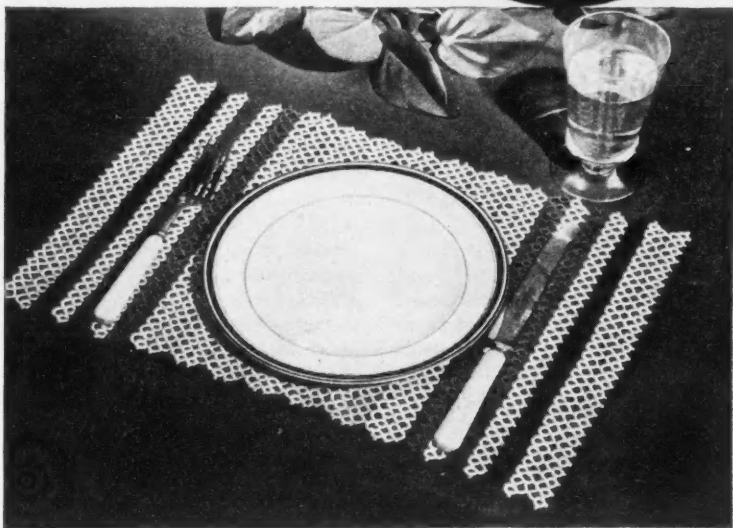
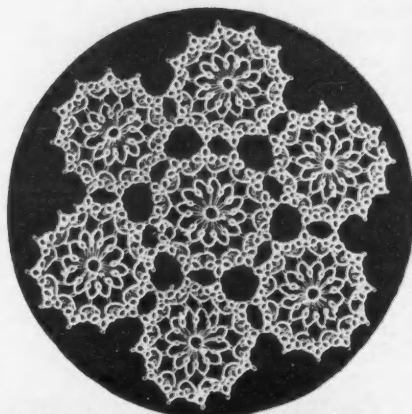
## Tatting Comes Back

Ever handle one of Grandmother's pillowcases and study the delicate lacy edging? Ten chances to one, that beautiful finish was tatting—the favorite "pickup" work of the 19th Century, and still unsurpassed in fineness of effect. With the tremendous revival in home needle arts, tatting is staging a comeback, and new "contemporary" designs like these are being pored over by smart Young

Moderns who want an occasional change from knitting needles. Tatting is a kind of lace-work made with a shuttle (about three inches long with an extended point at one end); it works up from a series of double stitches on a pulled loop. From this basic stitch, rings, chains and picots are made and these in turn are combined into clover leaves, wheels, rosettes and other patterns.

### DAISY AND CLOVER.

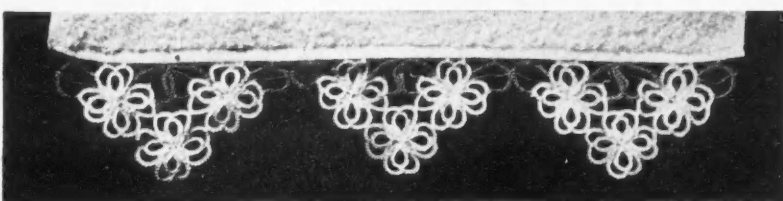
Daisy motifs are ringed with clovers in the delicate tracery of this doily, which is about 7½ inches in diameter. This is one of the more complex designs to challenge the experienced tatter. All it costs is the ball of crochet cotton or tatting thread—and some fascinating hours of work.



**FOR THE BEGINNER.** Once you have mastered the basic stitches and loops on the shuttle (and this must be learned by watching and following an expert tatter) you can aspire to a smart table mat, done in plain rings. Ecu, banded in blue, red and green.

**TOWEL EDGINGS.** Top of page and below: Sturdy tatted trimming in four-leaf clover motif for turkish hand towels; in two colors. Heavy crochet cotton is used for this purpose.

**HOW TO ORDER.** Full instructions for these four new tatting designs may be obtained by writing to Chatelaine Pattern Service, 481 University Ave., Toronto, and enclosing 10 cents.



## DOWN

(and I don't mean maybe)

**R**EMEMBER how glorious it all was . . . landing your job the very day school ended? It was your way of enlisting . . . doing a man's work while he's away fighting for freedom!

You can still see Mom when you brought home your first week's pay, safely salted away in War Stamps. And Dad, proud as punch . . . with his glasses all misted up.

But today it's different . . . you wish you'd never even started! And you wonder how other girls always manage . . . never seem to feel down in the dumps. They'll sail through their full eight hours and their dates, too . . . without a care in the world!

Maybe you were thinking out loud! Because Sally, the starter, takes you under her wing—tells you how girls-in-the-know keep going, keep smiling every day. "It's not just luck," she explains. "It's because we've learned by experience that Kotex sanitary napkins are made to stay soft while wearing!"

### Hit a New High!

How right she was (and you're glad you didn't break your date)! For Kotex is lots different from pads that just feel soft at first touch. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. Kotex gives you more comfort . . . less bulk . . . and (joy of joys!) no wrong side to cause accidents.

All this—and confidence, too! Because there's no ceiling to a girl's confidence, with the superb protection only Kotex can promise. No need to forfeit a moment's poise, thanks to that 4-ply safety center . . . and you can depend on those flat, pressed ends to keep your secret safe!

With all these advantages, you'd naturally expect more girls to choose Kotex than all other brands of pads put together . . . wouldn't you? And they do!

*Keep going in comfort*  
—with **KOTEX**!



**THUMBS UP? THUMBS DOWN?** "Difficult days"—and what to do about them!

The new free booklet, "As One Girl To Another" solves the mysteries of a girl's intimate life . . . tips you off on grooming, activities, social contacts. Rush your name and address on a postcard to Canadian Cellucotton Products Co. Ltd., Dept. K3-5, 330 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. Remember—it's FREE!



**Fresh as a Daisy . . .** that's you . . . when you use QUEST, the Kotex deodorant powder! Just sprinkle QUEST on your sanitary napkin. Created expressly for this use, QUEST is a sure way to avoid offending, for it destroys napkin and body odours completely!



(★ T.M. Reg. Can. Pat. Off.)



Our Stylists  
Are Tearing  
Their Hair!

Our  
Chemists  
Are Mopping  
Their Brow!  
They're Building  
a "Post-War"  
Stocking  
That's going  
to be  
a WOW!

For  
**KAYSER**  
Is Best  
By a Long Shot  
In the Past, in the Future and Now!

"BE WISER—BUY KAYSER" AND WAR SAVINGS STAMPS, TOO!

oblong, instead of square lines, a new and graceful note. The *side-wrap* continuing good all summer. Being a cousin of the surplice, older women find this type of dress very flattering to fuller figures... *large bats* again a headliner. The coolie type is promising as Madame Chiang-Kai-Shek revived all things Chinese (but she didn't wear hats while visiting this country). Would you ever dream of paying \$40 for a cotton dress? I wouldn't, yet expensive cottons are selling fast along Fifth Avenue. Again, women stranded in town for the summer are changing the ideas about what a "well-dressed woman will wear..."

**Bow-Ties**—just like a man's—still a favorite with women for their tailored blouses.

**Large Handbags**—and I mean large! Some of the summer homespun ones measure a full 20 inches at the base.

**Lapel Whistles**—Now with so many of us being air wardens—along comes a dainty little lapel gadget that has a real, workable whistle attached to it. Down here, where we whistle for a cab (or a cop!) with alacrity, I can see us using these whistles for more than air-raid practice...

**Dress up For a Summer's Evening?** While really formal summer attire is not in the cards, some of the gals are finding a happy compromise with a very sheer blouse and a matching head shawl... worn with a simple, but good dark crepe skirt.

**Blue Still a Favorite** in a khaki world! Light blues are outselling all other summer shades, and they say the reason is... soldiers like their Ladies in Blue! Contrasts harmoniously (really!) with their own sober garb.

**Farewell to Lint!** We all know how aggravating lint is—lint from all sorts of fabrics has been a trouble with the war factories. Now a big textile firm announces it has developed a lint-free fabric. Apart from the importance of such a fabric for war clothing, it is also invaluable for dust cloths to clean delicate machinery. Doesn't leave any lint... Imagine how nice it will be for our household dust cloths, when they get around to it.

**The Short Trench Coat** looks like a summer favorite... grand to wear with slacks or with dresses. Made of rayon gabardine, I liked the natural color best, but it looks nice in the bright reds and greens, too. The skirt stops just above the knees.

**Red, White and Blue** fashions blooming! Red and white striped skirt, worn with a blue blouse—white hat with blue flowers and red ribbons; blue shantung slacks, white blouse and red bolero jacket; blue gloves with red and white striped cuffs; red, white and blue striped cotton handbags. A few of the patriotic ways to show your Colors.

**Warm Underwear** will be the thing and will be smart as well as warm. Sweaters will take on new glamour for they will be worn more places. +

**THE LIPSTICK THAT STAYS ON**

Don Juan Lipstick is a favorite of today's busy women because:

1. Stays on for hours---no retouching necessary---gives soft, natural looking lips.
2. Creamy-smooth---no "greasy" appearance. Will not dry or chap lips.
3. Comes in beautiful, new, all-plastic container.

• DeLuxe Size \$1.10 at drug and department stores, Refills 60¢. Matching Don Juan Face Powder, \$1.10; Rouge, 75¢... 17¢ for trial sizes at 15¢ stores. Ask to see the famous Military Red—a clear, red red shade.

**DON JUAN**

**New under-arm Cream Deodorant**  
safely  
**Stops Perspiration**



1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics.



ARRID IS THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

**ARRID**

39¢ a jar

(Also in 15¢ and 59¢ jars)

Buy a jar of ARRID today at any store which sells toilet goods.



# Kodak

## WONDERING WHAT MORE YOU CAN DO FOR THAT BOY IN THE SERVICE?

*Well, here's something thousands of them have asked for . . .*

**"M**ORE and more snapshots from home" is right up among their first wants. They've said so themselves. So why not send a batch of snapshots this week to that boy of yours in the service?

Of course there isn't as much film for your picture-taking as in normal times. Kodak Film is now rationed to dealers because the Navy, Army and Air Force need so much. So make every roll of it count, in doing the important job. Visit him every week in snapshots.

In Canada KODAK is the registered trade mark and sole property of Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario.

### VISIT HIM EVERY WEEK IN SNAPSHOTS





## Fragrant Exhilarating, Refreshing

Dawn-fresh . . . buoyant . . . the universally beloved colognes and eaux de toilette of Helena Rubinstein have just that cool and quiet freshness for which you are yearning. In these crowded hours of war here are fragrances you can use generously . . . Orchard-sweet Apple Blossom, piquant, touched with magic . . . and light, ethereal Heaven-Sent — the newest Helena Rubinstein creation . . . distilled to keep you dainty, delicious, cool, morning, noon and night!

APPLE BLOSSOM COLOGNE, Flacons, 1.25, .85

APPLE BLOSSOM EAU DE TOILETTE, 2.25

APPLE BLOSSOM SOAP, .55, 1.00 APPLE BLOSSOM BODY POWDER, 1.50, .75

HEAVEN-SENT COLOGNE, Flacons, 1.50, 1.00

HEAVEN-SENT EAU DE TOILETTE, 2.00

HEAVEN-SENT SOAP, .55, 1.00 HEAVEN-SENT BODY POWDER, 1.65, .85

*Apple Blossom — Heaven-Sent*

BY

**helena rubinstein**

cologne • eau de toilette • soap • body powder

LONDON • NEW YORK • TORONTO • SYDNEY

## Tall, Thin and Timid :: Continued from page 22

wouldn't feel badly about—about the joke you played on me."

Sally stared incredulously. Then she began to laugh.

"Did you hear what I just heard?" she asked shrilly. Her laughter rose until the mockery of its unhappiness got on Supey's nerves.

"Pull out of it, Sally," he snapped.

Sally quieted abruptly. She stared as if hypnotized at Lola's sweet face.

"Your stuff is new to me, Lola. But I think you've got something there."

Suddenly her hard little face softened, and she swung challengingly to her gang.

"You're all invited to my shack for eats after the dance," she cried. "It's a

party in honor of a good sport, Lola."

Mr. and Mrs. Biggs were waiting up for their child. They listened spellbound to her radiant account of the evening.

"And Beanie and Sufferin' both asked me to the dance next Saturday night," concluded Lola, starry-eyed, "but I had already promised to go with Supey. Everyone was perfectly lovely to me. I can't understand it."

"It's very simple," explained gentle Mrs. Biggs happily. "Just be sweet and kind, and people will love you."

Lola nodded dreamily as she lifted her young mouth for their goodnight kiss. She belonged, after all, to that species of maidenhood, almost extinct, who never question parental wisdom. ♦

## Share Your Home :: Continued from page 3

becomes mutual property on certain days. I usually cook my roast on Sundays, Mrs. Army on Mondays, and so on. Moreover, down in the cellar there is a large gas stove which has been used for heating hot water for the laundry, and if we all want to use the oven on the same day (and we did on Christmas Day) somebody's roasting pan goes downstairs. The cellar, incidentally, is fully equipped for wash-day, and here again it is just a question of planning who shall use it on which particular day.

Beyond these little domestic arrangements there is no formal agreement between the three of us. It is understood that no expenses—such as cleaning the roof, the chimneys, gardening, etc., are to be incurred without mutual consent, and the understanding is that as the bills come in they are equally divided between us. (I can assure anyone who is tempted to try our plan that there is nothing so pleasant, on opening a bill, as the knowledge that only a third of it applies to you!)

OF COURSE there are disadvantages. They are all outweighed by the advantages, but they are there all the same. We can't entertain; there are too many children in the house to make for spotless cleanliness; sometimes the lights fuse because we are all cooking at the same time; sometimes the telephone or doorbell rings incessantly for one family or the other; sometimes the children bring home whole flocks of friends just as we've polished the hall floor; sometimes the groceries and milk get confused; often there is no hot water, and almost always there is noise during the daytime.

But we all know what the alternative is. Here our husbands can live in peace with the families they may shortly be called upon to leave, and we have only to see our children playing in the garden together, enjoying all the advantages of a better-class neighborhood—the lack of traffic, the fresh air, their nice friends and the cleanliness—to know that we are allowing the war to interfere with their young lives as little as possible.

Moreover we have all gained immeasurably by sharing our bits and pieces, and we have learned that unlimited expense can be avoided when three people pool their resources. For instance, I had no carpet for the hall—but Mrs. Navy had one; she had no

curtains for her living room—I had some I wasn't using. Like most uprooted people we all lacked some of the little things which simplify the business of living, but now as a household we own every sort of gadget we could wish for. There are spare lamps, spare rugs, spare chairs, a car, a bicycle, a washing machine, two ironing boards, a vacuum cleaner—oh, and two dogs! We all feel richer for the merging of our property and incomes.

As single units we could probably not have afforded maids, but as it is we are in a position to engage one if we think it necessary. So far, however, extra help would be considered superfluous, as each member of the feminine household seems to have made it her job to cause the rest of the inmates as little trouble as possible, and there is a rush for the mutual dust on the mutual staircase.

THEN, AGAIN, instead of the responsibilities of tending the furnace, sweeping paths through the snow, etc., falling on one pair of shoulders, it is now shared by three. Every day, in fact, reveals some hitherto undiscovered advantage in our way of life; somebody is always going up to town to bring back the things one would otherwise have to fetch oneself; somebody is always at home at night, so that the children can be left quite safely if one has to go out; there is transport to the office every morning in the car for all three hurried husbands; there is always someone at home to take telephone messages, someone to take charge in the event of illness, to call doctors in an emergency, or lend a helping hand in any difficulty which may arise.

Perhaps then, if we co-operate so much, we must feel a little too communal? Not at all, for one has only to shut the door of one's sitting room to enjoy just as much privacy as one would in a house of one's own. There is no hopping in and out to borrow this or that, and the children respect territorial rights as much as the parents. We can honestly say that this is an arrangement which is 100% successful, and we would like to see the spare rooms of every large house put to the same use. To Jim and me, as we sit by our fireside in the evening, comes the satisfied feeling that we have really achieved something worth while, for we have not only found a happy home for ourselves, but have been able to help two other storm-tossed families find a much-needed anchorage. ♦

# MAKE IT OVER

THERE'S A NEW KIND of treasure hunt on in Canada today — a hunt through clothes closets and attics and old trunks for neglected clothes that can be face-lifted to new styles and new smartness.

Fresh from Simplicity Pattern offices in New York the other day came one of our ace stylists — Betty Clark — to talk about the special make-over patterns we're giving you in CHATELAINE these days. Right off, we spotted her husband's shirt-into-blouse, and had her photographed. Simple, but very smart, don't you think?



ONE OF OUR FAVORITES is the miracle you can work with an old dress by using Simplicity Pattern 4400. (Price, 20 cents.) Look at the old closet-wear weary frock, right. Our smart girl here has two suggestions for you out of it: A new flowered panel in the front, or a pretty affair with contrasting sleeves and pockets. The second scheme is especially good for a dress that's worn or faded around the armholes. The panel idea obliterates a number of sins in the front—like stains or burns or just plain worn-out-ness.



ALL RIGHT, so you've never seen a garment that looks quite as bad as the once-upon-a-time evening dress at left, below. But have you taken a good look through the family attic or the spare-room clothes closets lately? You'll die laughing at that thing with all the drapes and panels. And when you've stopped laughing, start working.

How's about a very tricky little day-time dress like the one at left? It's made from Simplicity Pattern Number 4578. (Price, 25 cents.)

Be sure to clean and rip before you start to remake. In this dress the skirt and the front yoke were cut

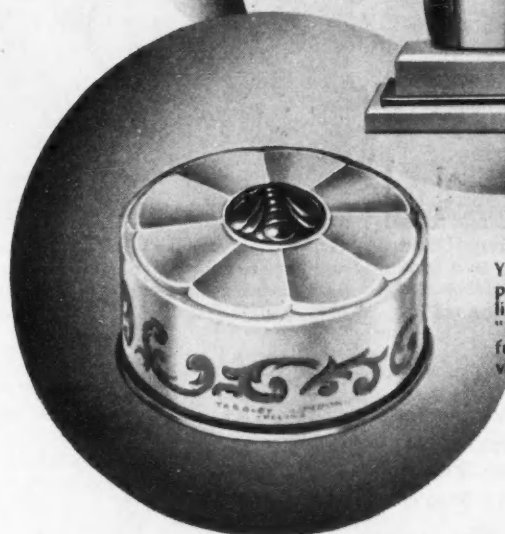
from the old skirt. The back and fronts came neatly out of the sash, and out of the better parts of the old sleeves came new sleeves. The back of the original waist left ample material for the back yoke. Some gay buttons out of grandmother's button bag were the finishing touch.

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

## BE Brisk and Beautiful



Bond Street Perfume—it is rare, regal, captivating \$2.20 to \$11.50



Yardley English Complexion Powder deliciously touched with "Bond Street" perfume—mist-fine, invisible, \$1.25.

Of course, beauty's vital. It's part of the art of getting things done briskly and well. And beauty's aided wonderfully by such a great perfume as Yardley's Bond Street—by such a mist-fine powder as Yardley's English Complexion Powder (delicately perfumed with Bond Street)—and by such finely prepared things as Yardley Beauty Preparations.

KEEP YOUR BEST FACE FORWARD WITH

**Yardley**  
LAVENDER  
AND  
BEAUTY PREPARATIONS



## Is it true what they say about **FALSE TEETH?**

(OR) HOW BUSINESS GIRLS  
GET RAISES

Kate McCarthy, sad to state,  
Was about to "get the gate".

Why? Her FALSE TEETH were a "sight",  
Scrub and rub them as she might;

"Denture Breath" also assailed her;  
Poise and pleasant manner failed her.



Said her dentist: "Polident  
Spare you this embarrassment.  
"In its no-brush, no scrub action,  
You'll find instant satisfaction."



Cleans, Purifies Without Brushing!  
Do this every day: Add  
a little POLIDENT Pow-  
der to half a glass of  
water. Stir. Put in plate  
or bridge 10 to 15 min-  
utes. Rinse, and it's  
ready to use.



Kate tried POLIDENT . . . and, lo!  
TEETH and SMILE now gleam and glow.

In return, what did she get?  
Fired? Oh, no! A raise? You bet!

MORAL: If your plate's distressin',  
Profit by this object lesson!



CLEAN PLATES, BRIDGES WITH  
**POLIDENT**  
ALL DRUG STORES, ONLY 40c

## Get **BETTER SERVICE** from your **WHITE SHOES**

Made like a fine hand-lotion, 2 IN 1 White  
Cleaner restores and protects your shoes;  
lubricates the leather, spreads smoothly  
and covers evenly. Really removes spots.  
And 2 IN 1 is made from the WHITEST  
white pigment obtainable. Use it for all  
white shoes. It's economical, too . . . more  
cleaner in each bottle, 15c or 25c size.



**SHINOLA FLOOR WAX** cleans and polishes  
hardwood floors, woodwork, linoleums, etc. Protects them from  
excessive wear and seals the surface against dirt and dampness.  
You'll be amazed that so fine a floor wax can be sold for so low  
a price. Order a tin today.

## Clothes Conscious

By Carolyn Damon

REMEMBER WHEN you used to say,  
"It doesn't matter; I'll buy another  
one?" Today you're buying for keeps.  
Keep your eye on the ball when you're  
buying anything in the way of clothes  
. . . and remember that quality is  
important as never before.

Be sure your things fit. A too-small  
suit stretches and pulls the cloth out of  
shape. A too-big one develops bulges  
and bags—and that means too much  
stretching or pressing

Give your clothes an off-shift. Day-  
after-day wearing tires them just as it  
does everybody who sees you. Clothes  
need a rest on the hanger to pull them-  
selves back into shape.

Try to press and clean everything  
before you give it a rest in the closet.  
Not only saves wear-and-tear on your  
nerves when you go to look for a change  
and find you haven't anything ready,  
but it gives the clothes longer life.

Use skirt hangers for your skirts and  
trouser hangers for your slacks. They  
do a better job than makeshift coat  
hangers.

On that off evening when the boy  
friend doesn't phone or That Man of  
Yours goes to his regimental parade, get  
your things out and examine them for  
rips, tears and creases. Hold the seams  
up to the light and look for the Shape  
of Things to Come.

Take a good yank at the buttons to see  
how trustworthy they are, tack up  
frayed linings, and brush well to dis-  
courage moths.

Now that summer's here, use that  
good sunshine and fresh air as a clothes-  
freshener-upper. Get up fifteen minutes  
early tomorrow if it's a nice day and  
hang a bunch of things out on the line  
for a good airing.

Maybe you love walking in the  
rain—but your rain clothes pay the price  
unless you take care of them when you  
get home. Leave umbrellas open till dry,  
wipe off wet shoes and let dry on their  
sides, hang raincoats carefully on  
hangers, all away from the heat or  
strong sunlight.

Girdles and foundation garments  
need care in warm weather. Don't put  
them in the washing machine—wash  
them gently and carefully in warm  
(not too hot) suds. A little brush will  
do good work. Never use a hot iron or  
hang them up with clothespins.

Don't hoard old clothes that have  
outgrown their usefulness. Give them  
away or make them over. Leave lots of  
space in the closet between your dresses,  
to give them a chance to air. Be sure  
you remove spots or stains before you  
press clothes, and put a damp pressing  
cloth between the fabric and the iron  
to prevent shine.

Cover your currently unused clothes  
with paper capes or clean old smocks or  
sheeting to keep them from the dust.

# *This*

## Cream Deodorant Stops Perspiration

**SAFELY** Doesn't irri-  
tate skin or harm clothing.

**QUICKLY** Acts in 30  
seconds. Just put it on,  
wipe off excess, and dress.

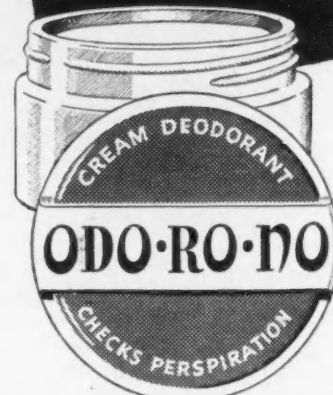
**EFFECTIVELY** Stops  
perspiration and odour by  
effective pore inactivation.

**LASTINGLY** Keeps  
underarms sweet and dry  
up to 3 days.

**PLEASANTLY** Pleas-  
ant as your favourite face  
cream—flower fragrant—  
white and stainless.

*and*

this big jar contains  
21 more applications\*  
for 39¢ than other  
leading deodorants  
\*50% larger jar—entire contents  
usable (doesn't dry up)



NEW ODO-RO-NO CREAM CONTAINS AN EFFECTIVE  
ASTRINGENT NOT FOUND IN ANY OTHER DEODORANT



**NO  
DULL  
DRAB  
HAIR**

When You Use This Amazing

## 4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON  
will do all of these 4 important things  
for your hair.

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not dye or bleach. It is  
a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different  
shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

35¢ for 5 rinses  
15¢ for 2 rinses

Guaranteed by  
Good Housekeeping  
as superior hair  
rinse





## The Acid Test :: Continued from page 15

Show that you're interested"—well, I do! But it won't do any good if he prefers Dresden dolls. He gives me the hardest jobs, the jobs that need intelligence. He likes to talk to me, but he'd rather look at Anne, and she could never look like Anne no matter how many special shampoos she tried. You couldn't make an impudent irregular face into a classic mask . . . Well, if they couldn't tell her how to win a man, those authorities in magazines and women's pages, she could certainly tell them something about love; she had learned a lot about it in the last year.

FROM THE day in early autumn a year ago, when the personnel manager had taken her across the lawn to the brick building where the laboratories were housed, and led her up a flight of stairs and along a corridor to an open door, through which she saw a corner of bright window, a corner of table, and a tall young man in spectacles and a tan lab coat sitting on a stool before a balance—from that day until this one, she had been able to observe her own heart in the process of falling in love. "This is Miss Tess Conover," the personnel man had said. "This is Dr. Ewan Perry, Miss Conover. You will be working under his direction . . ." And Dr. Ewan Perry had unhitched his glasses, glanced at her casually and kindly, and murmured in his quiet voice, "I'll show you around and you can start in right away . . ."

She had been merely surprised then, because she had had occasion to read his thesis, and it had impressed her; she had expected him to be grubbier and littler and older, instead of a tall attractive young man with a blunt sturdy profile and intelligent impersonal blue eyes. But she should have known even then that she had already fallen a little in love with him, because she missed him when he finally left her alone in her new lab, and ever afterward, whenever he came in for a moment, she had been inspired to work harder, to put out enquiring tentacles in every direction in a feverish hope of finding something that would help him. But as it happened, she hadn't really understood herself until Anne Bartlett was hired at Christmas time, and it was the foolish forlorn shut-out feeling she had had the first time he came into the lab, not to speak to her, but to give directions to Anne, that had told her. And there it was.

It was still raining; through the window she saw the dark red brick buildings of the plant, grim and moody behind the veil of rain, with occasional lights yellow in the windows of offices. Then she heard Ewan talking to someone in the doorway of the library, and the sound of his quiet blurred voice made her whole body come alive with an imperative suddenness. Her coffee was cold, she had only eaten one of her sandwiches, and she was hungry, but she was abruptly so nervous that she couldn't go on eating; instead, she lit a cigarette, and when he came around the corner of the bay, she was nervously counterfeiting the picture of a girl absorbed in a cigarette and a book.

"There you are. We were looking for you," he said, and she glanced up with false surprise. But Anne was with him, looking like a movie version of a

beautiful research assistant. They sat down opposite her, and as usual he looked around for something to play with while he talked, and found her cigarette case. "Anne's had a sort of brainwave about your catalysts—she was glancing through the last Decennial Index, and she came across something that might work, though I haven't got a great deal of faith in it," he added with an apologetic grin to Anne. "But it might be worth trying . . ."

He went on unfolding the idea in his clear definite way, and her brain leaped up like a good soldier and advanced to battle with it, but the other dreamy confused part of her mind was only watching his long hands as they turned the silver case over and over. She looked at Anne's hands, too, slender and smooth and well manicured, folded quietly together on the table, and then at her own inky fingers . . . "What do you think?" he concluded.

And for a moment she had a crazy feminine impulse to play the loyal female and cry, "Why, I think that's probably it—I wish I'd thought of that!" in a feeble hope of winning his regard by her generosity to a rival. Besides, he thought it was worth something, and Anne always received his suggestions with such earnest approbation that it seemed wrong to refuse one. Bad policy. But he was looking at her enquiringly and soberly, seeming to see not Tess Conover of the tawny hair and the sallow skin and the inky fingers—Tess Conover who was a girl with a heart—but a judicial mind. So she had to be honest. "As a matter of fact it wouldn't work. I tried it last month and it didn't."

HE STARTED to laugh, and he invited Anne to share his laughter, amused and admiring as it was, but Anne's face was merely a cool mask, and, looking at her, Tess had a queer flash of intuition. Perhaps, she thought, it was only that being in love made you sensitive to other people in love; you grew so used to concealing your feelings that you grew wise in reading the concealments on other people's faces. Anyway, Anne was in love with him too, that was obvious. Or perhaps not exactly in love, but willing to be loved by him. So what was the use?

"I might have known," Ewan was saying. "Never mind, Annie!"

"But maybe if we tried it again—to be sure . . ." Anne suggested softly.

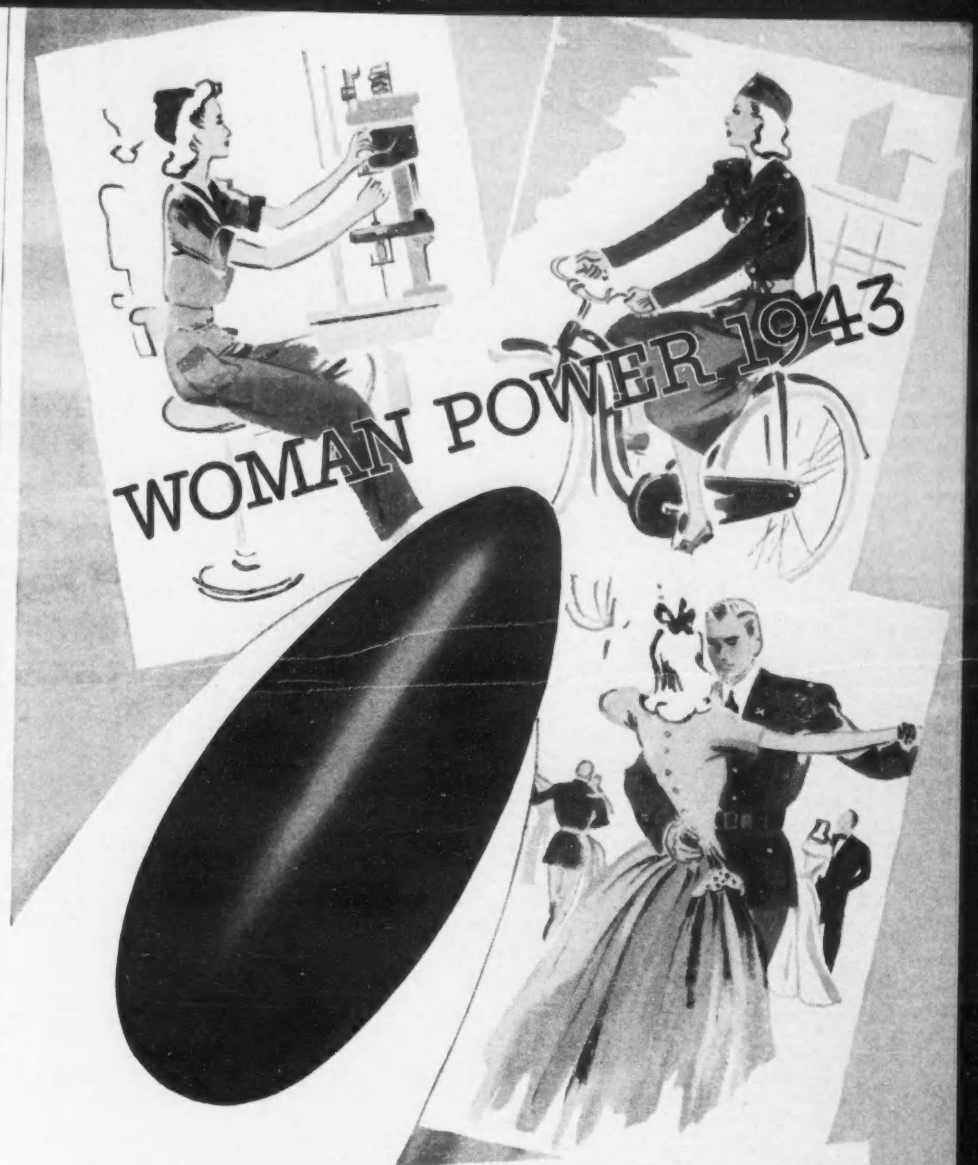
"Not much use if Tess is sure," he said. "You are sure, Tess?"

"Yes, I am."

"Then that's that. We might as well leave it to Tess, anyway. She'll get the answer if anyone can . . ." The praise was very sweet, particularly when Anne was there to hear it, but it left a bitter aftertaste. What was wrong with girls that they resented it if you didn't praise their minds, and then, when you did, resented it even more?

Ewan had stood up, but he wasn't going; he stood looking idly out of the wet window. After a minute Anne jumped up with more decision. "I left some stuff boiling," she said. "I'd better go . . ." Then he sat down again as if this was what he had wanted, and that was sweet too. Her heart went up.

He leaned his elbows on the table,



## Your War-Busy Hands can be Lovely if you follow the easy Cutex Method

On your knees on the nursery floor or flat on your back under a bomber—you're the new national glamour girl.

When you *do* get a night off, your hands are going to look as fascinating as though they never saw a wrench or an oil can or a scrubbing brush.

30 Cutex minutes a week . . . keeps your fingers leisure-lovely-looking and fools every Axis spy in town. No trick at all for 1943 woman power!

### 6 Ways to War-Lady-Fingers

1. Whisk off old polish with Cutex Oily Polish Remover.
2. Deftly shape nails to a rounded oval with Cutex Emery Board and soap fingertips in warm soapy water.
3. Apply soothing Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover with cotton-wrapped Cutex Orange Stick. Now it's easy to press back cuticle. Wipe away dead, loose cuticle.
4. Dip in clear water and whiten with Cutex Nail White Pencil or Cream under nail tips.
5. Apply Cutex Polish Foundation and Cutex Polish. (2 coats for that professional look). Hairline tip for longer wear. Now—Cutex Overcoat for speed drying.
6. Massage cuticle and fingertips with Cutex Cuticle Oil or Brittle Nail Cream.

Northam Warren, Montreal

# CUTEX





**"Jim forgot our anniversary  
— he's having dinner  
downtown again!"**



**Elsie:** "I *am* disappointed! I've planned his favourite dinner! Jim may be busy, but we've been married only three years!"  
**Auntie:** "You can't expect a honeymoon

to last forever. Now and then, even the best husband may be thoughtless. Again, maybe it's the *wife*—even a pretty wife like you, who forgets to be a sweetheart!"



**Auntie:** "Elsie dear—I'll be frank! Underarm odor can shut the door to a man's heart, and a wife *may not know* she's guilty! That's why I'm speaking up!"



(Later) "My mistake was easy to make—and hard to forgive. I forgot that a bath only cares for *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come*."



**It's easy to stay dainty and appealing with Mum!**  
**It's quick**—Only 30 seconds to use Mum! Even when you're busy, you have time for Mum!

**It's safe**—Mum won't irritate sensitive skin. And Mum won't injure fine fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering.

**It's certain**—Mum works instantly because without stopping perspiration it prevents underarm odor, all day or all evening. Get Mum at your druggist's.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is so safe, so gentle, so dependable! Thousands of women use Mum for this important purpose, too.



**MUM**

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**

Product of Bristol-Myers  
Made in Canada

## Is Home Life Breaking Up? :: Cont'd from page 9

ANOTHER important factor which is undermining family life is the widespread movement of people in wartime. Families who have moved from small town to city or from a familiar street to an industrial community have had no time to put down roots or find common interests.

To build up a healthy flourishing community, each family must feel a sense of pride—of belonging to the neighborhood. What better way can this be achieved than by making the school a central meeting place where parents as well as children can bring their problems, seek advice and make the school the focal point of social life and recreation?

If we educate the children and neglect the other members of the family, we run the risk of separating the children from their parents and of building up a keen feeling of resentment all around.

Dr. Duncan McArthur, Ontario Minister of Education, says, "The school must extend its influence far beyond the walls of the classroom. Schools must be regarded as social centres for their communities and should be open in the evenings to provide means for clean, healthy recreation and opportunity for parents and children to discuss their problems. The right type of recreational facilities will come very close to a solution for delinquency."

SOCIETY AT the present time is in a period of transition. Family life and the attitude of parents to children is changing. Thousands of men have left their families to go overseas. This throws a double burden of responsibility on the mother—at a time when she is least able to bear it.

These days there are comparatively few Mother Machree types, who stay at home and devote their lives to their children. If mothers are toil-worn, it's more apt to be from working on an assembly line. Womanpower is essential to the production of war materials. Therefore, it's up to the community to protect and care for the children of women who must work and fathers who are in the front line.

No youngster becomes a delinquent through sheer cussedness. He isn't born that way. He grows into it through neglect, ill-health and bad environment.

"Delinquency isn't a virus like typhoid fever," Miss Bessie Touzell of the Toronto Welfare Council explains. "It's the result of constant attack on an unhealthy community."

Judge Mott of the Toronto Juvenile Court says, "We should follow the example of doctors who say that prevention is better than cure. Medical science has stamped out diphtheria, smallpox and other diseases. Why can't we put an end to diseases of society by the same method—prevention?"

If juvenile delinquency continues to skyrocket in our cities, perhaps it's time we asked ourselves just who are the real delinquents — these youngsters who break our adult-made laws because of neglect and bad environment, or you and I, members of a community where these unhealthy conditions are allowed to exist? \*



## Relief and Comfort in EMERGENCIES

When you're confronted with those frequent cuts, scratches, burns, bruises and other minor ills, it's a comfort to be able to reach for the familiar jar of 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly. The trademark 'Vaseline' is your guarantee of purity and quality today as it has been for three generations.

Made by Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd.

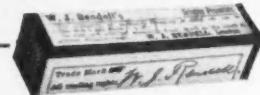
**Vaseline**  
TRADE MARK  
PETROLEUM JELLY

**NOT  
TALKED  
ABOUT  
but**



**SO IMPORTANT!**  
"EVERY WOMAN SHOULD HAVE MY BOOK" — says Nurse Drew

It deals with Feminine Hygiene—so wisely and clearly; explains how the Rendell method destroys all germs, brings antiseptic cleanliness and complete freedom from worry. Doubts and fears vanish—new confidence and poise will be yours when you use these pure and dainty suppositories. You can depend on Rendells. Mail coupon for your plain wrapped copy of Nurse Drew's book.



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286, St. Paul Street West, Montreal, P.Q.

☐ Please send me copy of the Free Booklet "Personal Hygiene".

☐ I enclose \$1.00 for full size carton of Rendells and Free Booklet, to be mailed, prepaid, in plain wrapper.

NAME .....

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Rendells have enjoyed the confidence of women for over fifty years. Safe—convenient—effective yet harmless as purest oils; individually foil-wrapped—in boxes of 12 from your druggist. Ask for

**RENDELLS**



Anne set down a dish harder than she'd ever set anything down in her life, and looked at him. "What do you mean?" But she knew, and so did Tess. They had heard of that joke before, although never so directly as this.

"And flames shot from her lovely eyes," Joe said, grinning at Tess, who grinned back with difficulty. "Our Miss Prim's so sensitive. I guess I'll go, taking with me one half-dozen of your cigarettes, Tess, and one for the road. I'll owe them to you . . ."

He went out. Anne said, "Disgusting . . ." She looked furious.

"It's just a joke," Tess said placatingly.

"I don't care for that kind of joke."

Tess glanced at her, faintly scornful. She was upset, that was sure; it showed in her carefully calm voice, in her tight lips; but it was only because she didn't like to be the subject of a joke, even of a good-humored casual joke like the great engagement derby. She's beautiful, Tess thought, but she's a rotten sport. It was understandable, Ewan's calling her "a dry sort of girl." She was like a neat little plaster statue, perfect and cold, and so very delicate, so very refined, with no sense of humor and no appetite for the teasing that was bound to go on wherever congenial people worked together. I may have a face like an intelligent monkey, thought Tess, but at least I can take a joke. Then she felt gloomy again. What good did it do her?

"Disgusting," Anne murmured again five minutes later, and she added, "Where have you put the sulphuric acid?"

Tess found it on the shelves behind her and handed it across the bench, carefully, because if she had a whole-some scorn for overcaution, she also had a healthy respect for acids. "Got it?" she said, settling the big bottle in Anne's hands.

"All right," Anne said impatiently, and then somehow she dropped it. There was a scrambling confusion of breaking glass and splattering acid, and they both screamed. The broken bottle neck with its black screw-top rolled across the stone floor to the door as the door opened so swiftly that the papers on the desk moved in the sudden draught Ewan came in.

HE HADN'T expected disaster; he was smiling when he said, "What goes on?" and then he saw that it was acid that lay in innocent syrupy pools on the bench and on the floor; he saw the holes that had suddenly appeared in their lab coats, and the blisters rising on their hands, and he swore with an abrupt furious anger that was unlike any anger

he had ever shown them before. Tess hadn't imagined that he could lose his head like this in any emergency. It calmed her; she started to wash her hands in soap and water, almost ignoring the burning pain of them; she handed the soap to Anne and even made a little joke, smilingly, with some idea of setting a good example of calm, and then she became aware that she was being very bitterly scolded as if it were all her fault, and her smile trembled off. He was saying furious humiliating things about her untidiness, her messiness, and there was a sort of frightening nakedness of emotion in his voice. "Do you realize what might have happened? It's pure luck you aren't blinded for life! It's just gone past a joke, that's all—there's no excuse for sloppiness, no excuse at all—next time you'll be exploding yourself to bits . . ."

It was so unjust that she couldn't speak. Of course it was serious, it was an awful thing to have happened; when she remembered how it had splashed up toward her face, when she thought of what it would be to be blind, she felt cold with terror; but it hadn't been her fault, it hadn't been her fault at all. The bottle had been safe in Anne's hands, it had been a second or two before she dropped it; Tess had had time to pick up a flask before the bottle fell . . . And then the things he was saying—they were so humiliating a description of her habits, her slipshod messy ways—

"Sloppy—sloppy," he said, kicking the broken glass together. "Everything always in a mess—If you knew how I've been expecting this—" And then he was quiet. "Oh, lord," he said, much more gently. "I'm sorry. You've just scared me out of my wits. I shouldn't like to see you blinded, which is no doubt very sentimental of me—you've just scared me out of my wits. I'm sorry. I've never cared what people do, as long as they got their work done. But—Oh, well. I'm really sorry. Shrieking around, all hysterical . . . Here," he said, handing her a sponge, "clean up the mess and we'll forget about it. And don't hack yourself up with that broken glass. I've got to get back . . ."

He went out as suddenly as he had come in; Tess wet the sponge and started mopping up the pools of acid. She didn't look at Anne, and Anne was silent. I'll never speak to her again, she thought, and then she thought, Why did he have to say all that in front of her? The sponge was half eaten away already; she found another. How I must have disgusted him all this past year, she thought with sick dismay. She felt as if she wanted to run away and hide

## EYES TO THE BLIND—

That was the expression Mart Crawford used, the day he drove up in his roadster, with Job, the setter, perched beside him. Laurie couldn't figure it, but she did recognize the skip of her own heart every time she saw him. He was handsome, he was the sort of man who could meet events or shape them, if need be; he could make things happen—but hardly, no never! to a quiet country mouse like Laurie. Or so she thought, until that moment of self-revelation when his full story came haltingly from his lips, and Laurie knew that in his dependence was her strength.

READ THIS SIMPLE, MOVING LOVE STORY OF OUR TIMES IN

*Chatelaine for July*

## NEVER A DULL MOMENT

by Frise



GOLDIE has a mind for the facts . . . and many more details of the excellence of "Pepsi-Cola" can be filled in by thousands of visitors to the wonderful "Pepsi-Cola" Canadian plants . . . BUT we can't help sympathizing with people who shrewdly let "Pepsi-Cola" tell its own story . . . with its own matchless, full-bodied flavour and exhilarating goodness! Sure, it's the superb all-round goodness of "Pepsi-Cola" that makes it the favourite drink of millions!

"Pepsi-Cola" is the registered trade-mark in Canada of Pepsi-Cola Company of Canada, Limited



NO FINER CARBONATED BEVERAGE GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE



## LANA TURNER, IN THE M-G-M PICTURE, "SLIGHTLY DANGEROUS"



*How YOU can have  
her dazzling Honey Skin-Tone*



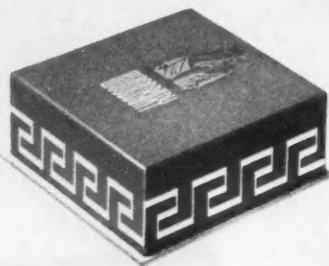
### Lana Turner Confides:

A film star is constantly meeting her public. She must look her loveliest *always*. "That's why I use Woodbury Powder," Lana Turner tells Louella Parsons, famous Hollywood Columnist. "It does more than blend with skin-coloring. *Instantly*, as it's fluffed on, it gives the perfect color-tone for glamour. I use *Woodbury Windsor Rose*—it gives a luscious pale gold tone."



### HE'll talk of Love

Yes—Woodbury shades are potent! For film directors, experts in glamour, advised when they were created. And thanks to the Color Control process, plus 3 texture refinings, Woodbury Powder gives a smoother, younger look! Shades: *Windsor Rose*, *Rachel* (Hedy Lamarr's shade), *Flesh* (Lucille Ball's shade), *Radiant* (Dorothy Lamour's shade).



(MADE IN CANADA)

## WOODBURY POWDER

### Color-Controlled

#### HER MAKE-UP SHADES

Hollywood chart in every Woodbury Powder box tells the Woodbury lipstick and rouge shades that go with each shade of powder. Get your harmonizing, glamorizing Woodbury make-up today. Boxes of Woodbury Powder—25¢, 16¢.

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putting his fists thoughtfully against his chin. "She's disappointed," he said, half smiling. "She hoped she had the answer."

"I know. I felt that way the first week I was here and I went running to you with my elementary inspirations . . ." She smiled; he laughed. The rain was coming down softly and steadily now, brushing against the windowpanes and sending a breath of damp earth and grass and smoke through the window that was partly open. It was all so exceedingly peaceful to be sitting there with him in the quiet bay lined with books, while the rain whispered down outside.

"She's conscientious," he said idly, and Tess had a childish feeling of pride about talking a fellow-worker over with the boss. "Very painstaking. Almost too painstaking."

"Pseudo-accurate," she suggested.

"Yes!" he agreed with another half smile. "Of course it's a good thing. It's a lot better than being slipshod. But she'll be a better chemist when she learns to balance her activities. You can't be good at anything until you learn to take everything into account—all the elements, I mean. All the elements," he said rather dreamily, as if he were scarcely listening to what he said, "in everything . . ."

She wondered what he was thinking about, and sat very still so as not to interrupt his thoughts by forcing him to speak when he didn't want to. She knew well enough that she hero-worshipped him, but she thought that after a year of working with him she had a right to. She knew what his standards were, she knew how hard he worked and how good he was. It all added up to what she had chosen for her ideal in science nine years ago when she was a freshman in college. And in addition, he was what he was, someone she loved and never would be able to stop loving. It took only the sound of his voice, a glimpse of him walking past her door, the sight of him sitting across a polished oak table, idly talking of impersonal things, to make her heart beat in a special important way. But she often thought that he might actually have been the little grubby man she had imagined and she wouldn't have loved him less. "But she's a good worker," he murmured at last.

"And so beautiful," Tess said with equal quiet.

At that he stirred restlessly in his chair and said unexpectedly, "But she's such a dry sort of person—you know what I mean?"

"Dry?" she said, startled.

"She's so quiet and dry and—oh, dull, I guess. Don't you think so?" he said as if he couldn't keep from saying it. "I don't believe she knows what a sense of humor is! I don't know what it is about her . . ." He paused and then made a delicate shift off the subject. "A funny thing, I was talking to Mr. Albery the other day, and I said something about what 'my girls' were doing—he got a kick out of it. 'Your harem, you mean,' he said, and that's about the way I feel sometimes." He shifted ground again. "Tell me, how are you liking your work?"

"I love it," she said, and her voice came out deeper than usual, charged with emotion. She did love it, but besides, she had just been proved right about him, it took more than a beautiful face to count with him, and she was

alive with hope again. If he didn't really like Anne—

"But what do you find to do with yourself, evenings? It's such an unrewarding little town . . ."

"Oh—movies. Or I read. Or people come over and we borrow the landlady's parlor and have a party. Nothing very exciting . . ."

"Isn't it true," he said regretfully, and then he seemed about to say something more, but instead he looked at her curiously, his eyes flickered over her as if he were examining a dark strange room by the light of a candle. Then he stood up, this time with finality. "Well, back to work," he said.

IT WASN'T until she had got back to her lab that she began to wonder if he hadn't, perhaps, been about to ask her something personal at last, perhaps for a date. It gave her a cold feeling to think how close he had come to it and an even chillier feeling to think of why he had not gone through with it, especially after what he had said about Anne. He must be very lonely to have considered it; she must be very much not his dish for him to reject her as he had.

She glanced at Anne, who was looking subdued, her lips tight, her eyelids heavy over her grey eyes. Anne was vain and Anne was sulky; how many times had Tess seen her morosely resentful after a scolding or even after a mere difference of opinion? But Anne was also beautiful, about the most beautiful girl Tess had ever seen in actual life. He likes my mind, she thought, and Anne's face. What we really ought to be, Anne and I, is one person, as far as he's concerned . . .

Well, face it, she told herself as she pushed her hair behind her ears again and got to work, but her fingers were so unsteady that she spilled a streak of methyl-orange down the front of her lab coat, and some of it went on the hem of her dress. She dabbed at it with a wet cloth, but the stain remained. It didn't matter. It was an old dress. She had too much sense to wear her best clothes to work. Face it, she thought: you don't appeal to him and you never will. You're pleasant to talk to, but you might be ninety years old and all twisted with rheumatics, you'd do just as well if you knew as much about chemistry as you do now. All he wants is someone to talk shop with.

Young Teddy, the dish-washer, came up after a while with a truck of clean dishes; then Joe Alcott, from the big lab downstairs, put his shaggy head in the door. "Hi, messy Tess," he said with a friendly ironic glance at her bench, littered now with clean dishes as well as dirty ones. "How you all? Where's Miss Prim?" That was Anne's nickname; they all had nicknames, carefully calculated to sting a little. "Oh, there you are . . ."

"What did you want?" Anne enquired coldly, looking up. She didn't like Joe; he was too rough for her taste.

"Nothing. I just came up for a relaxing cigarette and a chat," he said, impudent and cheerful. "Being that I'm out of cigarettes and ideas for the moment. Has anyone here solved the rubber shortage or discovered perpetual motion or found the lost chord or got engaged, or anything? Specially got engaged? I've got a buck and a half on the beautiful Miss Prim, here, in the great engagement derby—don't let me down, Annie . . ."

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square of wire gauze was evening off the broken end before fire-polishing it in the bunsen burner.

"So you're turning over a new leaf?"  
"I think it's about time," she said.

"You're a good sport."

She stood very still, as if her emotions were a brimming cup that any movement would spill. It always made things harder when people were kind. She couldn't bear his kindness and she couldn't bear his presence either, and still less could she have borne it if he had gone away then without saying anything more. She was holding a long-lost fountain pen and a bottle of red ink that she had just discovered, and she tried to gather up enough courage to carry them over to the desk where he was sitting. Her eyes were full of tears, she didn't know why. When she finally went toward him with her pen and ink, she kept her head turned away.

He said, "Are you holding a grudge? I did hurt your feelings, didn't I . . ."

"Oh, no," she said brightly, beginning to stack up the old reports that were lying helter-skelter around him. Light splintered and dazzled in her tears, and she saw two Ewans sitting on the desk top beside her. Her hand brushed against his hand as she gathered the papers together.

And then he said in a new charmed voice, "You're going to get all dusty—where's your lab coat? I don't think I've ever seen you without it before. You look so different without it . . ."

THE TONE of his voice went deep into her heart. It was as naive as it was honest, and it was what she had been waiting for so long and had at last given up. It was Ewan speaking to Tess, with science and the lab and the work they were doing all forgotten. "You look so different without it . . ." It was as if the whole difficult problem had turned over and revealed itself as a very simple thing after all. She had only to look at him to realize that all he saw now was messy Tess straightening up her lab. He hadn't ever seen her personal untidiness before, he had only felt it; and he didn't see the change in her now, he only felt it, but it made all the difference. She had only to hear his voice to know that if he started to talk about personal things now, he wouldn't have an impulse to stop.

"You are crying," he said, half amused, half anxious. "Now, why is that? Please, darling, don't . . ."

"I really feel so very happy," she said, smiling at him, and that was perfectly true. +

## Pattern Descriptions

No. 4690—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 of 35-inch or 2 3/4 of 39-inch material. Price, 25 cents.

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No. 4699—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 of 35-inch or 2 3/4 of 39-inch material. Price, 20 cents.

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from everyone, even from herself . . .

Twenty minutes later, at five o'clock, she caught the bus at the gates of the plant and found a seat by an open window. During the short trip into town, while the drowned fields and wet dingy suburbs wheeled by, she sat very still, but her hands were minutely trembling in her lap, and the things he had said still echoed in her ears with a frightening accent of anger long restrained and at last released.

That outburst of his had come from the heart; he had meant every word of it, though perhaps he hadn't realized himself how much he had meant it. All the past year he must have been feeling about her as she felt about Anne—irritated to death by one little habit. It was Anne's painstaking unnecessary accuracy that had irritated her; it had been her own untidiness that had steadily got on his nerves. And she had never realized it. She had thought that a man as intelligent as he would only care for the quality of work. She had thought it was all right because he laughed at her; but she had always laughed at Anne, too, and gone right on being irritated. And her nickname wasn't the mildly stinging little joke it had been before. It hurt with a surprising cruelty.

IN THE tall old-fashioned mirror in her room, with all the lights on, she just looked at herself. Her dress was beige and very wrinkled, and splashed with methyl-orange at the hem; the stitched pleats had come unstitched in places; her tan shoes were dirty. Her face looked almost yellow in the electric light; her hair was as dull as old wood shavings. Her hands had been stained with chemicals as well as ink, and one fingernail had a ragged edge from being broken and never filed off. No, the nickname fitted her like a glove, and it made her hot with shame. They hadn't just been criticizing Tess's lab, they had been criticizing Tess herself.

She went out and bought a bottle of Anne's special shampoo and a lemon rinse, and then she came back and washed her hair as it had never been washed before, and when it was dry, she brushed it until it curved in crisp bright tawny curls away from a smooth parting; and then she gave her nails a careful manicure, and then she took her new brown linen jumper down to the kitchen and pressed it.

It was funny, she thought the next morning as she went rapidly down the corridor, how gaily and unself-consciously she had come to work for a

year, looking as she did, and how today, looking really nice for the first time in her life, she was coming in like a thief, praying that she would meet no one on the way. She dreaded anyone's mentioning the change in her; she couldn't feel proud of it, because it had come so very late.

Even her own eyes looking at her reflection in Anne's mirror were somehow embarrassing. A brown linen jumper without a wrinkle in it, a crisp creamy blouse that made her sallowness look more brown than sallowness; warm bright lipstick; hair with a shine to it; hands that looked like more than workroom tools, despite their burns. But it remained a gay irregular face, it wasn't beautiful like Anne's. It wouldn't win any prizes even now.

But there was only one thing to do when you found yourself in the wrong, and that was to turn over a new leaf. She went at it quite calmly. She started by loading all the dirty dishes into the empty truck, and when a space was cleared, she brushed the dust off with a wet sponge, and then she put the reagent bottles in order on the shelves in the middle of the bench. She was half through that task when the door opened.

SHE KNEW without turning that it wasn't Anne who had walked in, but Ewan. She heard his familiar step, and then she heard him sit down on her desk. The catch of her cigarette case clicked. She went on putting her bottles in order, and her hot embarrassment returned—she would feel such a fool if he commented on her new glitter, if he even noticed it. And how could he help but notice it? But the lab had taken on its familiar glow, just because he was there, its futile foolish glow. She would probably never learn to be indifferent.

"I feel very small," he remarked after a moment, and the sound of his voice made her jump, just because she had been waiting for it. "I understand I made an awful error yesterday. Anne told me after you left."

"Oh, that's all right," she said, busy putting the little jars of organic chemicals back on the supply shelf in the corner from which she had borrowed them. She had got over her anger with Anne, at least. She had got over her smug feelings of superiority to Anne, too.

"I ought to have known it wasn't your fault. You've never done such a thing yet . . ."

"But I might have," she said. She had found a broken graduate, and with a

## POSTWAR THINKING—

"When we win this war, and it's all over, and Tom — that's my husband, we got married just before he left — when Tom comes home, we'll have a little house and a family. Sure I'm making good money now, more than I did when I was doing housework, but the only work I'm going to do afterward is cook and wash and mend for Tom. When there's a man in the house, he should bring in the money and the woman should look after her husband and kids. Yes, kids. But do you think they'll have to stop school early and go to work like I did and grow up without any of the advantages like Tom and me? That's what I'm afraid of. When this war is over, do Tom and I have to go back and be what we were? People talk about the poor children in Europe. Sure I'm sorry for them, but will somebody think and feel sorry for the children here and see that they grow up healthy and have a decent chance? . . . I'm afraid of being poor again and I'm afraid people will forget about Tom and me, like they forgot about Pa and Ma and us kids ten years ago."

FROM A MUNITIONS WORKER IN A TORONTO FACTORY; REPORTED BY DIANE EISEN.

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# Women's School for CITIZENSHIP

By ALICE HEMMING

DO YOU know exactly what happens when a woman is committed to jail? How do isolated families up in the North West Territories get books to read? Where does a deserted wife or an unmarried mother turn for official advice and help? Are women going to have a fifty-fifty share in the discussions at the next peace conference? And how are we going to police the world?

These are problems of vital concern to women. In fact, every problem of community life, of provincial life, of national life, and of the world at large, is of vital concern to women. Yet how many of us have the remotest idea about the why and the wherefore of it all? Women today are experiencing a great inner urge to "do something" about the mess the world is in... to do something about the future in order to prevent the dogs of war ever being unleashed again. Yet most women are completely ignorant as to how to go about it. As long as they are untrained, they are helpless to make their influence felt in the higher places of government. What to do about it, effectively and in a hurry?

The answer has come, in British Columbia, in a very practical manner. If you want to learn something, you go to school. So British Columbia women are doing just that—they are going to the Women's School for Citizenship in Vancouver.

Some of us may think that, if we're perfectly good Canadians already, why do we need to learn citizenship? Well, can you answer the questions at the top of this column? The housewives in Vancouver couldn't. That is why they formed their school, and now the women of Winnipeg have followed suit. Victoria is hoping to start a similar school soon, and enquiries about the movement have come from Toronto and other points in Canada. Why? Because women are on the march. Whether we realize it or not, a women's movement for humanity is taking shape in all the civilized countries. And it is most fitting that a young and vigorous country like Canada, a long way from the turmoil of actual battle, should be taking the lead.

I WISH you could come to a meeting of our Women's School for Citizenship in Vancouver. It's so energetic and alive. War has given women new responsibilities and a new freedom, and this school shows that they are out to make the most of their opportunities. As the first step in trying to disperse the fog in their own minds as to what is wrong with the world, the women of the school are learning how their community, their province, their country and finally the nations of the world are organized. From time to time the "students" are taken to courts, provincial prisons, the city hall and similar institutions, to see how their public services function. + Cont'd on next page



## When the Boys Come Home

Wait till you see the Dinnerware that Sovereign Potters are going to make after the war! Such beautiful creations in semi-porcelain as will bid fair to grace the finest tables in the land... all the more desirable because they are all-Canadian, triumphs of Sovereign art and industry. The food on which our forces train and fight now is served in Sovereign dishes, army models... making them is our full-time war work. But when we resume Peace work, it will be to again fashion Sovereign Dinnerware worthy of the homes our brave men have gone to defend.



Don't  
Throw  
It  
Away!

Old, chipped, cracked, even broken-handled dishes should be treasured today. You'll probably have to make them do until after the war.

With due care, good dishes can be made to last a lifetime.

To avoid discoloration, scrape dishes with paper toweling or rubber scraper right after they have been used.

Most dishes meet their doom in the sink. Kitchen faucets are notorious breaking points. Handle your dishes with utmost care at all times... they're more valuable today than ever.



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## News in Print

**DATE DRESS.** No. 4690. The long fitted torso, artfully gathered into the side seams, the flattering sweetheart neckline, make this a perfect little dress for summer dates.

**TEAMWORK.** No. 4671. You can easily contrive vivid contrasts with the top in solid color and the skirt in a stripe or floral design. Easy to make, too.

**COOL NUMBER.** No. 4699. The open tie neck and short raglan sleeves make this a delightfully wearable dress for the dog days ahead. Grand for the office.

**PRINCESS.** No. 4702. The shaped front panel and the gathered sides give this a wonderfully slenderizing midriff.

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

Pattern descriptions and prices on page 41.

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**Answers to Quiz on page 24.**

1. Pot handles should always be turned inward, toward the middle of the stove, so neither you nor Junior will catch your sleeve.

2. If your window is near the stove, curtains should be securely fastened down, never allowed to blow about.

3. Always disconnect the iron, or any electrical appliances, before you leave the room. You think you'll be right back when you've answered the phone, but some friend may divulge a fascinating bit of news which takes your mind off your work—that is until you smell something burning.

4. You should stop and mop at once. Even if your husband's boss is coming to dinner, and you're rushed off your feet, better greet your guests with the news that dinner will be a little late than present them with a broken leg problem.

5. Lye or any caustics should be put on a high shelf, well away from Junior's inquisitive little fingers and tongue.

6. (a) Instead of a wisecrack, you should bow your head in apology if some guest trips over the torn or curled edge of your rug. It hurts the guest's dignity as well as his leg to catapult into your living room.

6. (b) Non-slip pads should be put under all scatter rugs.

7. (a) Lighted cigarette butts have a nasty habit of falling off ash trays and nestling between cushions on chairs and chesterfields. Always make an inspection tour after a congenial evening with smokers.

7. (b) Embers stay smoldering for a surprisingly long time and they seem to spring to life as soon as you leave the room.

8. One of the best ways of sending a member of your family headlong down the stairs is to lay traps of this kind.

9. All inflammable stuff should be kept as far away from the furnace as possible. Your husband may tramp on some hot coals while he's emptying ashes, and carry them on the sole of his foot right into the pile of papers. Result: a fine conflagration!

10. That old husband's tale, "I'll fix it tonight," shouldn't fool you. Call in a carpenter. It's cheaper in the long run than a sojourn in the hospital, with perhaps a plaster cast for company.

11. Cuts and scratches may easily become infected if not treated at once.

12. (a) All bottles which are marked "Poison" should be kept in a locked cabinet, and the key in a safe place.

12. (b) Antidotes are printed on nearly all bottles of poison. Better memorize them when you're cool and collected, so you'll be able to spring into action if the emergency arises.

13. It's dangerous, and I mean DANGEROUS! to touch any electrical appliances if you're standing in water, or even if your hands are damp.

14. "She slipped on a cake of soap and came down" is very amusing to all but the one who's had the experience.

15. Smoking in bed and reading a good book sounds pleasant, but don't do it. You're apt to nod over your book and wake up later with the blankets on fire.

16. Be sure to buy a gate for the head of your stairs. You may think you never take your eye off baby when he's toddling around upstairs, but he'll manage to give you the slip sometimes. +

**"What do you mean by bribing my child?"**



1. Peter had spent a week at my sister Lucy's while I was away, and I was looking forward to a nice welcome when I arrived. But when I saw her standing there with a lollipop in one hand and a tablespoon in the other, trying to bribe Peter to take his laxative, I was really shocked. And I guess I spoke pretty sharply to her.



2. "But what else could I do?" asked Lucy resignedly. "Peter needed a laxative, and he just refused to take the one I always use, because he didn't like the taste! How do you ever get him to take a laxative?"



3. "I certainly don't bribe him," I answered. "I never need to! Instead of putting up a fuss when I give him a laxative, he reaches for the bottle and wants more! I always give him Castoria—and he loves it!"



4. "Don't you know it's wrong to give a child the same laxative you use yourself? It might be too strong and upsetting for his delicate system. The doctor says Castoria is made especially for children — so it's safe and gentle, never harsh."



5. We went right across the street to the druggist's, and, I must say, Lucy was impressed when he, too, praised Castoria. "I always recommend it, not only for infants, but for children up to 10 years old," he said.



6. I bought the money-saving Family Size bottle and gave some to Peter when we got back. When Lucy saw him enjoy it, she was convinced. "May I keep that bottle here?" she asked. "From now on—no more bribing!"

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RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN



*You'll not be  
forgotten if  
you write often*

**BARBER-ELLIS**  
FINE WRITING PAPERS

MAKERS OF  
**CAMEO**  
Stationery  
STYLED AND MADE IN CANADA

The setup of the school isn't at all complicated. It works like this: There is a Board of fairly expert women who are sincerely dedicated to the establishment of a better world. They plan the program for each season, invite outstanding speakers on a wide range of subjects, and then let the meetings pretty well take care of themselves. There is a different chairman at each meeting—often a member of the Board. These include leaders like Mrs. Laura Jamieson, M.L.A., and Mrs. Rex Eaton, Director of National Selective Service for Women, and from time to time they invite new blood to join them. Any woman who is keen and intelligent and sincere, and who has some experience or knowledge to contribute may be invited to help with the work. The Board reflects the wide scope of the school, for on it there are women of all the political parties in British Columbia.

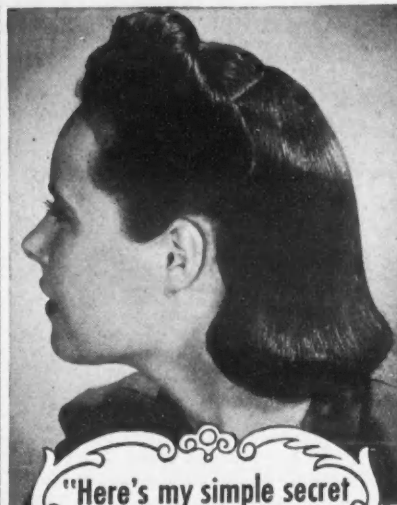
The Women's School for Citizenship is possibly the only organization in the whole of Canada where the members of every political faith, or those of none at all, can express their convictions, all at the same meeting. The school is blatantly nonpartisan. This was demonstrated at one of the winter meetings when a round-table discussion on "What Constitutes an All-out War Effort" was conducted by Mr. Leon Ladner, K.C., former Conservative M.P., Mr. Paul Murphy of the Liberal Party, and Mrs. Grace McInnes, CCF member of the B.C. Legislature. The keenness of the discussion from all parts of the floor that evening, was typically diversified and typically stimulating.

The list of speakers and distinguished guests who conduct panels and round-table evenings for the weekly meetings, is impressive. Leaders of all parties, travellers, educationists and other experts—all have been welcomed. Even the most distinguished of them has enjoyed his evening, has wanted to come again, and has himself been stimulated by the eager questions and comments of the "students." In fact these are so pointed and revealing, that no guest ever goes away with the false impression that women's minds have become dulled by centuries of being told that their place is exclusively in the home.

THERE IS no formal executive of the Women's School for Citizenship, no elected officers. No rigid system has been established, because the Board feels that the moment you bind a thing of this sort with set officials and a set routine, you are in danger of losing something. The movement may gain in efficiency, but it loses in spontaneity.

Every student is given an opportunity to preside at a meeting, and to practice the arts of chairmanship as taught in the school's lectures on Parliamentary Procedure. For these lessons prominent women like Mrs. Paul Smith, former Liberal M.L.A. and president of the Local Council of Women, and Miss Helena Gutteridge, CCF ex-alderman, give their time and knowledge, without fee of any sort. The women are taught the proper manner of conducting meetings, whereby they can never be befuddled at any political gathering, and whereby they can help to consolidate an expression of united opinion in the most effective way possible.

British Columbia happens to hold a foremost position in the world, with its five women members in the Legislative Assembly, elected to the Provincial



**"Here's my simple secret  
for keeping hair  
LUSTROUSLY LOVELY!"**

**LEARN IT.** Try it! Every day, give your hair the glamorous, beautifying touch of Danderine—applying this active formula simply by sprinkling it on comb or brush before arranging your hair.

And from the first application, watch drabness disappear! See shining highlights and that lovely, soft appearance return. Notice, too, how Danderine removes ugly loose dandruff—keeping your hair more attractive always! Get Danderine today. See for yourself how much it helps, and how quickly!

**Danderine**

The modern, time-saving way to lovelier hair

Danderine is for men, too! Thousands use it every day. All drug and department stores.

**Love-Face**

PANTIES



June Weddings! Lovely Brides! Exquisite Lingerie! Of course, that means Love Face Panties... they're meticulously finished... are light, dainty, sagproof and runproof. Four styles in shades of white, tea rose, sky blue and black.

SUPERIOR SILK MILLS, LIMITED,  
PRESCOTT, ONTARIO.

Parliament at Victoria. Yet five women cannot have much of a voice, in a gathering that contains 43 men members. So in order to strengthen the hands of their women M.L.A.'s, the Women's School for Citizenship convened a unique two-day conference in Vancouver some months ago. At that conference representatives of all the women's organizations in British Columbia were able to express their opinions and their wishes for legislation, to the women M.L.A.'s of all parties, for they were all present at the conference. Thus the women parliamentarians were able to go to the new session of the Legislature with a clearer idea of what the women they represent really want. The conference was a triumph for the School.

The students at the first Women's School for Citizenship in Vancouver feel that the cage is now open, and it is up to the women to walk out! Naturally, women need knowledge and experience to help them on their way. The School wants to give every one of them a chance to stand on her own feet. Nothing comes without effort, and if women want to take their place in the world on a fifty-fifty basis of equality, they must train themselves to be capable of the task.

The School's program this season is intensive and international. The students, most of them housewives, believe that the making of a better world is in the hands of women, for women represent the natural creative force in a good life. The School's objective is best expressed by a quotation from Olive Schreiner's classic book: "Women and Labor." It says: "We take all labor for our province. From the judge's seat to the legislature's chair; from the chemist's laboratory to the astronomer's tower, there is no post or form of toil for which it is not our intention to try to fit ourselves. There is no closed door we do not intend to open. There is no fruit in the garden of knowledge it is not our determination to eat." +

## Postwar Thinking

From a questionnaire sent to several dozen women of various interests and occupations, it is apparent that much of the thinking for postwar Canada revolves around education. "Vocational training unhampered by economic factors is imperative," states one mother. And from a western schoolteacher: "There should be national instead of provincial schoolbooks. The Canadian Legion and the Armed Forces' textbooks are leading the way in this matter. There could then be national certificates for teachers." A bilingual French Canadian writes: "Education should see to it that child and adult get a proper chance to know and understand their own country. It should also provide an extensive study of other countries. Only then will bitter racial hatred be considered senseless."

Reported by Reita Sparling.



# YOUR HOME

Department for House Planning, Decorating and Furnishing

## Handicrafts in our time

By FRED A JAMES

**D**ID YOU know that at a recent international exposition of Arts and Industries in New York City, the showing of Canadian handicrafts, as arranged by the Canadian Handicrafts Guild, was voted the best exhibition?

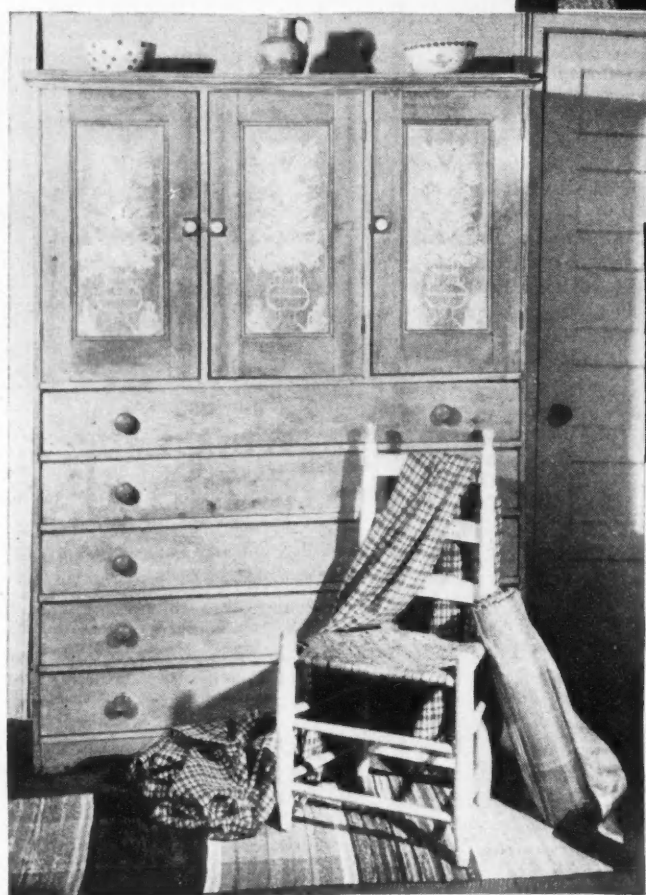
**Did you know** that, due to the great development in handicrafts in Canada, it is now possible to furnish and decorate our homes with beautiful things which rank with the world's best?

**Did you know** that our handmade pottery is from all-Canadian clay, and that we have many deposits suitable for this use?

To some of us, the term "handicrafts" may mean "homespun"; to others, it may call up a picture of "wood carving" or "beadwork." Actually, the term embraces virtually all the enduring products of hand arts and skills which are fashioned for use in the home. Other countries have carefully nurtured their crafts for generations; and, while Canada made a late start in the field, the swiftness of her rise to eminence should be a matter for national pride.



Everything you see in this picture is a product of patient hand skills. The table is old, but the appointments — of wood, pottery, silver — and the rug are convincing examples of Canada's new forward march in handicrafts.



Old furniture from yesteryear: plaid homespun and gay Catalogue carpet from Canadian craft workers of today.

Crafts of various periods can live together amicably, as you can see by studying these pictures. The old pine cupboard at left was made by an Early Ontario cabinetmaker, and was evidently designed for a professional man's files, according to the charts found on the inside of the doors. Stripped of its many coats of paint and varnish, it now stands revealed in mellow tone, and a present-day artist has dramatized the unusual three-door arrangement by using a traditional design in contemporary treatment, in whites and yellows.

The ladder-back chair with rush seat is another piece worth preserving when you are lucky enough to find one in Grandmother's attic. These little chairs look particularly well when seat pads are made from an interesting hand-loomed cloth, such as the checked homespun (red, white and black).

What we used to refer to as rag carpet is now glorified and known as "Catalogue" carpet. This is chiefly made in Quebec Province.

The simple beauty of this breakfast setting shows to good advantage against the soft old pine of a refectory table made many years ago in Quebec. From the hands of modern New Brunswick potters comes the soft and beautifully blended grey-green coffee set—an excellent example of modern design. And can you imagine anything more delightful than those smartly molded fruit bowls for your morning strawberries? The bowls, the plates, and the pepper and salt shakers are made of wood—natural maple—and are the work of an Ontario artist.

Natural and white striped linen, hand-woven by a Quebec farmer's wife, provides a breakfast or luncheon set in lovely harmony with the natural wood.

The hooked rug hails from Prince Edward Island. The well-handled design and careful coloring—brown scrolls and border, soft cream background, shaded yellow flowers and green leaves—are typical of the best contemporary approach to this popular craft.



# The Lindsey Girls have had a busy day

WAR is grim, but even in wartime, living can be gay. The Lindsey girls laugh as they sit at dinner, their long day over. But the war job each is doing is no laughing matter. You don't see Dad . . . his shift's from three till eleven. You *can't* see Joe . . . since Dieppe, he's been stationed in England. Joe is missed but nobody broods . . . they're too busy backing him up.

Katherine's in a war plant . . . Grace is in the CWAC. Thirteen-year-old Virginia is a Miss Canada girl, sells War Savings Stamps and Certificates. Mother? She gets the meals, does the housework, keeps her family morale high, and *still* manages to get in three days a week as a worker at the Red Cross.

Yes, the Lindseys are an ideal Canadian family. And the sooner millions of others follow their example, the sooner we'll win this war. Are *you* doing all you can—*could you, too, take a full or part-time job?* You can learn about many jobs open to you by calling at your National Selective Service office.

Your Government *wants* you!



**KATHERINE DIDN'T THINK** she'd be able to swing that war plant job—but she's a great success, according to Bill, the foreman. It's "precision" work, and her careful hand and sure eye make her a match for any man. And the husky boy who held down the job before is now in the armed forces.



**TWO YEARS AGO** it was a roadster, now Grace jockeys a truck for Jack Canuck. She's thrilled at serving in the Canadian Women's Army Corps and happy in her new associations. The CWAC has hundreds of different jobs for patriotic girls like Grace with good pay and fine living conditions.



**BEFORE MRS. LINDSEY** can leave for her Red Cross assignment, she's got the housework to do. There's sewing and mending and polishing, to make things last . . . planning nutritious meals and shopping with coupons as well as dollars. All these things, done cheerfully, keep the Lindsey homefires burning.

★ ★ ★

Genuine JOHNSON'S WAX (Paste, Liquid or Cream) protects and preserves floors, woodwork and precious home furnishings. JOHN-SON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT safeguards linoleum surfaces in millions of homes. CARNU cleans and polishes your car in one application.

Besides these well-known products, S. C. JOHNSON & SON are making a number of finishes that contribute directly or indirectly to the WAR . . . Rifle Bore Cleaner, water-repellent finishes for textiles, protective finishes for metal, rubber and other surface, of ships, planes, guns.



**JOHNSON'S WAX**

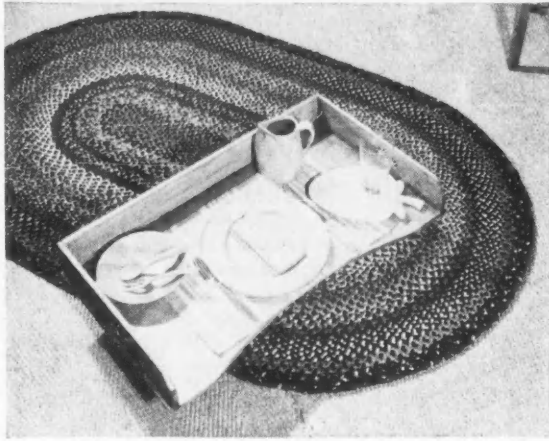
S. C. JOHNSON & SON, LIMITED, Brantford, Canada

dyes. Many of their finest rugs are made up to individual designs, and the skilled workers can follow the formality of an Aubusson or the simplicity of a French-Provincial pattern with the same ease. Rugs from little villages that are barely dots on the map are delivered to all corners of the continent.

From Quebec Province comes a type of deep pile, wool-tufted rug, very luxurious, and comparable to anything which Canada formerly imported from Europe. These are produced in a wide

examples in interesting woodwork, accessories for today's houses. As you study these and other items in Canadian woods, you will note that most craftsmen prefer to leave the material in its natural state, thus showing the grain.

HANDICRAFTS are not a fad. They have played a vigorous and satisfying part in every civilization and culture—satisfying both to the craft-worker and to his patron. Fine arts have been, to a large extent, by and for the few; handi-



The always-popular braided rug, and an old pine bread board as a tray for luncheon on the porch. Handmade wood plates, pottery jug, handwoven linen in lettuce green.

range of colors and designs, but are particularly effective in plain pastels.

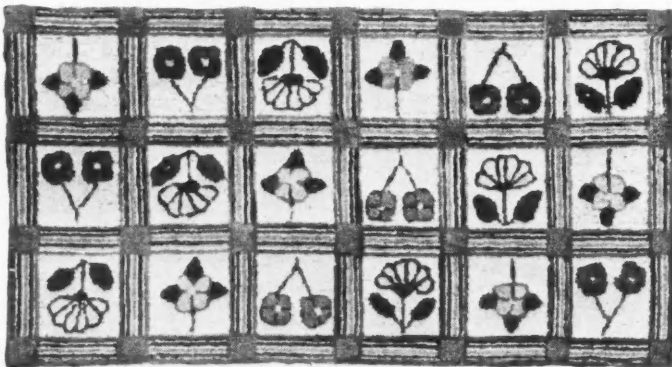
The catalogue carpet, illustrated on the opening page, is a type of floor covering which has unlimited possibilities. For years it has been used in Europe for modern rooms, and in Canada we are finding it very adaptable for many types of rooms in both city and country homes. The design shown is heavily warped, which is very important for long wear, and has bold stripes and good color combinations

From Canada's Midwest comes news of a project which is directing the art of embroidery into new channels. Approximately twenty-three nationalities are represented there, and these artists of Old World training are being encouraged, through the Canadian Handicrafts Guild, to use their excellent knowledge in designing motifs and using colors suitable for use in present-day Canadian homes. From these designers we already have two outstanding examples in table linen: the well-known Wheat design and the Mallard Duck. The linen itself, exquisitely fine, is a native handicraft product, woven from flax raised locally.

From the West Coast Canadian handicrafts are enriched by many

crafts have been by and for the many, bringing purposeful art into everyday life. The old controversy as to the place of handwork in a machine age has pretty well petered out, simply because the skill that lives in men's hands and the urge to create from the raw material will not be denied! It is worth noting, too, that in the most highly industrialized nations craft work has flourished side by side with the wonders of the machine age—and indeed has received official encouragement. Recently in the United States a Committee of Arts and Skills was formed in connection with the Red Cross; through this group will be enlisted a body of well-trained artists, designers and craftsmen who will teach and work out plans for the rehabilitation of the wounded from this war. In Canada experts in the handicraft field are studying similar projects. It is a far cry, of course, from the beginner who may find physical and mental health through his first fumbling experiments to the sturdy expert craft-workers of, say, Nova Scotia, whose rugs command four-figure prices in markets abroad. But "handicrafts" cover an enormous field—big enough to include all phases and all needs for self-expression through the creative use of the hands. +

A hooked rug that shows one of the simplest and most effective flower motives worked on a light ground.



All craftwork illustrated courtesy the Canadian Handicrafts Guild



## Why can't I get Copper pipe? You plumbers say it's the best!

"IT IS, Mr. Jones, there's no better water pipe than copper, but every available pound is needed to help win this war."

"Well, why is copper so important? Wouldn't some other metal do?"

"No indeed. Copper combines corrosion-resistance, strength and easy working qualities to better advantage than any other metal. That's why copper is so good for plumbing, roofing, rain disposal systems, screens and hardware. And these same qualities make copper and its alloys doubly desirable for shell bands, cartridge cases, time fuses and many vitally important parts of ships, tanks and planes."

"Well, isn't there more copper being produced these days?"

"I'll say there is! There's 'way more! Why, out at the Anaconda plant, they've stepped up production to over four times what it normally was in peacetime!"

"Four times as much! Say, that's really something, isn't it?"

\* \* \*

Yes, it really is, but our fighting men need all of that, and more. Every man and woman at Anaconda knows this, too. They realize that every minute of their time and every ounce of their effort are vitally important in giving our boys the best equipment in the world.

All the "Mr. Joneses" will just have to wait for civilian copper until the war is won. If they know why they're waiting, it's a cinch they won't mind.



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**MADAM—  
THESE ARE  
TREASURES  
TOO!**



Next in importance to Victory Bonds comes... Conservation! We must conserve our resources, our materials and especially, manufactured goods that are now irreplaceable. The Wear-Ever Aluminum Cooking Utensils in your kitchen, are treasures... they must be guarded and given proper care for the duration... they cannot be replaced. Make it a practice to wash utensils promptly after use; never scrape with a knife... use a wooden spoon; don't allow contents to boil dry. Follow these simple rules and save your Wear-Ever Cooking Utensils.

W243

**"Wear-Ever"**  
ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSILS

**KEEP UP  
AND  
INCREASE  
YOUR WAR  
SAVINGS**

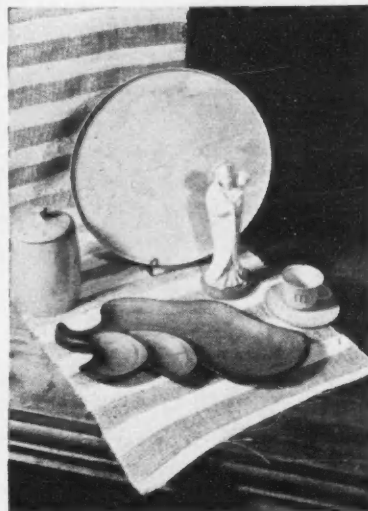


★ The only purchase beyond your immediate needs you can seriously consider today is War Savings... because Victory is essential to your future happiness. After the war you will still be able to complete your Loyalist rooms from the changeless, ever-appealing Loyalist styling.

**IMPERIAL LOYALIST**  
Made in Stratford, Canada, by Imperial Rattan Co. Limited

GOOD STYLING is one of the most important factors in the development of handicrafts. Whether you are the designer or one of the buying public, always remember to choose designs that will stand proudly throughout the years. Why spend many hours of precious time—and today we are so deeply conscious of how precious time is!—doing something, weaving, carving or embroidering, if the finished product is not in key with our needs today, in color, texture, form or design? Functionalism cannot be overrated, even if the word has been overused.

From coast to coast in this great country of ours comes word of new development, exciting trends. Every ounce of wool, inch of wood, or ball of clay is valuable in this era of conserva-



All-modern, all-Canadian! The tobacco jar is in applewood; large service plate in maple; the leaf-shaped hors d'oeuvre tray is made of mahogany. A delicate pottery Madonna, and a cup and saucer with monogram indicate the range of Canadian potters. Hand-woven linen for background.

tion. So let us choose our designs and our quantities very wisely, but let us not be frightened of being original.

Canada's future in handicrafts lies in careful progress—not copying. Naturally we are influenced by designs from other countries, but if at this juncture, when we have such great opportunity, we can use our own creative talents, we can go very far.

It may come as a surprise to many to learn that professional interior decorators are finding that they can completely furnish a house—whether a ski lodge or an all-year-round family home, formal or informal—with this interesting handmade merchandise that comes from all parts of Canada. From weavers in many districts come fabrics to suit every requirement. We're right in step with the smart trend for hand-woven cloth across the U.S. border! In this wide range of cloth we find lovely sheers in pastel coloring—material that hangs in luscious folds; rich nubby textures that can take their place on the best furniture; plaids, stripes, checks, fine or of the homespun quality, in colors to suit every modern taste. There are fabrics with applied design; others sometimes have woven bands picking up the colors of a hooked rug.

Nova Scotia produces finely hooked rugs made from wool grown in the little communities and colored with vegetable



The most dependable laundry starch for use in the home, smooth and always of the same fine quality. Silver Gloss gives just the right finish to all laundered articles.



Its attractive package is equipped with an easy opener which permits your pouring the starch easily from the package.

Directions on the package guide you to easily obtained results that have made Silver Gloss the most popular Laundry Starch in Canada, at a popular price.

**SILVER GLOSS**  
*Laundry Starch*

One of the famous products of  
The CANADA STARCH COMPANY, Limited



**POLISH IT WITH—  
"Goddard's"**

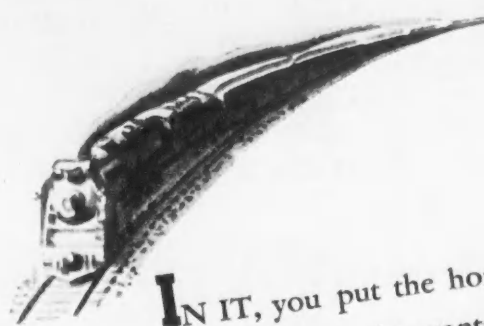
Your silver will "say nice things about you" when you maintain its lustrous beauty with famous "Goddard's" polishes. "Goddard's" reveals the natural beauty of precious silver without scratches or smears. It removes stubborn tarnish in a twinkling. Clean your silverware regularly with "Goddard's"

**"Goddard's"**  
Plate Powder or Liquid Polish  
IN BOXES IN TINS  
*famous for 100 years*

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers  
J. Goddard & Sons, Ltd., Leicester, England  
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# There goes your letter to your boy ...



**I**N IT, you put the home-spun bits of chit-chat you know he wants to hear ... and in it you also put your heart. You mailed it with a prayer that it might find him safe and well.

Look—it's already on the way ... speeding as fast as railway wheels can carry it.

Those singing wheels carry more—much more—than letters. They carry food for your pantry, coal for your furnace. They roll tirelessly that you may live in comfort.

AVOID TRAVEL OVER WEEK-ENDS AND HOLIDAYS

## CANADIAN NATIONAL CANADIAN PACIFIC

*Carrying the load*



*in War and Peace*

They race across the great stretches of this Dominion with the men and materials of war so that all of us may live in freedom.

Twenty-four hours a day our railway wheels are rolling, driven by an army of over 150,000 workers serving two major fronts ... the home front and the fighting front.

"Keep 'em rolling" is their watchword, whether it's food or fuel, tanks or troops  
Or just your letter to your boy ...





**W**ork becomes a  
pleasure

BREATHING  
WAIST 2911



BARCAROLLE  
2958

Bras that keep you lovely through the day's work, gently controlling your posture, and giving you magic resistance to fatigue, drooping shoulders and bust

GM-43-6

**GOTHIC**  
Cordtex  
PATENTED  
TYPED TO SIZE

## You Asked? Us

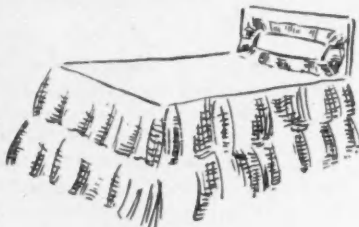
**Question**—Shall I put three small rugs in a comparatively small living room or do you recommend a large rug? And how shall I place the small rugs if I decide to use them?

**Answer**—One large rug will always make a room look larger and certainly more restful. If you are using small rugs, be careful to place them to avoid jerky angles. Never put them cornerwise.

☆☆  
**Question**—In choosing furniture for my living room in a moderate-sized house, shall I use mahogany or walnut, or can I combine them?

**Answer**—These two woods can be combined very successfully—it is usually a question of balance in the pieces selected. You might find a very nice old drop-leaf table for a living room piece and at the same time have a mahogany chest, small tables or nice mahogany occasional chairs. If they are of similar "vintage" you are all right.

☆☆  
**Question**—What can I do about a bedspread for an iron bed which is high from the floor? My little girl has to spend considerable time in bed and I must therefore keep the bed high for nursing convenience.



Double flounce for bedspread on a high bed.

**Answer**—Have the high end removed and use the foot of the bed for the head. Slipcover the head in a washable material matching the bedspread and make the spread with a double flounce. This will break the height, and will give a very attractive appearance as well. Slip the pillow to match.

☆☆  
**Question**—I have hung a figured linen for my dining room curtains but do not seem to get much color from them. Should I have lined them? Is it all right to use a half width for each curtain?

**Answer**—I can't stress too strongly the advantage in lining linen curtains. You will be greatly surprised at the difference if you do. Some glazed chintzes and some plain colors and textured fabrics can be left unlined and still be very attractive, but not linen.

No, you should not use a half width.

## Speaking of CALF LOVE



### What could be neater than a NEET CALF?

In the Spring (or any season), a young man's... well, eyes... turn to shapely calves. For every male is versed in the art of husbandry... and his love of calves has been cultivated since Adam.

Look to your own calves, lady. See that they're "smooth" calves, free from glamour-stealing hair, whether stockinged or fashionably bare. Give your legs that self-assurance that comes with the knowledge that they're perfectly groomed... are truly NEET looking!

"Better get NEET today"! This cosmetic hair remover will, in a few moments, literally wash away unsightly hair from legs, arm-pits, and forearms. Leaves the skin silken-smooth and pleasantly scented. No sharp edges or razor stubble when never-failing NEET is used. Nor will NEET encourage hair growth. Buy a tube of NEET today, at drug, department, or ten cent stores.

**BETTER GET  
NEET TO-DAY**

Always use a less expensive fabric and hang it full width or more, rather than use half widths which will never look well.

☆☆  
**Question**—I have a small bedroom with western exposure; wallpaper in blue, and curtains and bedspread in light tan cloth. Furniture and woodwork are in cream. Could I have bright painted floor, possibly brick color?

**Answer**—Yes, by all means. Why not try a nice shade of coral, keeping it bright? How would you like to spatter-dash it with cream chiefly and a fleck of blue? If you try your hand at a sample first, using a fairly narrow brush, you will find that it is fun to do. Be sure that you have your base coral color well dry... get the shade of cream you want, also blue, and have them side by side. Hold the brush in your left hand and tap gently with a stick held in the right hand. You can do a very open spatter or a heavily done one, depending on how much contrast you like for your particular floor.

Finish off with a good floor varnish and you will have something that is not only attractive but very durable.

☆☆  
**Question**—My living room seems to be very drab and I don't know how to brighten it without changing everything, which is impossible to do just now. The chesterfield and big chair are covered in plain green repp. There is another chair in a brownish rust color. The rug is brown and the walls are cream, rather dark. I might be able to tint the walls. What do you suggest?

**Answer**—Why not tint your walls a cheery yellow? The alternative would be a light green. Add a couple of fresh yellow cushions to your chesterfield, making the covers easily removable and washable. Try to bring fresh touches of color in such little things as small chair seat pads... paint some lamp bases in yellow or soft green or even off-white... freshen up the shades so the room is well lighted. While you are waiting for the time when you can refurnish, why not try some gay cotton curtains hung very full, and in color matching the wall? I am sure if you do even one or two of the things mentioned you will find a great change in your so-called drab room.

### SLIP COVERS

Chatelaine Service Bulletin  
No. 2101 Price, 5 cents.

Only six essential steps to slip-covering a chair! Easy ones too — all you need, to get that professional effect, is patience and precision if you can run a sewing machine. Hide the worn spots, the outmoded lines or the drab fabric of that favorite old chair under a gay smart slip cover you ran up yourself. They are also useful to conserve and protect fine upholstery which must last for the Duration.

Order your copy of "Slip Covers" today from

Chatelaine  
Service Bulletin Department  
481 University Ave., Toronto.

## HOUSEKEEPING

*A Department of Home Management*

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

EVERYONE must know by this time—or do they?—that milk is kingpin of the world's drinkables. Though there may be handsomer ones, there's none that will do more handsomely by you.

☆☆  
Just a four-letter word, M-I-L-K, but a four-star food. So up with your glasses and down with your vitamins.

☆☆  
Wise folks are heavy drinkers—you know what I mean!

☆☆  
Stick to milk and you'll wear pearls. Meaning teeth; you make them from the calcium it gives you. The bottle is a better bet than the oyster.

☆☆  
Some like it hot, some like it cold, but either way for boys and girls, it's worth its weight in gold. (Poetry!)

☆☆  
Chocolate milk is a tall, dark and handsome that all the girls like.

☆☆  
A sissy drink—not by a jugful! Ask the commandos . . . the boys who fly the bombers . . . sail the ships. Ask Rosie the riveter—b-r-r-r.

☆☆  
Be penny wise, not pint foolish. Three glasses is your daily quota. Eat some of it, if you'd rather.

☆☆  
If the children get tired of snow white milk they'll probably l-o-v-e it colored pastel or mulatto. Flavoring is another trick to overcome "notions."



DRINK IT DOWN



AND EAT IT UP

A GREAT one for getting around is milk. You meet it in the cereal bowl . . . saucepan . . . soup pot . . . pudding dish. And you're always glad when you do.

☆☆  
Milk is a fairy godmother to many other foods. What would your breakfast cereal be without it? Or your scalloped potatoes?

☆☆  
Leftovers won't be left over, if you serve them in a creamy sauce. It's like the slipper to Cinderella.

☆☆  
Evaporated milk is just milk slimmed down a bit. It has lost about half the water, and you can put that back. Then you have the real McCoy—fresh, nutritious and delicious.

☆☆  
Irradiated evaporated milk offers a dietary plus—Vitamin D. That's why the Air Force use it in all their cooking for the boys—and girls.

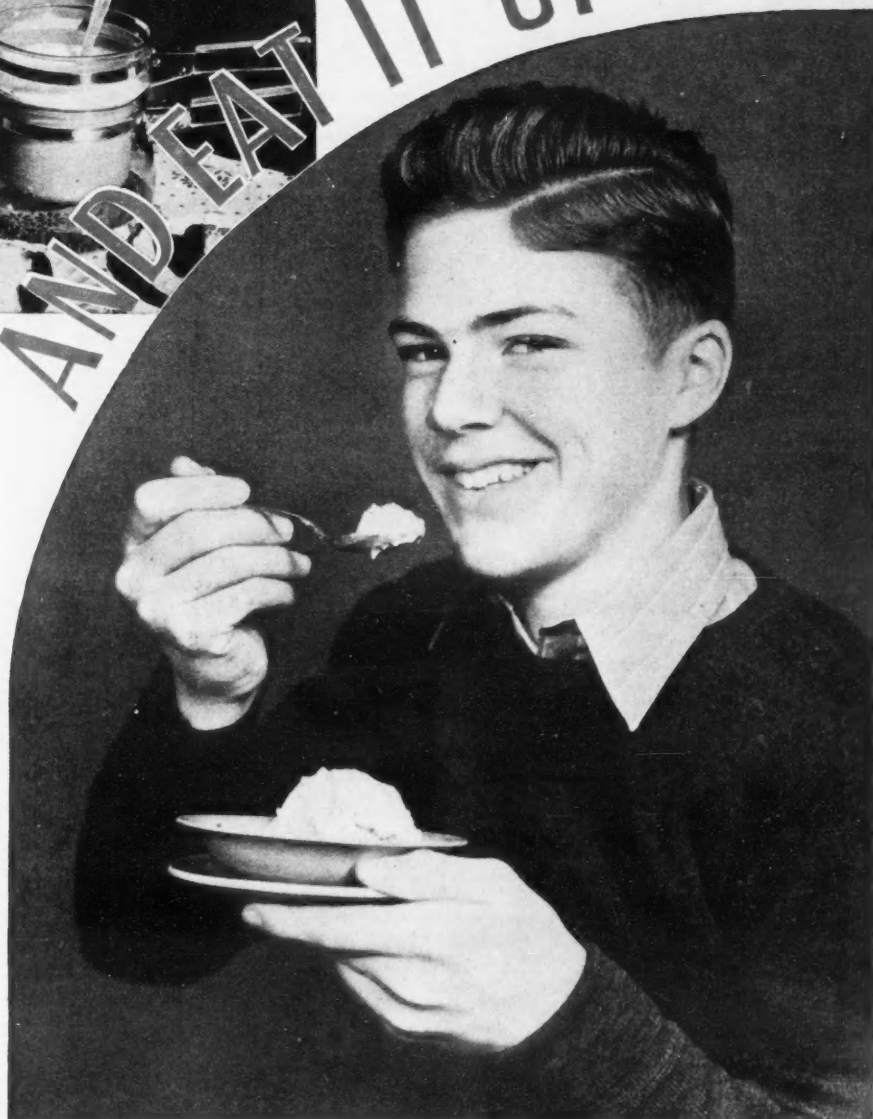
☆☆  
Whipping cream is "out" for the duration, but go ahead and make your strawberry shortcake anyway. Serve with whipped evaporated milk. Off with the old love, on with the new.

☆☆  
Sometimes milk gets set in its ways. Then you have a custard—or a blancmange.

☆☆  
Even sour milk has a sweet nature—always willing to co-operate with a good cook.

☆☆  
Spilt milk is something to cry over these days. Dishes made with milk in, on, or over have the opposite effect.

Milk-mades you'll like on page 54.





Answering another wartime problem

# FRIGIDAIRE

here tells you

## HOW TO KEEP MEAT

**F**ighting men come first, so there's less meat at home. Less meat—but more storage problems! If you buy a week's allotment at one time, or buy meats you have never used before, you want to know: How long *will* meat keep? What kinds keep best? Should meat be frozen at home? These answers will help the users of the more than 7 million Frigidaires sold...and every other refrigerator user!



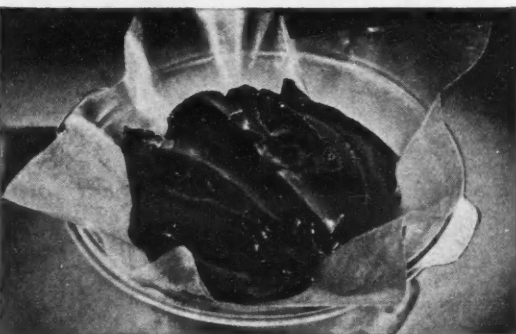
**Steaks, chops and roasts** keep best of all meats. May be kept up to three days just below the freezing unit. When buying roasts for later use, choose them well-covered with fat.



**Ground meat** should be cooked within twenty-four hours after purchase, or frozen when you get home. Before freezing form it into cooking portions. Avoid unnecessary handling.



**Poultry**, unlike meat, should be cleaned and washed *before* refrigeration. Whole birds keep better than disjointed birds. Cut up birds just before using. Freeze chicken like meats.



**Variety meats**, such as liver, kidneys, hearts, sweetbreads and brains keep best when frozen. Freeze them as soon as you get home or cook them within twenty-four hours after purchase.

### HOW TO FREEZE MEATS

Wrap meat in waxed paper and place in ice tray. (Separate individual portions with waxed paper to prevent freezing together). To freeze quickly, place tray on bottom shelf of freezer and turn control to fastest freezing point. For continued storage after freezing, reset control to a colder than normal position. Keep meat in freezer until time to use it. Never refreeze meat after thawing.

### GENERAL RULES

Never wash meat or wipe with damp cloth until just before cooking. After purchase, remove meat from market paper. If not to be frozen, store in meat compartment or defrosting tray. Cover lightly with waxed paper. Leave ends open. Fresh meat requires free air circulation. Do not cut or chop meat until just before using. Both fresh and cooked left-over meats spoil quickly when cut or chopped.

**SAVE and LEND  
for VICTORY**

**FRIGIDAIRE PRODUCTS OF CANADA, LIMITED**  
Leaside, Ontario

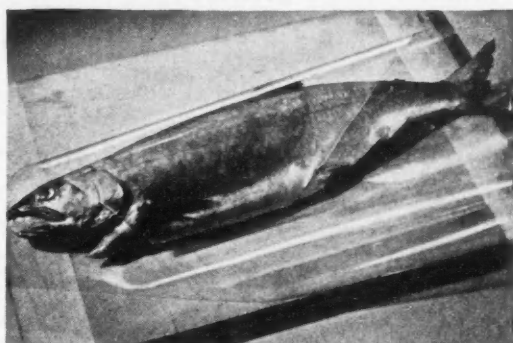
Peacetime Builders of Household Refrigerators, Electric Ranges,  
Commercial Refrigeration, Air Conditioners



**Leftover cooked meats** should be stored in a covered dish to prevent drying. Generally, leftover meat should not be cut or ground until just before using.



**Frozen meats** will keep indefinitely if kept frozen in freezing unit. After thawing, frozen meat is more perishable than other meat. Caution: Never refreeze, after meat is once thawed.



**Fish** should be cooked within twenty-four hours after purchase. If it is to be kept longer freeze it immediately. To freeze fish and meats at home, follow directions at left below.

### TODAY—Get your copy of this FREE BOOKLET

**WARTIME SUGGESTIONS** — a 36-page booklet prepared for you by Frigidaire, containing scores of helpful, practical ideas. This meat information is typical of the many food-saving hints it gives you. Get your free copy from any Frigidaire dealer. Or mail the coupon today.



FRIGIDAIRE PRODUCTS OF CANADA, LIMITED,  
Dept. C-34, LEASIDE, ONTARIO.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... Prov.....

## You'll like these Inexpensive meat dishes



... Says  
**Mrs. E. McGuire**  
of  
**Vancouver**

IN these days of practising economy in the kitchen, everyone is looking for inexpensive recipes, and Mrs. McGuire contributes some very fine ones.

"What really counts when preparing meat dishes that are economical," says Mrs. McGuire, "is using the best ingredients and giving them just the right amount of flavouring. I have always been fond of doing up pickles and preparing nice meat dishes and I am partial to the use of mustard in both. Mustard brings out a flavour that you cannot get any other way and I have always used the very best mustard."

Try these recipes with Keen's Mustard.

### CHOPPED MEAT RING

- |                   |                   |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| 1 lb. minced pork | 1 tsp. mustard    |
| 1 lb. minced beef | 1 tsp. Worcester- |
| ¾ cup milk        | shire Sauce       |
| 1 tsp. salt       | 1 orange          |
| ¼ tsp. pepper     | 8 to 10 potatoes  |

Combine the pork and beef and add milk and seasonings. Mix and shape in a ring and place in a greased baking pan. Spread strips of bacon over top or dot with dripping. Wipe the orange and put in centre of the ring with ¼ cup of boiling water. Bake one hour at 400 degrees Fahr. and baste with gravy. Boil potatoes until nearly soft. Peel and roll in bread or cracker crumbs and place around the meat a half hour before it is done.

### HAM AND BEEF LOAF

- |   |                 |
|---|-----------------|
| 1 lb. minced beef (round steak if possible) |                 |
| 1 lb. minced cured ham                      |                 |
| 1 cup soft bread crumbs                     |                 |
| ½ tsp. salt                                 | Pinch of pepper |
| 1 tsp. mustard                              | 2 eggs          |
| Pinch of ground cloves                      | 1 cup milk      |

Combine the meats and add other ingredients. Mix well. Form into a roll and place in a greased loaf pan with ¼ cup water. Bake at 400 degrees Fahr. for 1 hour. Serve with Tomato Sauce or cold Mustard Relish.

### FREE RECIPE BOOK

For other recipes write for your copy of "Hostess Delights" to Reckitt & Colman (Canada) Limited, Station T, Montreal. Then order Keen's Mustard and try these excellent recipes. Keen's Mustard is famous for purity and strength.



**D. S. F.**  
(DOUBLE  
SUPER  
FINE)

23T

**MADE FROM  
FULL-STRENGTH MUSTARD SEED**

Cook the onion slowly in the dripping and butter until tender but not brown. Add the flour and curry powder and blend well. Add the milk, stirring constantly until thickened. Add the salt, celery, peas and chopped eggs. Heat and serve hot on toast or in baked pastry shells.

### Cottage Cheese Custard

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- |                                  |
|----------------------------------|
| 2 Cupfuls of milk or 1 cupful of |
| canned evaporated milk           |
| and 1 cupful of water            |
| 4 Tablespoonfuls of sugar        |
| ⅛ Teaspoonful of salt            |
| 3 Eggs, slightly beaten          |
| 2 Cupfuls of cottage cheese      |
| Flavoring, if desired.           |

Scald the milk, add the sugar and salt, and then pour this mixture slowly over the slightly beaten eggs, stirring constantly. Add the cottage cheese which has been pressed through a sieve and stir in the flavoring, pour into a greased baking dish, set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for about ½ hour or until firm. Chill and serve. Six servings.

### Peach Jam Bread Pudding

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- |                                     |
|-------------------------------------|
| Peach jam                           |
| ⅓ Cupful of raisins, washed and     |
| drained                             |
| 4 Slices of bread, lightly buttered |
| and cut in cubes                    |
| 1 Egg, beaten                       |
| 2 Cupfuls of milk or 1 cupful of    |
| canned evaporated milk and          |
| 1 cupful of water                   |
| ⅛ Teaspoonful of salt               |
| Grated lemon rind                   |

Cover the bottom of a greased casserole with peach jam. Sprinkle with half the raisins and add half the bread cubes. Then add another layer of peach jam and raisins, and top with bread crumbs. Sprinkle with a little grated lemon rind. Combine the egg, milk and salt and pour over the pudding. Let stand for 15 minutes and bake in a moderate oven—325 deg. Fahr.—for about one hour or until "set."

### Custard Sauce

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- |                                |
|--------------------------------|
| 1½ Cupfuls of milk or ¾ cupful |
| of canned evaporated milk      |
| and ¾ cupful of water          |
| 2 Eggs                         |
| 3 Tablespoonfuls of sugar      |
| ⅛ Teaspoonful of salt          |
| Flavoring—vanilla or almond    |

Scald the milk in the top of a double boiler. Beat the eggs slightly, add the sugar and salt, then add the hot milk slowly and return to the double boiler. Stir constantly until thick enough to coat a cold spoon. Remove at once, add flavoring and cool. When cooking, keep the water in the bottom part of the double boiler just below the boiling point.

Grand accompaniment for steamed chocolate pudding, gingerbread, cottage pudding, jellied fruit, lemon snow and whatever.



# Beef upside-down pie

## will put your budget right side up



**Magic's Surprise Recipe for June**  
No quick and thrifty dish was ever more delicious than this brand-new Beef Upside-Down Pie. Tasty seasonings give the crust a flavor that's new and different... richly completed by the mingled savor of beef, tomato and onion. And tell this to your budget: This satisfying dish needs only ½ pound of meat! To go with it—how about creamed corn, and cole slaw salad?

### Beef Upside-Down Pie

- |                                 |   |
|---------------------------------|---|
| 1½ cups flour                   | 5 tablespoons shortening                |
| 3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder | ¾ cup milk, or half milk and half water |
| 1 teaspoon salt                 | ¼ cup sliced onion                      |
| 1 teaspoon celery salt          | 1 can condensed tomato soup             |
| ¼ teaspoon white pepper         | ½ lb. ground raw beef                   |
- Sift together flour, baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, celery salt and pepper; add 3 tablespoons shortening and mix in thoroughly with fork. Add milk and stir until blended. Melt remaining two tablespoons shortening in 9" frying pan, and cook onions until soft. Add tomato soup, remaining ½ teaspoon salt and ground meat; bring to boil. Spread baking powder mixture on top of meat mixture, and bake in hot oven at 475° F. for about 20 minutes. Turn out upside down on large plate. Serves 8.

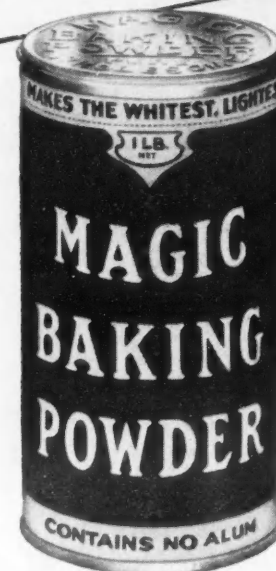
If you want tender lightness and fluffy texture, be sure to use Magic Baking Powder

This clever Beef Upside-Down Pie gets itself made in a short kitchen session. And it never fails—so long as you make it with Magic. A doubtful baking powder won't do. The recipe was planned for Magic. This reliable baking powder will make your Upside-Down Pie so delicately light, it will just melt in your mouth.

Canada's leading cookery experts recommend Magic for finest baking results. Its full leavening power assures fine texture, delicious flavor, in everything you bake.

What's more—Magic is very inexpensive to use. Enough for an average baking costs less than 1¢!


So don't risk baking failures with inferior brands. Always use Magic—and be sure!



MADE IN CANADA



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**Only ICE**  
provides  
**Air-Conditioned Refrigeration**  
**PURIFIED AIR**  
**CONSTANT COLD**  
**NATURAL MOISTURE**

Your foods . . . especially those precious rationed foods . . . need the continuous protection of modern ice refrigeration. Ice does more than provide safe, low temperatures—it water-washes the air free of food odors and impurities—it maintains the proper degree of moisture to prevent drying out of food juices that contain the health-giving vitamins.

LOOK FOR THIS SEAL WHEN YOU BUY  
It is your assurance of quality construction—efficient performance. See the 1943 Approved refrigerators at your local ice company. Manufactured by:—

General Steel Ware Limited, Toronto.  
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Sanderson-Harold Co. Limited, Paris.

Members of  
**CANADIAN ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES**  
serving Canada from Coast to Coast

**APPROVED**  
THIS REFRIGERATOR IS A GUARANTEE OF QUALITY  
SEALING ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES

## Milk-mades

By Helen G. Campbell

### Gingerbread Milk

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- $\frac{1}{4}$ - $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of molasses
- $\frac{1}{4}$ - $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of ginger (powdered)
- 6 Cupfuls of whole milk (hot or cold)

Combine the above ingredients and beat or shake vigorously until thoroughly mixed. The exact amounts of molasses and ginger used will depend on personal taste. Serve hot or thoroughly chilled. Six servings.

### Maple Fizz

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- $\frac{1}{4}$  Cupful of maple syrup
- 4 Cupfuls of cold milk
- Ginger ale

Add the maple syrup to the milk and mix thoroughly. Pour into six tall glasses and fill each glass with chilled ginger ale. Six servings.

### Milk 'n Spice

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 4 Cupfuls of milk
- 1 Tablespoonful (or more) of sugar or honey
- Pinch of salt
- Ground cinnamon, or cloves, or nutmeg, to taste

Have the milk hot or thoroughly chilled. Add the sweetening, salt and spice and beat or shake until frothy. Pour into mugs, if served hot, or into tall glasses if served cold, sprinkle a little spice over the top and serve at once. Four servings.

### Spanish Chocolate

(makes a little coffee go a long way)

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 4 Cupfuls of milk
- 1 Small stick cinnamon
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of chocolate syrup
- 1 Cupful of strong coffee

Scald the milk with the stick cinnamon, remove the spice and add the chocolate syrup and the strong coffee. Beat until thoroughly combined and serve piping hot. Six servings.

### Tomato Milk

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of evaporated milk
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of water
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Teaspoonful of celery salt
- Onion juice, if desired
- $2\frac{1}{4}$  Cupfuls of tomato juice

Combine the milk and the water, mixing thoroughly. Stir in the seasoned tomato juice gradually and chill thoroughly before serving. Six servings.

### War Worker's Special

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Teaspoonfuls of cocoa
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of sugar
- 2 Cupfuls of milk
- Pinch of salt

Mix the cocoa, sugar and salt to-



**Now**  
**THE HEALTHFUL GOODNESS**  
**OF NIAGARA'S FINEST GRAPES**  
**AT YOUR GROCERS**  
*Delicious*  
**ED. SMITH'S**  
**PURE GRAPE JUICE**

**TRY this better grape juice.** You'll appreciate the extra fullness of flavour made possible by E. D. SMITH'S "on-the-spot" processing of Niagara's finest grapes. Remember that this extra richness means extra food values too—more of the energy calories that make grape juice the ideal pick-me-up appetizer. It's one fruit-juice that is easy to get . . . and there are many delicious ways to serve it! Get it at your grocers!

### SOMETHING DIFFERENT! GRAPE "ZIP-SIP"

Here's an ideal vacuum bottle drink for war-workers or school children . . . A real "refresher" with plenty of zip and energy-calories. Concentrated for convenience—just add 3 parts water to 1 part of this syrup:

Shave 1 lemon and squeeze out juice. Mix lemon rind,  $\frac{1}{2}$  level teaspoon ginger and 2 heaping tablespoons sugar in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water. Boil 3 minutes. Cool and strain, then add lemon juice and 1 cup E. D. SMITH'S Pure Grape Juice. Keep tightly covered in refrigerator.

*You'll prefer*  
**ED. SMITH'S**  
**FOOD PRODUCTS**  
IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF FINEST QUALITY

**Makers of E. D. SMITH'S PURE**  
JAMS • JELLIES • MARMALADES  
KETCHUP • CHILI SAUCE • GRAPE JUICE  
MARASCHINO CHERRIES, ETC.

**CLIP IT OUT NOW!**  
2-¢ WAR SAVINGS STAMPS HEAD YOUR SHOPPING LIST

gether dry. Stir in enough cold milk to make a thin smooth cocoa paste. Then stir this paste into the remaining cold milk. Bring just to the boil and pour immediately into a spotlessly clean scalded thermos bottle while the cocoa is still piping hot. Seal at once with a cork over which a piece of clean white parchment paper has been placed.

### Cream of Radish Soup

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  Cupfuls of thinly sliced radishes
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of salt
- $2\frac{1}{2}$  Tablespoonfuls of flour
- $4\frac{1}{2}$  Cupfuls of milk or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  cupfuls of canned evaporated milk and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  cupfuls of water
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of grated onion
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of salt
- Pepper

Melt the butter in the top part of a double boiler placed over direct heat. Add the radishes, saving some for garnish, and the half teaspoonful of salt. Cover and cook over low heat until the radishes are tender but not mushy. Place over hot water. Add the flour, mixing lightly, then add the milk gradually, and cook, stirring constantly until smooth and thickened. Add the onion, the two teaspoonfuls of salt and a few grains of pepper. Serve piping hot with slices of raw radish floating on the top of the soup. Six servings.

### Spanish Fish Chowder

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- Fish bones and skin from
- 1 Small whitefish or haddock
- 1 or 2 Strips of bacon
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of canned tomatoes
- 1 Cupful of diced raw potatoes
- 1 Cupful of raw fish, shredded
- $\frac{1}{4}$ - $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of chopped green pepper
- 1 Medium-sized onion, chopped
- Salt and pepper
- 1 Pint of hot milk or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cupfuls of canned evaporated milk and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cupfuls of water
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of soda biscuit crumbs

Boil the fish bones and skin in about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cupfuls of water for  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Cut the bacon in small pieces and place in the top part of a large double boiler, then add the tomatoes, diced potatoes, shredded whitefish, chopped green pepper and onion. Pour over this  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cupfuls of strained fish broth, bring to a boil and cook over boiling water for  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Season, add the hot milk and the rolled soda biscuits. Stir well and serve hot. Six servings.

### Curried Eggs and Vegetables

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Tablespoonful of mild-flavored dripping
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- 1 Teaspoonful of grated onion
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Teaspoonful of curry powder
- $1\frac{1}{4}$  Cupfuls of milk or  $\frac{5}{8}$  cupful of canned evaporated milk and  $\frac{5}{8}$  cupful of water
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of cooked diced celery
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of cooked peas
- 2 Hard-cooked eggs, chopped

# How to Make CHOCOLATE Go Farther with MAPELINE

HERE'S a trick chefs and bakers use—to help your wartime cooking! You won't need so much chocolate if you add a few drops of Mapeline to your chocolate goodies. Mapeline has the peculiar ability to boost chocolate flavor.

**HOT CHOCOLATE!** Skimp on the chocolate but not on the luscious rich chocolate flavor. Add a few drops Mapeline just before serving.

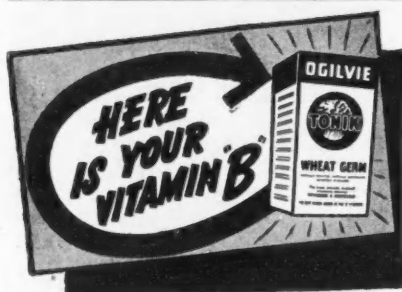
**FROSTING!** Here, too, Mapeline coaxes out every tempting bit of chocolate flavor. So you need less chocolate in icing—cooked or not.

**CAKE!** Yes! Mapeline gives a lift to every bit of chocolate flavor. Grand for cookies, too.

**FUDGE!** Don't sigh for fudge. Splurge, make some! Make it rich with chocolate flavor, yet be thrifty with chocolate. Mapeline will help.

**MILK DRINKS!** Chocolate milk tastes more chocolaty when you flavor with Mapeline. Or skip the chocolate—flavor the milk with Mapeline and sugar. Good! Get a bottle of magic-working Mapeline from your grocer today. Only 45¢ a bottle. A little flavors a lot!

**MAPELINE**  
The "Extra-Help" Flavor in Wartime



● You hear and read a great deal about wheat germ as a supplement for meals lacking in Vitamin B. It's a fact, that for sparkling health, a feeling of joyous living and strong, steady nerves, your system needs a daily supply of the Vitamin B.

"TONIK" Wheat Germ is the natural and tasty way to take the Vitamin B... is delicious with the morning cereal. "TONIK" Wheat Germ is the only wheat germ on the market that will keep indefinitely.

If you want an all-time feeling of pep, ready on the instant for work or play—be sure to get your daily supply of the Vitamin B—

Take "TONIK" Wheat Germ, the cost is surprisingly low!

**"TONIK" WHEAT GERM**

43-4M

# Canning Foreword

By M. Lois Clipsham

GROCERS' SHELVES are slimmer this year, and it's up to us to fill our own. So get set for the canning season which is creeping up now and will be here before you know it.

You believe in preparedness, don't you? Counting your jars and applying for sugar was your first step, and here are some other preliminaries to settle.

## How Much to Can

Figure it this way. A quart jar will give you about six or seven decent-sized servings—enough for one person per week if you have it once a day. Suppose you use it at this rate for six months of the year, you'll need 26 quarts for that time. That's your first figure, then count, say, half that much for the remaining six months, add it, and there's what you need for the year for each individual. Now multiply by the number in your family to get your total requirement.

Of course, this is no hard and fast rule or figure. You'll have to adapt it to your own case. Perhaps you'll want to do more if your folks are fond of fruit and the crop is plentiful this year.

## What to Can

Budget your jars on the basis of varieties available, their food value, cost and the flavors you like best. Any fruit can be canned including wild varieties such as raspberries and blueberries. You can count on properly home-canned strawberries and black currants for some Vitamin C. Tomatoes, too, so let a good proportion of your jars be filled with these.

Though canned fruit goes farther than jams or jellies, you will want some of these for your toast or muffins next winter. And they don't need airtight sealers—another nick for them!

## When to Can

To get the best flavor and color in your jars, catch your fruit in the pink. They are cheapest and best at the height of their season, so plan your program accordingly.

## Equipment

Check your containers—glass jars or tin cans—and supplement your supply if necessary. (Screw-topped, spring type and vacuum seal jars are all satisfactory; you pay your money and you take your choice!) Lay them in ahead of time and get your stock of new rubber rings. Now is a good time to match your jars with tops that fit them and set aside imperfect ones for jams or pickles. You'll save time later.

## Rubbers

It's cheaper in the long run to buy new rubber rings for canned fruit. Many used ones on hand will do for jams or pickles; those past their usefulness go into your salvage box. There'll be enough new rubbers to go around this year, but better buy them early.

## Other Things You Will Need

Paring knife—stainless steel.  
Standard-sized measuring cups and spoons.

Scales, for accuracy.

Long-handled wooden spoons.

✦ Continued on page 60

**A GRAND WAY TO S-T-R-E-T-C-H MEAT**

Even a small amount of left-over cooked meat can be made into a tempting salad. Dice the meat—add chopped celery, chopped apple, sliced radishes, diced cooked potatoes, diced cucumber—any one or all of these. Dress with mayonnaise—and you have a satisfying, nutritious, economical main dish for supper or lunch. Left-over fish can be used in the same way.



## FOR FINEST FLAVOR USE BLUE RIBBON MAYONNAISE

Hellmann's Blue Ribbon Mayonnaise is different from salad dressing. It's real mayonnaise—really fresh—made from carefully selected eggs, a secret spice formula, and a special blend of vinegars. Thick, creamy, and really economical. You can e-x-t-e-n-d it with cream, vinegar, or lemon juice.

And that's a big advantage these days when mayonnaise may be a little hard to get sometimes.

HELLMANN'S  
**BLUE RIBBON**  
REAL  
**MAYONNAISE**  
IT'S REALLY FRESH



West of Manitoba, this fine mayonnaise is sold as "Best Foods Mayonnaise".

H1-43





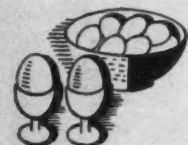
3 glasses of milk.  
Pasteurized  
whole milk, skim-  
med or canned  
evaporated.



1 serving of po-  
tatoes and 2  
servings of  
green-leaf or  
yellow vege-  
tables.



1 serving of to-  
matoes or citrus  
fruit or 1 serving  
of tomato or  
citrus fruit juice.



1 egg or an egg  
at least three or  
four times a  
week.



1 serving of  
meat, fish, or  
meat substitute,  
such as cheese.



4-8 slices of  
whole wheat or  
Canada Ap-  
proved bread,  
with butter. 1  
serving of cereal.

## MEALS of the MONTH

### FOR JUNE

Make these Foods for Fitness the  
basis of your daily menu plans.

BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
1. Chilled Grape Juice Cereal Toasted Raisin Muffins Coffee Jelly Tea	Plain Omelet Pan-fried Potatoes Radishes Green Onions Prunes with Lemon Tea Cocoa	Veal Birds Mashed Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Chocolate Chip Blancmange Coffee Tea	16. Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Kidney Stew Buttered Rice Strawberries Orange Bread (from Tuesday) Tea Cocoa	Chicken-Noodle Soup Chilled Fish Mold Potato Salad Carrot and Cabbage Slaw Chocolate Cottage Pudding Marshmallow Mint Sauce Coffee Tea
2. Orange Juice Cereal Corn Muffins Maple Syrup Coffee Tea	Spaghetti and Tomato Casserole Lettuce with French Dressing Stewed Rhubarb Cookies Tea Cocoa	Bean Roast Parsley Sauce Harvard Beets Spinach Ice Cream with Fruit Coffee Tea	17. Strawberries Cereal Bran Muffins Honey Coffee Tea	Vegetable Soup Baked Stuffed Potatoes Stewed Cherries Custard Sauce Tea Cocoa	Meat and Vegetable Pie with Biscuit Crust String Beans Baked Onions Grape Prune Mold Coffee Tea
3. Stewed Prunes Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Welsh Rarebit on Toast Pickles Canned Peaches Tea Wafers Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Hot Stuffed Bologna Rolls Mashed Potatoes Asparagus Johnny Cake Maple Syrup Coffee Tea	18. Chilled Prune Juice with Lemon Cereal with Added Wheat Germ Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Grilled Sardines and Tomato Sauce on Toast Fresh Pineapple and Cottage Cheese Salad Tea Cocoa	Spinach Ring with Creamed Hard-cooked Eggs Scalloped Potatoes Whole Kernel Corn Strawberry Shortcake Coffee Tea
4. Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Curried Eggs and Vegetables Fresh Rolls Stewed Prunes with Custard Sauce Tea Cocoa	Grilled Trout Creamed Potatoes String Beans Fresh Fruit Cup Icebox Wafers Coffee Tea	19. Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Macaroni and Cheese Pickles Lettuce Salad Fruit Cup Cookies Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Boiled Potatoes Diced Buttered Beets Rhubarb Pudding Coffee Tea
5. Cereal with Fruit Toasted Rolls Marmalade Coffee Tea	Cream of Mushroom Soup Vegetable Salad with Hard-cooked Egg Biscuits Cheese Tea Jam Cocoa	Veal Curry Boiled Rice Parsley Carrots Cottage Cheese Custard Coffee Tea	20. (Sunday) Fresh Cherries Waffles or Pancakes with Syrup Coffee Toast Tea	Stuffed Egg and Celery Salad Hot Rolls Strawberries and Cream Angel Cake Tea Cocoa	Clear Tomato Soup Roast Chicken Creamed Potatoes Fresh Asparagus Berry Pie Coffee Tea
6. (Sunday) Fresh Strawberries Crisp Waffles Coffee Syrup Tea	Devilled Eggs and Tomato Jelly on Lettuce Bran Muffins Sliced Oranges Tea Cocoa	Rhubarb Juice Short Ribs of Beef Browned Potatoes Creamed Young Onions Pineapple Ice Cream Sponge Drops Coffee Tea	21. Sliced Oranges Cereal Toast Coffee Conserve Tea	Cheese Fondue Lettuce with Dressing Hot Biscuits Maple Syrup Tea Cocoa	Cold Chicken Baked Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Baked Cup Cakes Fruit Sauce Coffee Tea
7. Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Dill Pickles Sliced Oranges and Cherries Cake Tea Cocoa	Asparagus Soup Cold Roast Beef Potato Cakes Corn Caramel Cornstarch Pudding Coffee Tea	22. Tomato Juice Milk Toast Quick Coffee Cake Jelly Coffee Tea	Corn and Pepper Pudding Toasted Biscuits Stewed Prunes Cake Tea Cocoa	Rolls Flank Steak Mashed Potatoes Cabbage Sliced Berries and Watermelon Coffee Tea
8. Stewed Rhubarb Plain Omelet Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Casserole of Rice and left-over Beef with Tomato Sauce Pineapple, Grapefruit and Mint Salad Tea Cocoa	Liver and Onions Mashed Potatoes Beet Greens Tapioca Cream Coffee Tea	23. Prunes (from Tuesday) Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Savory Hash Pickles Jellied Rhubarb Molds Cereal Cookies Tea Cocoa	Cheese Soufflé Buttered Noodles Peas Strawberry Ice Cream Wafers Coffee Tea
9. Orange Juice Cereal Grilled Small Fish Toast Coffee Tea	Frankfurters Pan-fried Potatoes Mustard Pickles Vanilla Rennet Custard Drop Cookies Tea Cocoa	Scotch Broth Vegetable Plate (Boiled New Potatoes, Green Peas, Buttered Beets Boiled Shredded Cabbage) Deep Rhubarb Pie Coffee Tea	24. Grapefruit Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Celery Soup Mixed Vegetable Salad Fruit Tarts Tea Cocoa	Veal Stew Dumplings Carrots Dandelion Greens Butterscotch Pudding Coffee Tea
10. Grapefruit Halves Cereal Scones Coffee Honey Tea	Fresh Vegetable Salad Cottage Cheese Strawberry Tarts Tea Cocoa	Mock Duck Baked Potatoes Asparagus Peach Jam Bread Pudding Coffee Tea	25. Cereal with Fresh Strawberries Johnny Cake Syrup Coffee Tea	Asparagus with Cheese Sauce on Toast Watermelon Cake Tea Cocoa	Baked Lake Trout Boiled New Potatoes Buttered Green Beans Lemon Snow Coffee Tea
11. Tomato Juice Poached Eggs Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Clam Chowder Biscuits Lettuce and Brown Bread Sandwiches Canned Peas Gingersnaps Tea Cocoa	Boiled Fresh Salmon Parsley Sauce Mashed Potatoes Green Beans Strawberry Ice Coffee Tea	26. Tomato Juice Cereal Creamed Fish on Toast Coffee Tea	Grilled Kidneys Chili Sauce Creamed Potatoes Fruit Cup Fancy Cakes Tea Cocoa	Hot Meat Loaf Mashed Potatoes Spinach Bread Pudding with Meringue Coffee Tea
12. Cereal with Raisins Brown Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Chilled Salmon Salad (from Friday) with Diced Celery and Lettuce Rolls Prune Whip Tea Cocoa	Browned Hamburger Hash with Onions Baked Potatoes Spinach Fruit Rolypoly Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea	27. (Sunday) Chilled Watermelon with Lemon Cereal Poached Eggs Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Ramekins of Sweetbreads and Asparagus Tips Assorted Relishes Brown Rolls Berries Fresh Spice Cake Tea Cocoa	Mushroom Soup Jellied Tongue Scalloped Tomatoes Browned Potato Cakes Cherry Upside-down Cake Coffee Tea
13. (Sunday) Chilled Rhubarb Juice Cereal Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Fresh Asparagus with Mock Hollandaise Sauce on Toast Points Assorted Relishes Fruit Sherbet Cake Tea Cocoa	Dressed Spareribs Scalloped Potatoes Carrots with Chopped Parsley Strawberry Rice Mold Coffee Tea	28. Cold Potatoes Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Bean Soup Crackers Green Salad Toasted Rolls Mixed Fruits Cake Tea Cocoa	Pot Roast of Beef Boiled Potatoes Buttered Young Onions Steamed Pudding Fruit Sauce Coffee Tea
14. Orange Juice French Toast Syrup Coffee Tea	Bean Patties Tomato Sauce Fruit Cup Cookies Tea Cocoa	Tomato Soup Cisces Potato Puff Mixed Salad Greens Trifle Coffee Tea	29. Orange Juice Cereal with Added Wheat Germ Marmalade Toast Coffee Tea	Spanish Omelet Brown Toast Stewed Rhubarb Chelsea Buns Tea Cocoa	Cold Sliced Pot Roast Scalloped Potatoes Harvard Beets Blancmange with Crushed Strawberries Coffee Tea
15. Half Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Pea Soup Parsley Omelet Fresh Pineapple Orange Bread Tea Cocoa	Grilled Liver and Sausages Creamed Potatoes Sauerkraut Rhubarb and Raisin Betty Coffee Tea	30. Watermelon French Toast Maple Syrup Coffee Tea	Meat and Potato Croquettes Tomato Sauce Fruit Salad Hot Raisin Muffins Tea Cocoa	Cheese and Bean Roast Green Peas Cole Slaw Ice Cream and Raspberries Coffee Tea

Helen G. Campbell says:

Any day now you'll begin to appreciate your Victory garden. Never do greens and other vegetables taste so good as when you pick them new and fresh. Remind me to remind you that there's variety in greens — lettuce, spinach, beet tops, dandelion leaves, lamb's quarters, and lots more. Ever eat fiddleheads? They're a kind of fern frond — and scrumptious!

## Something TO LOOK FORWARD TO—



● Please be patient. Crisp, crunchy Vita-Weat Crispbread and those toothsome Peek Frean Biscuits will be rushed to Canada as soon as our war jobs are done.

**Peek Frean**  
BISCUITS  
from LONDON, ENGLAND.

## H.P. RATION-GRAM

### Kidney Ragouts

We think this "KIDNEY RAGOUT" is new and will help relieve the monotony of war-time menus.

Wash and halve 8 lamb kidneys. Then remove thick white tissues. Cut into quarters; cover with boiling water and let stand for 5 minutes. Drain; dredge with 4 tablespoons of flour and fry in 4 tablespoons melted fat with ½ cup of minced onion until brown. Add 2½ cups of tomato juice, 2 teaspoons salt, 2 tablespoons H.P. Sauce and simmer for 10 minutes. Serve piping hot on buttered toast.

Get a bottle of H.P. Sauce today and try this ration-time recipe. Incidentally, just try serving H.P. with meat, fish, stew, salads, fowl or sandwiches and taste the difference.



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WAXED PAPER**  
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which chopped parsley has been added (3 tablespoonfuls to 2 cupfuls of flour). Cover and cook for 15 minutes, keeping the stew at the boiling point. Six to eight servings.

### Vegetable Meat Casserole (A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of mild-flavored dripping
- 1 Pound of ground beef
- ½ Cupful of chopped onion
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- ½ Teaspoonful of pepper
- 3 Cupfuls of sliced raw potatoes
- 1 Can of condensed tomato soup
- ½ Cupful of water
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- 1 Cupful of oven-popped rice

Heat the dripping in a frying pan, add the meat and onion and cook until lightly browned. Stir in the salt and pepper. Arrange alternate layers of sliced potato and meat mixture in a greased casserole. Combine the tomato soup with the water and pour over. Melt the butter and mix with the oven-popped rice, sprinkle over the top of the dish. Cover and bake in a moderate oven—375 deg. Fahr.—for about 50 minutes or until the potatoes are tender. Uncover to brown lightly the last few minutes of cooking. Six to eight servings.

### Use Your Noodle

#### Southern Noodles

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped onion
- 1½ Tablespoonful of mild-flavored dripping
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- 1 Bouillon cube dissolved in 2 tablespoonfuls of boiling water
- 1½ Cupfuls of milk or ¾ cupful of canned evaporated milk and ¾ cupful of water
- Salt and pepper
- ½ Teaspoonful of celery salt
- 2 Cupfuls of cooked cubed beef
- 1 Cupful of cooked or canned asparagus (cut in 1-inch pieces)
- ¼ Cupful of asparagus liquid

Cook the onion slowly in the butter and dripping until tender but not brown. Place in a double boiler, stir in the flour and dissolved bouillon cube. Add the milk, stirring until thickened. Season with salt and pepper. Add the celery salt, beef, asparagus and asparagus liquid. Reheat and pour over noodles which have been cooked in boiling salted water. Six servings. ♦

### WORKERS MUST EAT

Chatelaine's New Service Bulletin  
No. 2207

Sixteen pages of practical information on food for fitness. Eighty lunch box menus for every season of the year. Planning the Three Squares. Canada's official food rules.

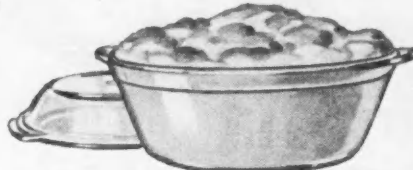
15 cents per individual copy.

Mail your order today to Chatelaine Service Bulletins.

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the harder they fall  
for  
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BRAND



**1. DOUBLE DUTY CASSEROLE**—a "must" for every bride. Shown here with easily prepared fluffy **CHEESE SOUFFLE**. The cover keeps food steaming hot, or makes a handy extra pie plate. Four sizes.



**2. GRAND FOR shower presents.** Transparent Pyrex Custard Cups can be used for individual servings of side dishes and desserts as well as for baking and keeping.

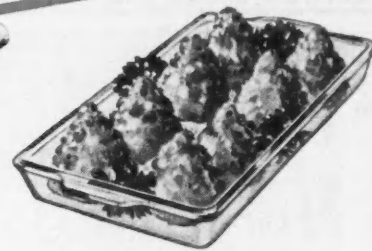
**3. BERRY PIE** in this new Pyrex "Flavor-Saver" Pie Plate tastes grand! Bake for 45 minutes in a 400° oven. Saves time and fuel . . . dishwashing, too! Deep with fluted edge, it keeps in the juice and flavor. First Pyrex Pie Plate with handles.



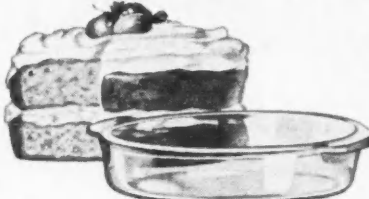
**PUT THIS PYREX WARE  
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**6. SHE'LL USE** this lovely Pyrex Cake Dish for their first **ANNIVERSARY CAKE!** She can watch it brown to just the right degree of goodness through clear glass sides and bottom. For all kinds of baking and serving. Convenient glass handles. She'll be sure to want a pair.



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**PYREX** Ware makes a grand shower gift! Every dish is three dishes in one. They'll serve her for years to come—for cooking, for table use, for refrigerator keeping. They save time and fuel and dish-washing. And they really help a busy housewife because you can always see just how food is cooking through clear glass! Plan a Pyrex Ware shower now for your favorite bride!

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GOOD? Mmmm...mmm...GRAND!

**ALL-BRAN SUGARLESS APPLE MUFFINS**

2 tablespoons shortening    ¼ cup milk  
 ¼ cup corn syrup    1 cup flour  
 1 egg    ½ teaspoon salt  
 1 cup Kellogg's All-Bran    2 ½ teaspoons baking powder  
    ¼ cup grated raw apple

Cream shortening and corn syrup thoroughly; add egg and beat well. Add grated raw apple. Stir in All-Bran and milk; let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Sift flour with salt and baking powder; add to first mixture and stir only until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400°F.) about 30 minutes.

Yield: 8 large muffins (3 inches in diameter) or  
 12 small muffins (2 ½ inches in diameter)

When sour milk or buttermilk is used instead of sweet milk, reduce baking powder to one teaspoon and add ¼ teaspoon soda.

Save on sugar while you win praises from everyone who tastes these easy-to-make ALL-BRAN muffins. Their better taste and exquisite texture just can't be managed with ordinary bran. And remember, if you are troubled with the common type of constipation due to lack of "bulk" in the diet...KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN eaten every day...corrects it by getting right at the cause.



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 Chatelaine Magazine

**S-T-R-E-T-C-H *It***

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

**Y**OU CAN meet the meat rationing with a smile if you take care to get good value for your coupons and know a few tricks for making much of little. Like this:

*Combine with Potatoes***California Goulash**

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- ¾ Pound of hamburger, browned in dripping
- 4 Small raw potatoes, sliced
- ½ Onion, sliced
- ¼ Cupful of rice, uncooked
- Salt and pepper
- 2 Cupfuls of canned tomatoes

Arrange the browned meat, potatoes, onion and rice in a greased casserole. Season. Pour the tomatoes over the mixture. Bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for 1½ hours.

*Bread Extender***Beef Rolls in Milk**

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1¼ Pounds of steak—round, rump, flank, or chuck (cut ¼ inch thick)
- 4 Cupfuls of soft bread crumbs
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of chopped onion
- ¼ Teaspoonful of sage
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- Pepper
- 5 Tablespoonfuls of mild-flavored dripping
- 2¼ Cupfuls of milk or 1½ cupfuls of canned evaporated milk and 1½ cupfuls of water

Trim the steak and cut in six portions. Combine the bread crumbs, onion, sage, salt, pepper and 2 tablespoonfuls of dripping and mix well. Add enough of the milk to moisten. Spread on the pieces of steak, roll up and fasten with toothpicks. Roll in flour and brown in the remaining 3 tablespoonfuls of dripping. Add 3 tablespoonfuls of flour to the dripping in the pan and mix well. Add the remaining milk gradually, and cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Season with salt and pepper. Pour gravy over the steak rolls, cover and bake in a slow oven—300 deg. Fahr.—for about 1½ hours or until tender. Remove toothpicks before serving. Six servings.

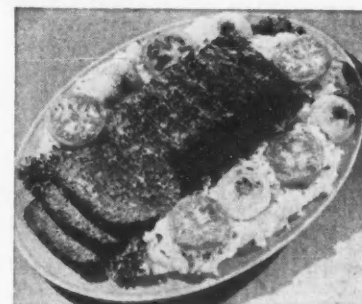
*Up With Vegetables***Milk Lamb Stew**

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1½ Pounds of lean shoulder of lamb
- 3 Cupfuls of boiling water
- 1½ Teaspoonfuls of salt
- 1½ Cupfuls of cubed potatoes
- 1½ Cupfuls of diced carrots
- 4 Small onions, sliced
- 5½ Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 2 Cupfuls of milk or 1 cupful of canned evaporated milk and 1 cupful of water

Trim most of the fat from the lamb and fry until melted. Dice the meat and brown in the fat. Pour off surplus fat.

Add the water and salt, then simmer for one to two hours or until the meat is tender, adding small amounts of water from time to time if necessary. Add the potatoes, carrots and onions and cook 15 to 20 minutes longer or until tender. Make a paste of the flour and a little of the milk and stir into the stew. Add the remaining milk gradually and cook slowly while stirring gently until thickened. Season to taste. Six servings.

*Pad with Cereal***Oatmeal Beef-Liver Loaf**

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- ¾ Pound of minced beef
- ¼ Pound of beef liver
- 2 Slices of bacon or 2 tablespoonfuls of mild-flavored dripping
- 1 Medium onion
- 1 Egg, well beaten
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- ½ Teaspoonful of pepper
- ¼ Teaspoonful of mustard
- ¾ Cupful of liquid
- ¾ Cupful of oatmeal (either the quick or regular type, uncooked)
- ½ Cupful of catsup

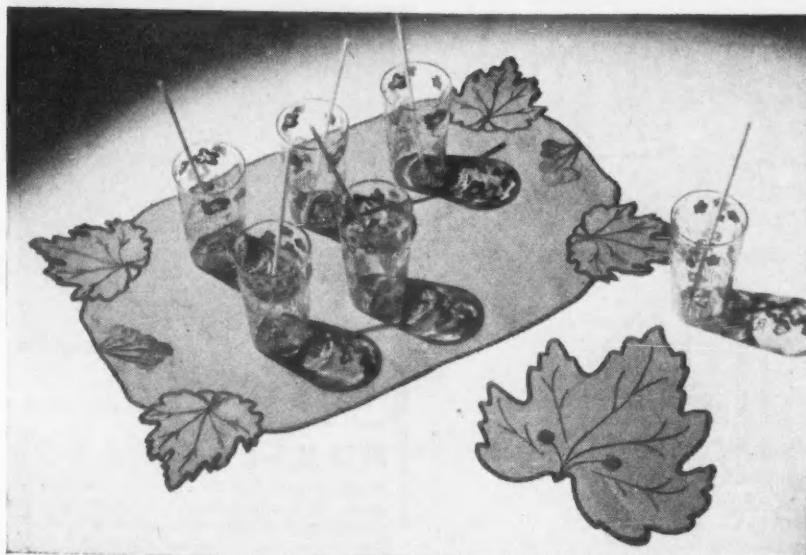
Slice the liver and simmer in water to cover for 5 minutes. Save the liquid to use in preparing the loaf. Grind the liver with the bacon and onion. Add all the other ingredients except the catsup and mix thoroughly. Pour the catsup into a greased loaf pan and add the mixture. Bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for one hour.

*Dump in Dumplings***Veal with Parsley Dumplings**

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Pounds of stewing veal
- 5 Cupfuls of boiling water
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of salt
- 6 to 8 Medium carrots, sliced
- 3 Medium onions, sliced
- Flour
- 2 Cupfuls of green beans or peas

Cut the veal in ½-inch pieces. Simmer in the salted water for 45 minutes or until the meat is almost tender. Add the carrots and onions. Add additional water to cover, if necessary, and cook 15 to 20 minutes longer. Thicken with a paste of flour and water, season to taste with pepper and salt, and stir in the beans or peas carefully. Heat to boiling and drop in spoonfuls of dumplings to

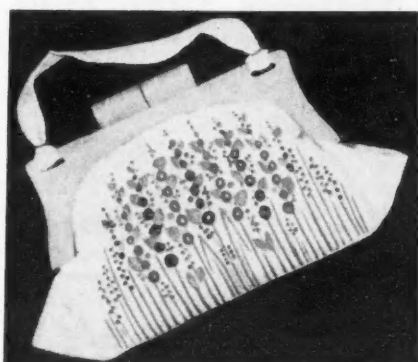


Cherry cocktail beverage set. Bright red cherries on cool green leaves make a most inviting setting for summer drinks. Stamped on finest Irish linen—in green to be worked in a lighter shade, or on white to be worked in leaf green. Please be sure to state color of linen desired. Full size tray cloth with 6 leaf serviettes—\$1.50; cottons for working, 40 cents. Order No. C986.

# Needlecraft

## FOR THE HOME

By MARIE LE CERF



The shopping bag—about 15 x 11 inches finished — is stamped on heavy Irish linen in deepest ecru shade, with lining and polished wood top — \$1.50; cottons for working, 27 cents. Order No. C997.

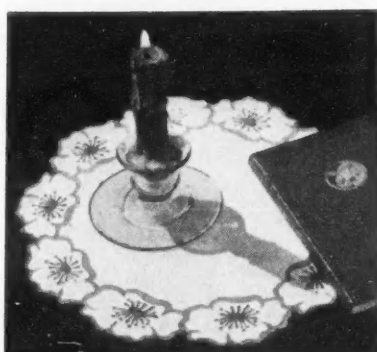
Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto, enclosing postal note or money order. On out-of-town cheques add 15 cents for bank exchange.

In view of the increased rates of postage, we wish to emphasize the importance of stating color of linen and cottons for working, where choice is given. We can no longer write for this information, but will send colors most generally used. Also, when cottons are ordered alone, postage must be added.

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"Festival of Roses" vanity set, runner and table mat, the latter only being illustrated. Stamped on finest Irish linen in white or cream, the runner, 15 x 36", is 75 cents; mats for vanity are priced separately so they may be ordered for various uses, including luncheon mat sets; 12" mat is 25 cents; 9", 20 cents; 7", 15 cents. Cottons for working runner, please state color desired, 37 cents; vanity set, 27 cents. Additional cottons 3 skeins for 10 cents. Postage must be added when cottons are ordered alone. Order Nos. Vanity set, C995; runner, C996; table mat, C998.



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## “Workers Must Eat”

Chatelaine's new Service Bulletin, No. 2207:

Here is an important guide-book for every household which sends a worker off to the production lines each day. Planned in response to an urgent request from war industries, this handy new bulletin contains:

- Sixteen pages of practical information on food for fitness.
- Eighty lunchbox menus—common-sense suggestions for every season of the year.
- Planning the Three Squares: menus for hearty breakfasts and substantial suppers.
- Canada's Official Food Rules.

Remember: Nutrition is a national problem which you can help to solve in your own kitchen. This bulletin will bring you clear, concise, up-to-the-minute assistance in meeting this wartime challenge.

Price: 15 cents per individual copy. 10 cents each for orders of five or more. 7½ cents each for orders of 100 or more. 5 cents each for orders of 1,000 or more.

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Please send me.....copies of your Service Bulletin No. 2207, “Workers Must Eat,” for which I enclose \$.....

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## Canning Foreword

Continued from page 57

Wide-mouthed funnel—to facilitate filling jars.

Wire basket for washing and for blanching when necessary.

A smooth-surfaced kettle for syrup. A cooker (washboiler, kettle, metal pail or some such container a little deeper than the filled jars). Fitted with metal or wooden rack and a cover.

Pressure cooker—if you're canning vegetables (you don't need one for tomatoes.) Share it with your neighbors if you have one. Or ask your neighbor to share hers with you. Sometimes two or three get together and have a bee.



### Team with Fresh Fruit

#### Bran Muffins

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of shortening
- ¼ Cupful of sugar, brown or white
- 1 Egg
- 1 Cupful of ready-cooked bran
- ¾ Cupful of milk
- 1 Cupful of flour
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 2½ Teaspoonfuls of baking powder

Cream the shortening, add the sugar and continue creaming until thoroughly blended and light. Add the egg and beat well. Add the bran and the milk and allow to stand until most of the liquid is absorbed. Sift the flour, measure and sift again with the salt and baking powder. Add to the first mixture and stir only until the flour disappears. Fill greased muffin tins about two thirds full and bake in a moderately hot oven.—400 deg. Fahr.—for 20 to 30 minutes. Makes eight medium-sized muffins.

N.B. If sour milk or buttermilk is used, reduce the baking powder to 1 teaspoonful and add ½ teaspoonful of baking soda.

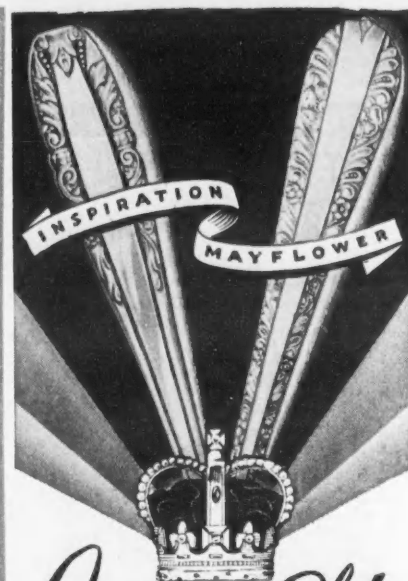
### Grand with Green Salads

#### Cheese Muffins

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cupfuls of bread flour
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of baking powder
- ½ Teaspoonful of mustard
- ⅓ Teaspoonful of white pepper (scant)
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 1¼ Cupfuls of grated old cheese
- 1½ Cupfuls of water

Sift the flour, measure and sift again with the remaining dry ingredients. Cut in the butter with knives or pastry blender, and add the grated cheese, mixing it evenly throughout. Add the water to form a soft dough, turn into well-greased muffin tins and bake at 375 deg. Fahr. for 20 to 25 minutes. Makes about 10 muffins. ♦



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To say it's King's Plate, speaks volumes. Here is Canada's finest quality and value in Silverware. Supremely beautiful patterns, deeply wrought like designs in sterling. Hand burnished for higher gleam and flawless finish. Deep plating, protected by the visible sterling silver mound\*. This is King's Plate! Be thankful if yours is King's Plate—treasure it as you do other precious things, for your jeweller may be unable to supply you with more until after the war.



\*The visible sterling silver mound is a mound of solid silver — wrought into King's Plate at points of greatest wear — to prolong the life of the set.

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"Even after Junior starts going to kindergarten, he should have a rest in the afternoon..."

much more chance of their catching the infectious diseases than when they play together in small groups. These are two diseases that we can prevent. They are diphtheria and smallpox. Three injections of diphtheria toxoid will safeguard your child against this disease. Be sure Junior has these before he starts school. In some children the protection afforded by this first series of toxoid does not last more than three to five years. Therefore one additional injection, three years after the original ones, is now given. If Junior was given his toxoid in the last half of his first year, as is best, he should certainly have this single dose, if he hasn't had it before, prior to entering school. Vaccination will prevent smallpox. If he hasn't been vaccinated, certainly have this done this summer. Vaccination should be repeated in about seven years and always during an epidemic. Injections that will protect all children from lockjaw and about 80% of them from whooping cough and scarlet fever are also available. Ask your physician about these. If your child is allergic (that is, if he has had hay fever, asthma, eczema or other allergic troubles) it is especially important to give him tetanus (or lockjaw) toxoid, because it might be impossible to give him tetanus antitoxin if he developed lockjaw.

Pre-school youngsters need a good rest every afternoon and many of them will go to sleep, especially if you undress them and put them to bed just as you would at night. Even after Junior starts going to kindergarten he should have a good rest or sleep in the early afternoon.

THE GREAT majority of children like going to school and like playing with the other youngsters there. If your child doesn't want to do this, but likes to play by himself, you should at once try to find out why. Are his clothes different from the other youngsters? Can't he do up his coat or play the games as well as others? You would be wise to dress him like the rest and to teach him to help himself all he can. Also with patience you can train him to play agreeably with other children. A few children unfortunately are backward; in other words, their mental development is not as far advanced as it should be for their age. They should not go to school as soon as the others as they are not able to do the work yet. If your youngster is shy, encourage him all you can to play with other congenial children and try to develop any special interests that he shows. If you are worried about your child's behavior and development, see a specialist in this field if you can. If that is not possible, you might write to the author of this page, giving as many details as you can about your child's progress and difficulties. ✦

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## Child Health Clinic...

### Fives and Sixes

By Elizabeth  
Chant Robertson,  
M.D.

Sketches by Laura Gibson.



**N**EXT FALL another crop of cute little youngsters will be starting off to school for the first time. Have you one of them in your house? Will he be in first-class shape for this big event? It is surprising how many youngsters do turn up at school with physical defects of one kind or another.

During their first two years babies need a great deal of care and most of them get it, but after that treacherous period is over many a mother relaxes her vigilance a bit. Sometimes, of course, a new baby is taking a lot of her time. Sometimes the run-about seems pretty well, so he just doesn't get checked over. It is much the best to have him examined regularly by your physician—preferably twice a year, but at least once every twelve months. If this hasn't been done, be sure to take your child for a good check-up before he starts to school. If he has had a lot of colds and if his tonsils are chronically infected, June is a good time to have them removed. Take your doctor's advice on whether they should come out. If your child breathes

will become decayed. It's a great pity to have anything happen to these six-year molars. They are the key teeth of the mouth because they help to keep the other teeth in their proper positions. Also, if some of the baby teeth have to be pulled out because they are decayed, the six-year molars may come in too far forward and that doesn't leave enough room for the rest of the permanent teeth in front. This results in crooked and less



"The majority of children like playing with other youngsters . . ."



"Come fall, will he be ready for the big event?"

through his mouth, he likely has enlarged adenoids, and that too can be easily remedied by a simple operation.

**HOW ARE HIS TEETH?** A good many people don't look after their children's first teeth very well. They seem to think that as they will all fall out eventually, it doesn't matter if they do decay. This is quite wrong, for besides causing much pain and a bad breath, they often lead to severe mouth infections. And how would you like to chew food on a lot of jagged, broken-down teeth? Also, if some of your child's baby teeth are decayed when his six-year molars—his first permanent teeth—come in, it is very probable that they too

efficient teeth. Have your child's teeth checked over at regular six-month intervals from the age of about three years on.

If we eat the right kind of food before our babies are born and if we see that they, too, eat it right through until they are grown up, we can avoid most of this tooth decay. By the right kind of food we mean that a child should eat every day: a pint and a half of milk, some of it used in cooking; a half glass (4 ounces) of orange juice or twice as much tomato juice, a large helping of green or orange vegetables; a helping of potatoes, a serving of meat, fish, fowl or eggs; a teaspoonful of cod-liver oil (except in the four summer months); one to two tablespoonfuls of butter; a moderate amount of whole-wheat bread and whole-grain cereals, and another serving of fruit. When he has eaten this, he can fill up with other foods—but don't let him have cake or cookies until he is six years old at least. Even they should be eaten only once in a while. An occasional candy after a meal is all that he should have. Don't let him eat them between meals. Hard foods, such as toast, raw apple, or celery, help to keep his teeth clean and to develop his jaws. They should be eaten every day.

**WHEN CHILDREN** are gathered together in school, of course there is

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BAUER & BLACK CORN PLASTERS

## You'll Be So Nice to Come Home to :: Continued from page 13

Keep in touch with his pals, and with the people you both used to spend your time with (even if your own pattern of life has changed) and tell him little things about them. Get hold of somebody from his office or shop or firm once in a while, and get the news of who's in the forces and who's married and so on. Be sure to let him know about any friend of his going over, too.

Of course there are times, especially in families, when bad news must be told. And don't overdo that cheerful business by forgetting to tell him how lonely you are. But one airman who was over for three years has this fine suggestion. Tell the bad news at the first of the letter (and be sure it's necessary before you tell it at all) and *always, always* end on a good and happy note.

Send all the snapshots you can. Of you and the family and the house and the friends he knows. As one sailor, temporarily home from the seas, told me: "Mary's the worst picture taker. She always was. I don't know what she does to the camera, but her snaps look as though everybody was covered with coal dust and hiding in a dugout during a blackout. But, gosh, I love even the smudges!"

THERE ARE some other points, a-special like, for you, the Engaged Girl. It was a faithful fiancé who told me, unwittingly, about one of the best bets.

"Helen sent me a lot of snaps when I was over," he said, back now on a course, and tying the knot for sure before he goes back, "and funnily enough, most of them were taken of her in places we'd both been together. Boy, it was fun seeing her at the entrance to the football field—and at the door of the school... and at the old spot where the bunch used to go for picnics!"

Funnily enough, indeed! Helen's just a smoothie—but the nicest kind. And you may be sure there were no strange men or people he didn't know in the pictures. It's a grand idea to send snaps of yourself with your beau's friends in spots you have both visited and enjoyed. He goes for it—but definitely.

Whether or not you have other "dates" is up to you. But please don't write all the grim details. Make him feel sure that your heart belongs to him, the fellow sporting the good old Canada badge. Keep yourself, and the future you're both planning, safe and sure in his mind.

Not that you can't tell him about the people who tried and didn't make the grade. It's always nice for him to think he's got something worth fighting for—

and worth coming home to!

LOTS OF romances start through letters. And writing to a man in the services is such a good normal, friendly thing to do, that even the most casual acquaintance can take it on as part of her wartime job. If you've liked the college hero for years and years, and were too shy to do anything about it, you'd be surprised at how much he may appreciate your written personality. It's often the quiet, retiring girl who wins a man's long-distance admiration by her constant thoughtfulness and attention.

But there's an important warning which must be sounded, in connection with letters between friends. Chasing a man who's got some other woman's brand-mark on him is just as bad by long-distance route as by any other method. A wife or fiancée at home can become exceedingly and legitimately annoyed if she hears by grapevine that her favorite male has been hounded by some ardent letter-writing acquaintance, female. If you want to correspond with Cpl. X, be sure to let Mrs. X or his fiancée know all about it, and *always* give her the first break on any news or postcard which he may send you. That way you'll keep everything on a frank and friendly basis.

And here's a point for everyone taking pen in hand for the armed services. Don't try to make a rehash of the war or the political situation. The fellow who opens that envelope (with what eagerness!) has other means of keeping up to date with world developments. He'd far rather have you do a brisk liaison job with the interests he's had to shelve temporarily: the big name bands that have come to town; the hockey teams, league baseball, the movies you've liked. All this, of course, in addition to news and chatter of the families and pals you both know.

If you're writing to One-and-Only for the duration, it's wise to number your letters, so he'll know when one's missing. If you use the office typewriter (after hours, of course!) for your epistles, you'll find it worth while making a carbon copy of each. May sound silly, but you'd be surprised at the little points he'll refer back to, months later, in his replies to you.

Yes, you can keep him feeling "you'll be so nice to come home to" if he keeps the picture of you as that kind of person. But besides your thoughts, letters, parcels, messages through friends going back and forth, there's one more point of contact.

You might try giving him a very special mention in your prayers. +

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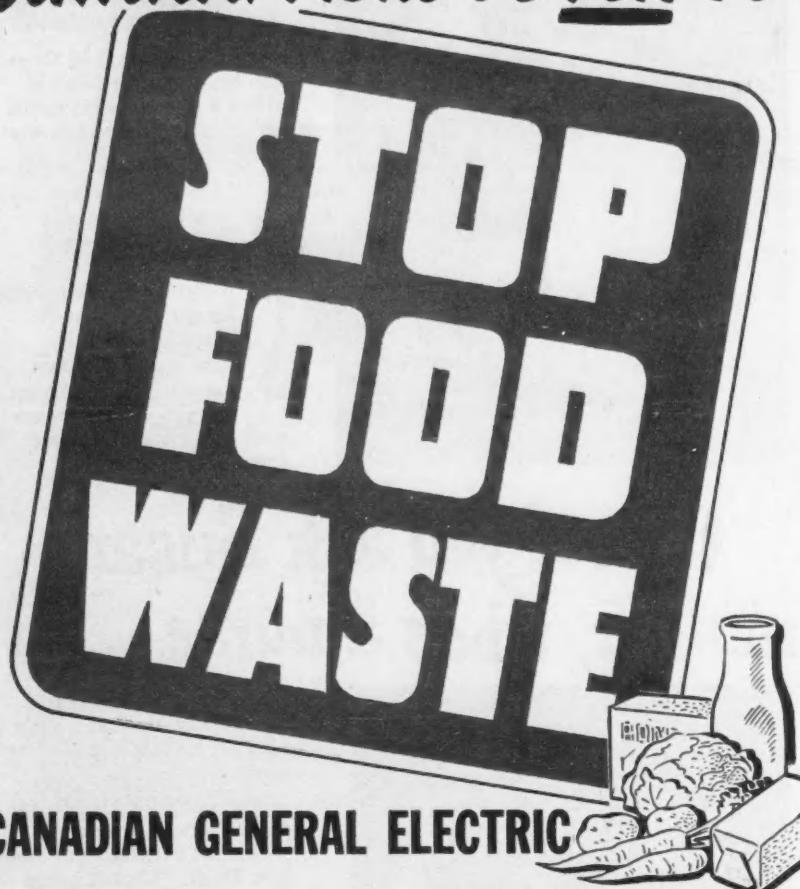
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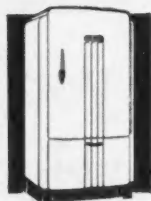
CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC

## Explains How YOU Can Help

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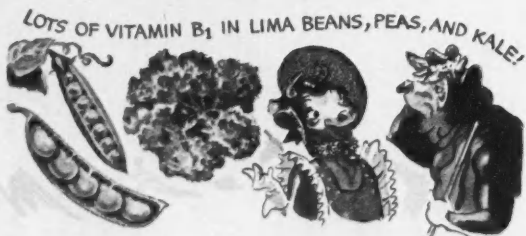
*"But think what it's doing for your waistline,"* chuckled Elsie

"WAISTLINE be hanged!" roared Elmer, the bull. "You and your precious Victory Garden . . . bah! My back is killing me! I quit!"

"But you can't quit now," pleaded Elsie, the Borden Cow. "The country wants *everyone* who possibly can to raise vegetables this year. For when it comes to nourishment, vegetables are almost in a class with my creamy, wholesome *Borden's milk* and all the wonderful foods made from it."

"That's no reason for me to hoe this confounded garden," bellowed Elmer. "Why don't you tell people to eat milk, and cheese, and that kind of stuff, and stop harping on these blasted vegetables?"

"Elmer," sighed Elsie, "you know as well as I do that one quart of milk in every four now goes to our armed forces and our allies. That means shortages of *Borden's Fine Cheeses*, *Borden's Ice Cream*, *Borden's Evaporated Milk*, and *Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk*. But folks still need the marvelous food values that are in dairy products, and they can get most of them from vegetables grown in Victory Gardens."



"Fiddle-faddle," snapped Elmer. "Beans are beans and milk is milk. They have nothing in common."

"That just proves you don't know beans," quipped Elsie. "Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> (thiamin) is one of the most valuable food elements in milk. And lima beans are a grand source of Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>. So are peas and kale."

"A fat lot of good that does," snorted Elmer. "No matter what I plant in this garden, nothing seems to grow but dandelions."



"Isn't that lucky," beamed Elsie. "Like dairy products, dandelion greens are a wonderful source of Vitamin A. But I do hope we have good luck with our carrots and tomatoes. They contain lots of Vitamin A, too."



"Vitamin A or Vitamin Z," grunted Elmer, "the fact remains that my back is just one long ache. I'm not

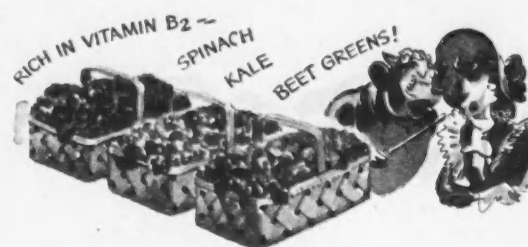
going to do a thing but lie down and stretch out."

"I'm glad you mentioned stretching out," smiled Elsie. "That's another good reason for planting a Victory Garden—it helps people stretch out the calcium and phosphorus so amply supplied by milk in normal times. For calcium, they can plant chard, cabbage, and turnip greens. And for phosphorus—corn and peas."



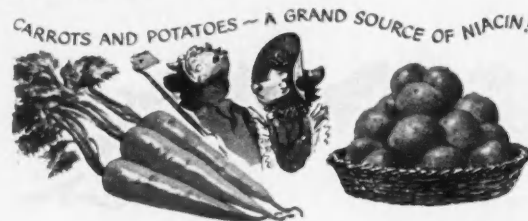
"What," sneered Elmer, "no whipped cream?"

"Goodness," laughed Elsie, "you can't have everything! But you can have Vitamin B<sub>2</sub> (riboflavin) and the vitamin niacin, two other good things found in dairy products. Spinach, kale, and beet greens are all



rich in Vitamin G, while carrots and potatoes are a source of niacin."

"Well, what do you know!" interrupted Elmer with a crafty gleam in his eyes. "Gosh, if vegetables are that good, I guess folks won't need milk at all."



"Good heavens, Elmer, you don't know what you're saying," gasped Elsie. "Milk is man's most nearly perfect food. It contains *all* the good things I've just mentioned and is Nature's closest approach to a balanced diet. Not only that, but most vegetables are skimpy on first-class protein, and milk is a splendid source of particularly fine proteins. What's more . . ."

"What's more," finished Elmer, trying to hide his delight at seeing Elsie a trifle upset, "milk has one advantage no vegetable ever grown could boast."

"What's that?" asked Elsie eagerly.

"You don't have to plant it," grinned Elmer, rubbing his back.

